

December 18, 1937

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATION



**THE
ALL-AMERICA
FOOTBALL
TEAM**

RALPH E. ENTWISTLE

Start your Holiday IN A PULLMAN!

Going away for Christmas? . . Planning a Winter Vacation?

*...these low rates
will surprise you!*

★ Get out and enjoy yourself as the old year merges into the new. A trip home to see the family, a jaunt to snow-covered mountains, or a rendezvous with the southern sun—and go by Pullman, for the moment you step aboard a Pullman car your vacation starts. All over the United States and in some parts of Canada and Mexico Pullman operates the perfect travel service. You will find the rates reasonable for even the finest accommodations.

Choose your Pullman accommodation to suit your mood and the size of your party. The comfort you'll enjoy will thrill and please you. The low cost will surprise you. See how little Pullman *actually* costs.

★ ★ ★
For an overnight Pullman journey of about 300 miles: An upper would cost \$2.00, a lower \$2.50. A section (the lower with upper closed) is only \$1.00 more than the lower, a single bedroom only \$2.00 more. Two passengers in a bedroom pay the *same* price as two lowers cost. Two in a compartment (illustrated at right) each pay but \$1.00 more than two lowers cost, and three in a drawing room each pay but 50c more than each would pay for a lower.

★ ★ ★
More than half of all the millions of Pullman travelers pay no more than \$2.50 for their accommodations. Pullman travel is *inexpensive*. The examples quoted are merely to show the reasonable cost of Pullman accommodations only, and do not include rail fare. For longer distances, of course, prices are in proportion. Ask your ticket agent for full information on your next holiday or business trip. Or write THE PULLMAN COMPANY • CHICAGO



THE PULLMAN COMPARTMENT—Restful, harmonious color schemes in walls, upholstery and carpets invite repose and relaxation. By day you lounge, play games, or work in spacious, private quarters, which become an inviting comfortable bedroom at night, with upper and lower berths. There are private toilet facilities, lavatory with hot and cold running water, ice water, controlled heat and ventilation. In the air-conditioned cars there is the most modern and effective ventilation in all kinds of weather, with exclusion of road noises, freedom from dust and all oppressive hot weather conditions.

Somewhere THE
SUN IS SHINING—Gleaming waves and sandy beaches await you on your winter holiday! Leave grey, cold skies behind! Add years to your life with the warm sunshine you'll find at the end of your journey, or if you prefer, frolic in the North Country where King Winter's playground awaits you. By Pullman you can speed to all the popular winter resorts in genuine, relaxing comfort, and in unequaled safety. And the low cost will surprise you.



Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there



Copyright 1937, The Pullman Company

Betty's rehearsing a lesson in Gum Massage that Mother and Dad ought to know!



Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

SHE DOESN'T know all her multiplication tables nor the capitals of every state, but there's one school subject Betty knows well. Even at her tender age she has already learned the importance of gum massage to help assure a lifetime of *sparkling teeth and sound, healthy gums*.

In many modern schools, youngsters are learning

that gums need care as well as teeth. For, as dental authorities explain—today's soft foods rob gums of hard chewing—deny them the vigorous exercise they need for health. Gums tend to grow flabby and tender. Then, all too often—they rebel—flash that warning tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush.

The first time you see that tinge of "pink"—see your dentist. You may not be in for trouble, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll blame our modern soft foods. And his verdict will probably be "more work, more exercise for those lazy gums"—and, as many modern dentists advise, "the helpful

stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help strengthen the gums as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is aroused within the gum tissues. Gums tend to become firmer, healthier—to look and feel better.

So try Ipana and massage, today—let this sensible oral health routine help you to a *brighter, more attractive smile*.

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubber-set's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

SISTER GETS A BEAUTY HINT FROM BETTY—(AGE SEVEN)



IPANA

Tooth Paste



WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
 Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
 Editorial Director

Collier's

December 18, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
WALTER DURANTY Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

A WHIRLWIND hit the town of Karnak. Nobody recognized it at first, for it hitchhiked into view in the shape of two young men—a hooper and a saxophonist. They were headed for Broadway, but they stopped long enough to set Karnak jiggling and tapping and gyrating.

That mightn't have meant much if they hadn't discovered Linda. In her they recognized that most exciting of all finds in the show world, a new manner, a new personality. Through her angelic appearance came a provocative hint of a streak of devil hidden inside. In "East of Broadway," Octavus Roy Cohen begins the colorful story of their attack upon New York.

YOU remember the boxes of animal toys we used to play with as youngsters? They were kept up in the attic and brought out for Christmas. Uncle Sam has the same thing. His attic is Alaska and his "Christmas Zoo" is the Mount McKinley National Park, the farthest north wild-life preserve in the world. In the snow-shrouded silence of the arctic winter W. B. Courtney takes you to see these living toys.

ANYONE who looked carefully at Mark King would think twice before trying to hold him up. Green glints of anger sometimes flashed from his eyes, and Mark hadn't got to the top in the night-club business by the exclusive use of kid gloves. But the underworld didn't think of that when they cracked down on him. What that oversight cost is told by Quentin Reynolds in a dramatic short story, "Eight Hours."

THE rages of Arturo Toscanini are famous. When the master is aroused nobody and nothing escapes. Beneath the corrosive flow of his Italian invective whole orchestras are submerged. But they come out of it worshipping Toscanini. The secret of this amazing man's success is told by the famous concert master, Mishel Piastro, in "Genius Fortissimo."

THE confectionery store where Florence di Stephano went to work was quiet, refined and colorless. Florence had plenty of color and of quiet refinement there was no trace in her. You might anticipate disaster, but what Hamlen Hunt's brilliant love story shows is the triumph of vigor over environment.

KYLE CRICHTON tells you how people get into the movies. D. L. Champion, William Martin, George F. Worts, Jonathan Latimer and others complete the issue. And Merry Christmas to you!

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EDITORIAL

Louder, Please. Page 70

COVER RALPH E. ENTWISTLE

Any Week

WE ARE about to speak to our numerous superiors, asking them to send thirty dollars to Mr. J. Rohrer of Bremerton, Washington. If they do this Mr. Rohrer will tell us what "thirty unselected readers" of this magazine think. "Last Friday," says Mr. Rohrer, "I saw thirty men and women reading Collier's within an hour. I actually saw more than that, but only thirty would speak to me when I asked them what they thought of you. It will cost you a dollar apiece to learn what they said."



BUT we'd much rather know what those who refused to speak to Mr. Rohrer thought. We know what we'd think if a stranger came up to us on Friday afternoon and interrupted us in the throes of our new Collier's. Possibly it would be somewhat like what popped into Mr. Laurence B. Shroud's mind when Mrs. Shroud telephoned him. From El Paso, Texas, one of the many towns claiming the honor of being the birthplace of our Mr. Owen P. White, Mr. Shroud reports as follows: "The wife was entertaining the girls. Apparently the bridge-table discussion became pretty weighty. Anyway, the wife called me up with a question they couldn't seem to find a generally accepted answer for. It was: 'If Mr. Roosevelt runs for a third term and is elected what will he do next?'"

MR. ED COMAS' letter came near to startling us. From Columbus, Ohio, Mr. Comas wrote to us, as virtually countless people do every day, offering to sell us a sensational piece of literature warranted to add thousands to our already healthy circulation. "This," said Mr. Comas, "is about a nationally known sports writer whose articles appear in the best magazines and whose opinions are sought by all the best fight managers and football coaches—Quentin Reynolds."

NOTHING that Japan does surprises us much. Perhaps we've got beyond being surprised—even by ourselves. But Mr. Carl von Moltke of Represa, California, sends us a bit of intelligence clipped from the Reno, Nevada, Gazette, which gives us something like pause: "Twins is to be made from coconut fiber in thirty government mills, if plans considered by Japan are adopted."

NATURALLY we had no idea what grief would be caused by the dissolution of the Society for Telling Ladies That Their Slip is Showing. It's too bad. But the work will be carried on. "More than once," writes Mrs. Florence Bas of Chicago, Illinois, "I have wished that someone would tell me. It reminds me," she goes on, "that in the Wisconsin town where I was born we have a railroad-crossing guard who, although seventy and fat and sleepy-looking, is still annoyed by petticoats. One morning one of our first ladies passed him. He stopped her, saying: 'Lady, your underskirt is showing. It showed yesterday a'ready.'"

FROM Mr. Magnus Tiersen of Washington, D. C., comes his opinion that there is "a nostalgic feature about the appointment of Mr. James Roosevelt to that co-ordinator job." Says Mr. Tiersen: "The day will come when one of the bureau heads will irritate Mr. Roosevelt beyond endurance. Then Mr. Roosevelt will say: 'I'll tell my old man on you.' And then there is going to be a nice neighborhood quarrel, with cops and everything."



MR. LAIRD WILLIAMS of Roanoke, Virginia, was watching a father and son in rocking chairs on the porch of their home. Paw was rocking due east and west. Sonny Boy, an innocent of forty, was lulling himself north and south. Presently Paw said: "Son, why you-all wearin' yo'self out that-a-way? Rock with the grain and save yore strength."

AND Mr. John Wardle of Carlton, Oregon, reports that: "A young woman came to visit my wife. Upon being seated she got out her knitting. Said she: 'I always take my knitting along when I go visiting. It gives me something to think about when I'm talking.'"

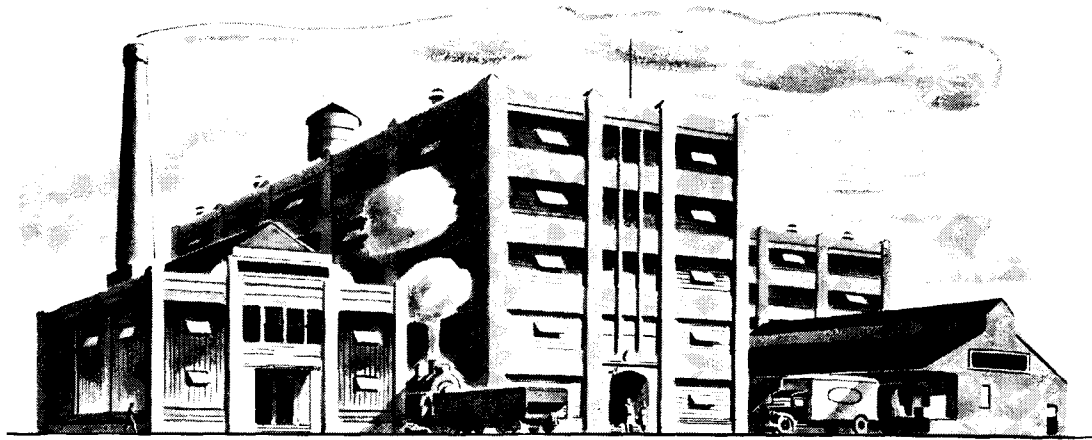
A SPLENDID formula, too. The secretary of a very great man dropped in on us the other day. The very great man had delivered himself of a pretty leaden speech the night before. We wanted to be polite even if a bit hypocritical. So said we: "When does your boss think these speeches out?" Said the secretary: "Afterward."

ANYWAY, it saves time.

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The Jones Manufacturing Company, Inc.



is just **JIM JONES**



by Long Distance

Back of every business, big or little, is a *man*. It pays to remember him. Whether you're selling or buying or collecting.

For example, if you send an announcement of a price change to The Jones Manufacturing Company, Incorporated, it may or may not bring back an order.

But if you telephone James J. Jones and say, "Jim, we've just got some news about prices," your chances of making a sale are greatly helped.

A Long Distance call reaches the right person promptly. It puts your business on a human, friendly basis. It adds to your story the warmth of your voice, the force of your personality. It provides two-way discussion that often untangles difficult situations.

Salesmen, purchasing men, credit men, executives everywhere are using Long Distance more and more—*because it gets results—inexpensively.*





1 IF YOU DON'T SLEEP WELL you should give serious thought to your problem. For sleeplessness is a serious and often a totally unnecessary handicap. It saps your energy and puts a great strain on your health . . .



2 IT IS A *BUSINESS* HANDICAP, too. You can't hope to compete nowadays if your body and brain are tired from lack of sleep.



3 PEOPLE who have trouble sleeping at night are learning from others about the advantages of . . .



4 . . . OVALTINE! Taken at bedtime, it promotes sound sleep promptly!



5 . . . ENERGY FOR THE NEXT DAY, too! . . . Mental alertness and physical "pep" are your rewards. Doesn't it seem well worth a trial?

Thousands Solving Their Sleep Problem!

Read how they are doing it—

A cup of Ovaltine just at bedtime is giving sleep to thousands of people.

Yet it is not a drug in any sense of the word.

Ovaltine was created 40 years ago. It was originated as a food for convalescents and is still used for that purpose. Then, it was discovered by doctors that, when taken at bedtime, it also fostered a sound night's sleep.

Ovaltine is now the world's favorite nightcap. It relieves that feeling of "Inner Tenseness." This helps you relax. And when you can relax, sleep usually follows as a natural consequence.

Restful sleep! Not the "dopey," unrefreshing kind. After an Ovaltine night's sleep you awake refreshed, rested—ready for the day!

The reason doctors approve Ovaltine is that it is so healthful. It is rich in vitamins, and minerals and other food elements you need. It is used in 1,700 hospitals in this country alone.

To enjoy a good night's sleep, try Ovaltine. Use it regularly. It is not habit-forming, but it is a mighty good habit to form.

Just put 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls in a cup of milk and drink it at bedtime. It is delicious. You will like it. And best of all, you'll like the many benefits which Ovaltine gives.

Get a large-size can from any grocer, or at any drug store, and start the practice of drinking Ovaltine regularly at bedtime. Why not begin *this very night*? Directions are printed on the can.

Copr. 1937, The Wander Co.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster



Every English baker makes the icing on wedding cakes so thick and hard that he is obliged to send a saw with each one.—By Philip A. Seitz, Chicago, Illinois.

A modern high-speed camera, for taking slow-motion pictures, operates 125 times faster than the regular machine. Thus a film which it makes in five seconds occupies the screen for more than ten minutes.

On some of the islands of the Malay Archipelago many natives do not leave wills or oral bequests, preferring to divide their property after their death through spiritual communion with the holy man of the village. When this is done, the heirs are usually satisfied, believing that if someone received the wrong table or too many pigs the ghost would have raised a rumpus.—By C. Kimson, Bagan Serai, Perak, Malaya.

Near Greyfriars Churchyard in Edinburgh, Scotland, stands a memorial fountain and statue, erected in honor of a little Skye terrier named Greyfriars Bobby. For fourteen years after the death of his master in 1858, Bobby guarded his grave day and night, protected from the weather only by a simple shelter and fed by a restaurateur. One day he was found, lying across the grave, dead. And in tribute to his lifelong loyalty and devotion he was buried beside his master.

The most popular faith-healing cult in the world is Tenrikyo. Founded in 1838 in Yamato, Japan, by Nakayama Miki (1798-1887), it has today more than 8,000,000 adherents.—By Clementine Rushing, Los Angeles, California.

More than one third of the entire population of the world still dines sitting on the floor or ground.

Sweden now has an oil-painting factory that produces daily, through its "assembly-line" system, thousands of pictures which retail at seventy cents. First, they are printed on cardboard and then placed on a moving belt, each side of which is lined with artists. As the pictures slowly pass before them, each man, using one color only, paints in his single part.—By J. H. Lindblom, Gary, Indiana.

The name of an American race horse cannot be used until it conforms with the laws and meets with the approval of the Jockey Club in New York City. Among the requirements are that the name has not been used for fifteen years and that it does not have more than fourteen letters and spaces.

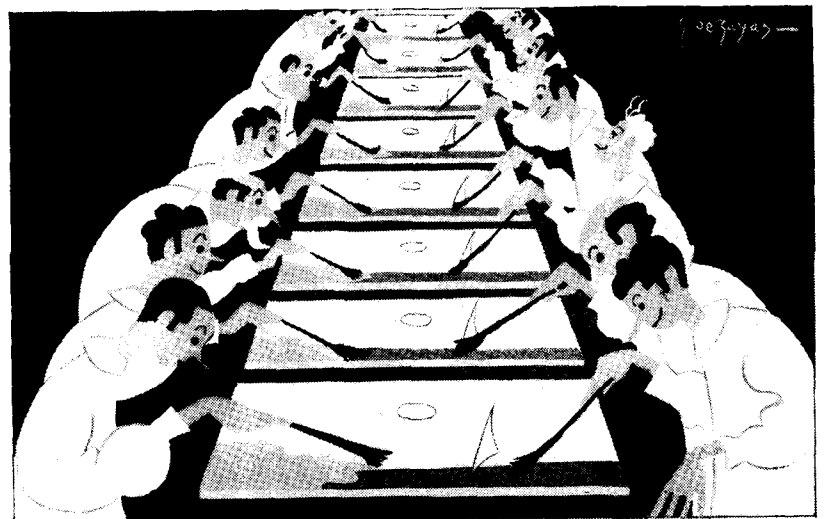
In all the various governmental activities in the United States, the only group of persons that is required by law to settle a question by a unanimous vote is the common jury.

As Hollywood film companies sometimes have their ideas and gags stolen during production, few employees and players know the complete plot and all details of a picture, as a rule, until it is nearing completion and able to beat a competitor to the screen. Even in the transcription of scripts, no one typist is permitted to copy more than a small part of any one story.

In experiments in plant growth with chemically treated soil, a Canadian laboratory has developed, within two years, a single plant of crested wheat grass with more than 300 miles of roots, none of whose branches or sub-branches are over seven feet in length.

The quantity of air used by a normal adult varies considerably with his activity. For every 100 cubic feet consumed while lying down, a man will inhale 115 cubic feet while sitting, 178 while standing and 244 while walking.—By Mabel Utecht, New York City.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without the publisher's permission.



This Kind of Value Makes a Great Car

**YOU'LL GET A REAL
THRILL FROM THE
SENSATIONAL LOW
PLYMOUTH PRICES!**

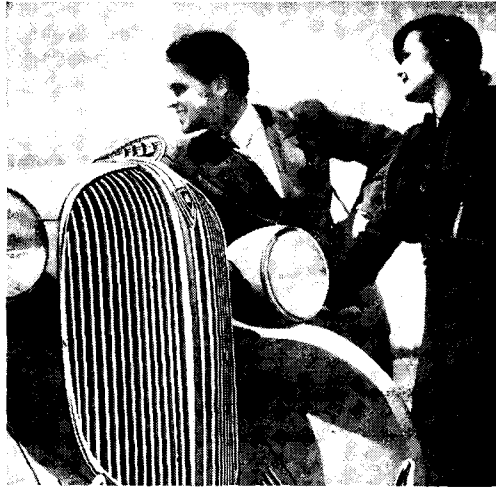
LOOK AT PRICE TAGS

This year, particularly, look at the prices of "All Three" low-priced cars.

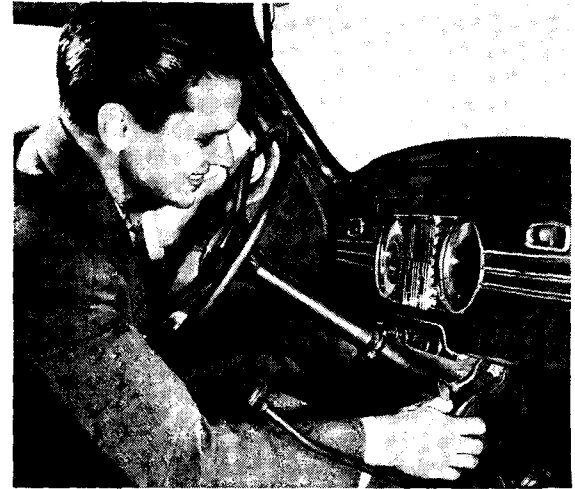
The big, beautiful 1938 Plymouth is by far the greatest value in Plymouth history...at an amazingly low price.

The only way you can appreciate Plymouth's value is by driving it...comparing its size, luxury and performance with other low-priced cars. Do it today!

THIS FINE CAR IS WITHIN YOUR REACH—As you read these facts, remember...the new 1938 Plymouth is actually one of the lowest-priced cars built today. The Commercial Credit Company offers easy payment terms through Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers. Tune in Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.



1 It's a Beauty! And back of that smart radiator, under the long hood, is an 82-horsepower "L-head" engine that will thrill you with its performance...amaze you with its economy.



2 Handier Handbrake! It's out of the floor—much easier to reach. The beautiful, new instrument panel is "Safety Styled." The windshield is bigger. Steering is faster and handling is easier.



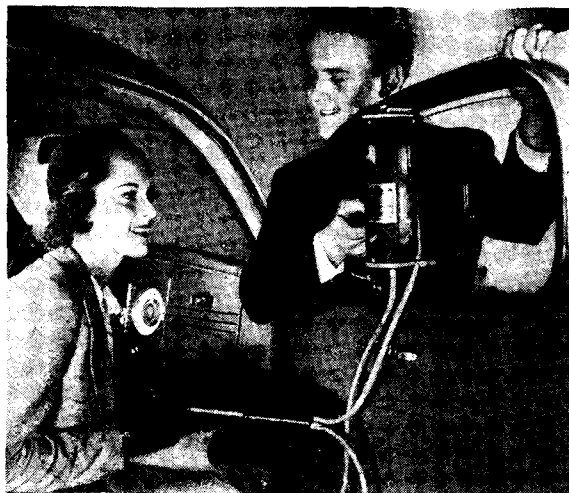
3 Look How Far He Has To Reach. Gives you a good idea of the roominess in this big, new 1938 Plymouth. There's luxury here...lovely new upholstery, rich appointments...big, wide, "chair-height" seats. And you ride with the safety of solid steel around you, over you and under you.



4 She Hears the Watch Ticking! Plymouth is sound-proofed like a radio studio. And rubber body mountings block out road vibration.



5 What a Big Trunk! Roomier than ever. There's no sill to lift luggage over. Simply slide bags in. The sturdy lid opens wide, and has a new tamper-proof lock. Why there's even an electric light for the inside!



6 Your Dealer's "Gasometer" shows with measured cupfuls of gas how Plymouth saves you money. And remember, too—Plymouth economy is more than big gas and oil mileage. You save on every item of upkeep.



7 Plymouth's 1938 "Birthday" Car! By far the greatest Plymouth ever built. Find out about its airplane-type shock absorbers, its Amola steel springs, its new engine sealing, its Hypoid rear axle, its improved Floating Power engine

mountings! Today, go see and drive this big new Plymouth. Learn the many reasons why Plymouth has won the reputation of "the car that stands up best!" PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

**PLYMOUTH BUILDS
GREAT CARS**

See the 1938 Plymouth



1. I check this party's hat every night for months, but for all the attention I get from him you'd think I'm just part of the scenery. And they say artists have an eye for beauty.



2. This particular night I see him come stomping out of the dining room with Pierre at his tails. "But Monsieur," Pierre is pleading, "ze waiter he forget you do not drink ze coffee. Eet will nevair happen again, I promise."



3. While I'm getting the party's hat'n stick he grumbles, "I've told them dozens of times I love coffee but I can't drink it...that I'm one of those people caffein keeps awake. Then they shove it r ght under my nose."



4. "Gee, they must be dumb, all right," I pipe up, putting in my two cents, "or else they'd have tipped you off to Sanka Coffee long ago. There's a dream of a coffee you can drink any time and sleep, 'cause it's 97% caffein-free."



5. Next night he drops in and flashes me a smile as bright as a sun lamp. "Young lady," he says, "you've wised me up to a couple masterpieces. First, a swell coffee that lets me sleep. And second, a swell girl who's just the type I need to pose for a magazine cover painting."

If you love coffee for coffee's sake, but are among those not on sleeping terms with caffeine—it's time to switch to Sanka Coffee.

One sip and you'll know you've met a grand coffee...full-bodied, fragrant, satisfying. And a night of sound sleep will show you that you've made a wonderful discovery. For Sanka Coffee... with 97% of its caffeine removed...simply can't keep you awake, no matter how much you drink.

Make Sanka Coffee strong...the way all good coffee should be. Use a heaping tablespoonful, as much as the spoon will hold, for each cup.

If you "perk" it, be sure to give it a few extra minutes "on the fire."

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee. It is a General Foods Product.



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

ON "WE, THE PEOPLE"

Born in the lap of luxury, Mrs. Natalie G. Christman now lives in a chicken coop—and loves it!

Her amazing story, told by Mrs. Christman, herself, is one of the thrilling high spots which have been offered to radio listeners by "We, The People." Every week this intensely human and gripping program is packed with the drama, pathos and rib-tickling humor of everyday life experiences.

LISTEN IN! to "We, The People" each Thursday night over the Columbia Broadcasting System. See your paper for time and station.

The All-America Football Team

BY GRANTLAND RICE

Andrew Brubaker
END, UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Edmund Francis
END, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Edmund Francis
TACKLE, FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

Edmund Francis
TACKLE, UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Edmund Francis
GUARD, UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

Edmund Francis
GUARD, TEXAS A. & M.

Edmund Francis
CENTER, VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

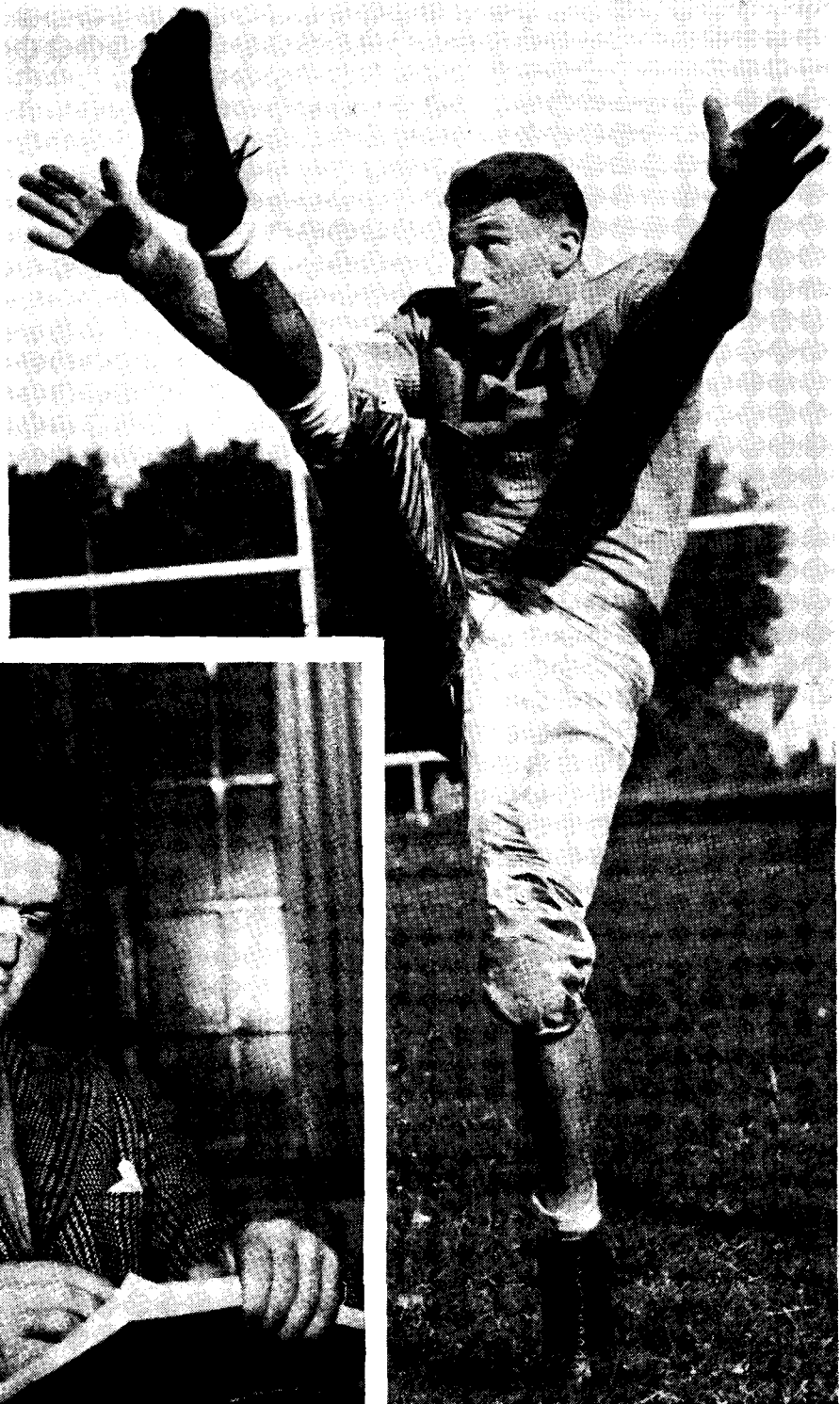
Edmund Francis
HALFBACK, UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

Edmund Francis
HALFBACK, UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

Edmund Francis
QUARTERBACK, YALE UNIVERSITY

Edmund Francis
FULLBACK, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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Above: Byron White, halfback. University of Colorado. Height, 6:1. Weight, 185. Home, Wellington, Colorado



Left: Clinton E. Frank, quarterback. Yale University. Height, 5:10. Weight, 190. Home, Evanston, Illinois

THE time is two o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, September 25, 1937. The place is Columbus, Ohio. The cast is composed of Texas Christian and Ohio State, two of the country's strongest football teams.

Just thirty seconds before the game begins a torrential downpour, blown in by a lusty gale, beats down upon 70,000 spectators. The two opponents battle back and forth through rain and mud.

The two teams tackle, block, run, pass and kick. Who cared about a deluge, soaked clothing, influenza or pneumonia?

From this opening game the new season was beginning to roll. Over 400 teams and more than 16,000 big-time football players were moving into action.

In addition to team results, there were also All-America dreams filling their heads. Many of these dreams were to be spoiled by injuries and by long, hard schedules. In this lamentable list you will find such early probabilities as Daddio of Pittsburgh, Farkas of Detroit, Uram of Minnesota, Hitchcock of Auburn and others who were early leaders. They were all good enough, barring injuries, to make any team.

This campaign was not a medley of upsets. It was rather one of the greatest levelers that football has yet known. It proved again that material and coaching were spread evenly across the country. The supercoach and the superteam were heading toward extinction. In this last season more than a few well-known

names fell at the first volley. Powerful Minnesota, pride of the Big Ten, crashed in its second charge—against Nebraska. The Southwestern Conference, largely Texas teams, began an early job of complete extermination and kept it up all fall. This is the cutthroat circuit of football. The Southwest is perhaps the hardest of all the conference championships to win. Its general average is higher than any other one section. Don't forget that schedules such as T. C. U., Auburn, Pittsburgh, Notre Dame, California, Ohio State and a few others face can make a killing difference when compared to the schedules of those who play only four or five hard games.

Along the Pacific Coast they play a round-robin schedule that only a power-

ful team could hope to face unbeaten. They had few breathers when the knocking down got under way. It remained for one of the strongest California teams in years to take over the prestige of the Pacific Coast. California fought its way through a hard schedule unbeaten, tied only by Washington.

Through the South and the Southeast most of the leading teams were well matched in playing strength—such teams as Vanderbilt, Alabama, L. S. U., Georgia Tech, Auburn, Duke, North Carolina, Tulane, Tennessee—where Auburn carried by all odds the heaviest burden.

The playing strength of the Big Six and the Rocky Mountain Conference was also well above average. For example, Nebraska's strong team, coached by

Biff Jones, was tied by Kansas State and barely able to beat Missouri, but whipped Minnesota and Indiana, two of the strongest teams from the Big Ten, and led a brilliant Pittsburgh outfit into the fourth quarter.

The Big Ten from the Midwest had an off year, as Minnesota, Indiana, Ohio State, Iowa and Michigan were beaten by outside opponents. Notre Dame had no chance to plow through its schedule unbeaten. Who could hope to throw back Minnesota and Pittsburgh on successive Saturdays, even with the strong Notre Dame squad?

As the Midwest fell back, the East, including the Ivy circuit and such teams as Pittsburgh, Fordham, Villanova, Holy Cross, Temple, etc., took over leadership for the second successive year. In the Ivy set-up, Yale, Dartmouth, Cornell and Harvard were all strong. Harvard, in spite of a season crammed with injuries and hard luck, won the old Big Three championship. Dartmouth finished in front of the Ivy circuit, with an unbeaten campaign, although tied by Yale and Cornell.

Pittsburgh and Fordham were outstanding. So was Clipper Smith's Villanova team. Pop Warner, in his 44th coaching year, rounded out his 300th victory at Temple. The East, after a long lapse in other years, had the majority of outstanding stars—Frank of Yale, MacLeod of Dartmouth, Luckman of Columbia, Goldberg, Matisi and Souchak of Pittsburgh, Wysocki and Mellus of Villanova, Holland, Peck and Hooper of Cornell, Franco and Wojciechowicz of Fordham, Struck and Green of Harvard, Osmanski of Holy Cross—a long parade who have found football again.

We now come to the All-America of 1937. In lining up the 1937 All-America the play of each man, including opposing strength, was thoroughly checked from the first game to the last. There was no prejudice, no partisanship, no angle of race, creed or color. Those who had shown three good years were given some advantage over others, practically as good, who had turned in only one or two years of high-class work.

Here is the list of candidates from which the team was selected:

Centers—Hinkle, Vanderbilt; Brock, Nebraska; Wojciechowicz, Fordham; Herwig, California.

Guards—Routt, Texas A. and M.; Monsky, Alabama; Stockton, California.

Tackles—Franco, Fordham; Markov, Washington; Matisi, Pittsburgh; Kinard, Mississippi; Mellus, Villanova; Shirey, Nebraska; Babartsky, Fordham; Russell, Auburn; Lane, T. C. U.; Beinor, Notre Dame.

Ends—Holland, Cornell; Bershak, North Carolina; Wysocki, Villanova; Jordan, Georgia Tech; Schwartz, California; Benton, Arkansas; Smith, Oklahoma; Souchak, Pittsburgh; Sweeney, Notre Dame.

Backs—Frank, Yale; White, Colorado; Chapman, Meek and Bottari, California; Goldberg, Pittsburgh; Luckman, Columbia; MacLeod, Dartmouth.

There were many other fine football players. But these were the survivors of more than 300,000 words of letters and telegrams, opinions and vital statistics, from Collier's Board, other football writers and coaches from every section of the country.

The men who rated the highest average this season from all opposing coaches were Frank of Yale, Hinkle of Vanderbilt, Chapman of California, White of Colorado and Franco of Fordham. Routt of Texas A. and M. and Monsky of Alabama were not far behind.

The most difficult positions to fill were center, the ends and the backs. At center the leaders were Hinkle of Vanderbilt, the irrepressible Wojciechowicz of Fordham, Herwig of California and Brock of Nebraska.

Pittsburgh players picked Brock over Wojciechowicz. Jock Sutherland rated them about even. The Southwest rated Aldrich of T. C. U. on even terms with Wojjy, but named Hinkle of Vanderbilt superior to both. The West Coast was divided when it came to Herwig, a fine center, with strong support for Erickson of Washington and Dougherty of Santa Clara. The three-year rating of Hinkle was outstanding. He played eleven 60-minute games in his last two years.

The ends, as usual, left a headache. They included Holland of Cornell, Wysocki of Villanova, Bershak of North Carolina, Schwartz of California, Jordan of Georgia Tech, Smith of Oklahoma, Benton of Arkansas, Souchak of Pittsburgh and Sweeney of Notre Dame.

"The hard luck," as Jock Sutherland of Pittsburgh said, "was that Daddio was hurt. There was no one even close to him, offensively and defensively." Which happens to be true. Bershak of North Carolina had known three seasons of high-class play. Opponents facing Holland named him as one of the best all-around ends of several seasons. His quick reflexes and his catlike speed were leading features. Wysocki came with a rush this season, his first year as a regular, and he was given his chance to roam by Mellus, the Villanova tackle. Benton, Smith and Schwartz were exceptionally good.

The tackle assignments found a hard battle among Franco of Fordham, Markov of Washington and Matisi of Pittsburgh, all well above average.

The problem of the backfield had just as many knots and tangles. There were Frank of Yale, White of Colorado, Goldberg of Pittsburgh, MacLeod of Dartmouth, Meek of California, Luckman of Columbia, Chapman of California, Vic Bottari of California, Dave O'Brien of T. C. U., Sloan of Arkansas. Who could pick from this list?

In the final selections from Collier's Board and over fifty coaches, Frank, Chapman and White were unanimous choices. Chapman, especially, was just as outstanding as Frank and Francis were a year ago without even a dissenting murmur. MacLeod, Goldberg and Meek were close. Goldberg remained the spearhead of Pittsburgh's attack through an extremely hard schedule. MacLeod was close in all-around value, while Meek was an all-season sensation. There was little to choose from among these three, but Goldberg's value to Pittsburgh was a trifle more pronounced.

BERSHAK—End, North Carolina

Andrew Bershak has been a star end at North Carolina for three years, an important factor in the selection. Bershak is one of the best pass receivers in football. He has been a fast, hustling end on both offense and defense, and also one of the iron men of the team.

HOLLAND—End, Cornell

Jerome Holland has been a sixty-minute player for two years and his work this year put Cornell up among the leaders of the East. In the Colgate game, he scored three of his team's six touchdowns, two of them on end-around plays. He also played a great game on the defense, breaking down Colgate's sometimes bewildering attack time and again. In the Yale game he broke through on two consecutive plays to throw the ball carriers for a total loss of twenty yards.

FRANCO—Tackle, Fordham

Edmund Franco, short, squat and almost unbelievably powerful, frequently has been called a one-man line. No opposing team ever mouse-trapped him unless he wanted to go lunging through—and no team, having done it once, was



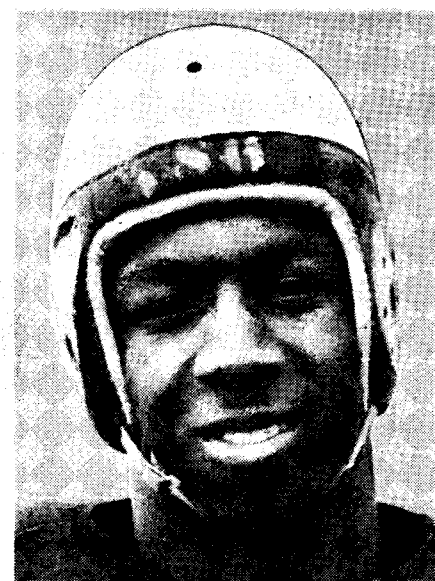
Samuel Chapman, fullback. University of California. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 195. Home, Tiburon, California



Marshall Goldberg, halfback. University of Pittsburgh. Height, 5:11. Weight, 185. Home, Elkins, West Va.



Andrew Bershak, end. University of North Carolina. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 185. Home, Clairton, Pennsylvania



Jerome Holland, end. Cornell University. Height, 6:1. Weight, 202. Home, Auburn, New York

likely to try it again, for when he got in there he bowled over blockers and piled up the attack. This was Franco's third year of smashing and effective play on one of the nation's ranking teams.

MARKOV—Tackle, Washington

Vic Markov of Washington received a unanimous vote as being the best lineman on the Pacific Coast. "His tremendously effective smashing tactics," writes Dink Templeton, "pulled Washington together. He is fast, smart and a hard worker who never loafs for a second." Markov was the outstanding player on a strong Washington team, strong enough to hold even California's fine team scoreless.

MONSKY—Guard, Alabama

Leroy Monsky, amazingly fast for his size and power, was outstanding on both offense and defense and was a key man in the Alabama attack, which specializes in the use of the guards. Monsky, captain of his team, led many a charge that put Alabama in front after a strenuous tussle. His fighting courage was the decisive factor in most of these games. In a year that did not produce too many outstanding guards, Monsky not only proved his right to top rating but was acclaimed by many coaches to be among

the first three players in the South, regardless of position.

ROUTT—Guard, Texas A. & M.

Joe Routt was a star guard of 1936. His play this season showed the improvement that experience brings. A glutton for hard, all-afternoon play, he was at his best when the going was toughest. Routt used a system of stacking up a whole side of the opposing line, thereby breaking up a play and letting someone else make the tackle.

HINKLE—Center, Vanderbilt

There was considerable argument about the centers this year—but very little about Carl Hinkle. He was the first man down the field under punts, was magnificent at backing up the line and made more tackles than any other man on his team. He blocked well and was unerring in his knack of calling enemy forward passes and defending against them. As captain, he was brilliant, courageous and tireless.

GOLDBERG—Halfback, Pittsburgh

Marshall Goldberg leaped into prominence one gray afternoon in Pittsburgh in the 1936 season by running right through the Notre Dame team, not once



Carl C. Hinkle, Jr., center. Vanderbilt University. Height, 6:1. Weight, 185. Home, Nashville, Tennessee



Joseph Routt, guard. Texas A. & M. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 193. Home, Chapel Hill, Texas



Vic Markov, tackle. University of Washington. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 214. Home, Chicago, Illinois



Edmund Franco, tackle. Fordham University. Height, 5:8½. Weight, 196. Home, Jersey City, New Jersey

but several times—and went on from there. He passes and kicks and blocks in the approved Pitt fashion, which is intended not merely to take opponents out but to stretch them out.

WHITE—Halfback, Colorado

This year Byron "Whizzer" White, a student leader for three years, hit such a dazzling pace that the Rocky Mountain region regards him as superior even to the practically immortal Dutch Clark, when Dutch was in college. He was the nation's leading scorer. He ran, kicked and passed. As a blocker and tackler he was better than most. The entire Colorado attack was molded around him.

FRANK—Quarterback, Yale

Clinton Frank unquestionably was one of Yale's greatest all-time players. He captained the team, carried the ball, passed, blocked and tackled. Every team that played Yale concentrated on stopping Frank but none succeeded. Dartmouth, with its rugged eight-man line, stopped him on the ground. But it couldn't keep him from pitching passes.

CHAPMAN—Fullback, California

Sam Chapman was voted the best football player on the West Coast. He

was California's star blocker, best kicker and one of its leading ball carriers. He was a work horse on both offense and defense. He received unanimous support as leading star on one of the nation's strongest teams.

The Honorable Mention list following comprises additional names submitted by the Advisory Board:

EAST

Ends
Wysocki, Villanova
Daddio, Pittsburgh
Davis, Dartmouth
Green, Harvard

Tackles
Mellus, Villanova
John, Yale
Matisi, Pittsburgh
Bergner, Navy
Janus, Boston College
Babartsky, Fordham

Guards
Allen, Harvard
Wilson, Harvard
Miller, Charles L., Jr., Yale

Centers
McKenna, Villanova
Wojciechowicz, Fordham
Gibson, Dartmouth

Backs
Raimo, Villanova
MacLeod, Dartmouth
Wilson, Yale
Luckman, Columbia
Struck, Harvard
Osmanski, Holy Cross
Bloom, N. Y. U.
Kearns, Lafayette
Famiglietti, Boston U.
Stebbins, Pittsburgh

Spang, Cornell
Souchak, Pittsburgh
Miller, John A., Yale
Jacunski, Fordham

Platt, Yale
Kevorkian, Harvard
Toll, Princeton
Van Ranst, Cornell
Maras, Duquesne

Hooper, Cornell
Zitrides, Dartmouth

Mautner, Holy Cross
Hardy, Georgetown
Gallagher, Yale

Hutchinson, Dartmouth
Colwell, Yale
Hessberg, Yale
Boston, Harvard
Cahill, Holy Cross
Shorten, N. Y. U.
Roeder, F. & M.
Brumbaugh, Duquesne
Nechem, Boston U.
Peck, Cornell

MIDDLE WEST

Ends
Kelker, Western Reserve
Crow, Ohio State
Kovatch, Northwestern
Nicholson, Michigan

Tackles
Voigts, Northwestern
Woltman, Purdue
Kaplanoff, Ohio State
Schoenbaum, Ohio State

Guard
Heikkinen, Michigan

Centers
Wolf, Ohio State
McCarty, Notre Dame

Backs
Parkas, Detroit
Heap, Northwestern
McCormick, Notre Dame
Christiansen, Minnesota
Van Every, Minnesota
Spurgeon, Illinois
Ciolek, Michigan State
Rabb, Ohio State
Gmitro, Minnesota

Wasem, Chicago
Ream, Ohio State
Sweeney, Notre Dame
Harris, Iowa

Schreyer, Purdue
Beinor, Notre Dame
Haak, Indiana

Miller, Indiana

Wedebrook, Ohio State
Vanzo, Northwestern
Kinnick, Iowa
Isbell, Cecil, Purdue
Davis, Indiana
Pingel, Michigan State
Puplis, Notre Dame
Sherman, Chicago

SOUTH

Ends
Hudgins, Duke
Warren, Alabama
Kavanaugh, L. S. U.

Tackles
Kinard, Mississippi
Russell, Auburn
Wyse, Clemson
Lipscomb, Duke

Guards
Sivell, Auburn
Brumansky, Duke
Helms, North Carolina State

Centers
Lumpkin, Georgia
Sabados, Citadel

Backs
Kilgrew, Alabama
Tipton, Duke
Milner, L. S. U.
Stell, L. S. U.
Hitchcock, Auburn
Willis, Clemson
Andrews, Tulane
Mattis, Tulane
Mayberry, Florida
Hartman, Georgia
Cate, Georgia
Little, North Carolina
Cafego, Tennessee
Lafferty, Davidson

Jordan, Georgia Tech
Maffett, Georgia

Gatto, L. S. U.
Ryba, Alabama
Ray, Vanderbilt

Bilbo, Mississippi
Merlin, Vanderbilt

Woods, Clemson
Smith, Tulane

Holm, Alabama
Hackney, Duke
Rohm, L. S. U.
Fenton, Auburn
Bailey, Clemson
Harp, Tom, Tennessee
Banker, Tulane
Marshall, Vanderbilt
Davis, Bob, Kentucky
Konemann, Georgia Tech
Sims, T. F., Georgia Tech
Burnette, North Carolina
Steadman, Mississippi State
Shu, V. M. I.

MISSOURI VALLEY AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Ends
Smith, Pete, Oklahoma
Young, Oklahoma
Borak, Creighton

Dohrmann, Nebraska
Hayward, Grinnell

Tackles
Shirey, Nebraska
Grace, Oklahoma

Guards
Graham, Tulsa

Centers
Brock, Nebraska
Parks, Oklahoma

Backs
Huddleston, Oklahoma
Howell, Nebraska
Baer, Oklahoma
Rivers, Oklahoma A. & M.
Webb, Oklahoma A. & M.

Doyle, Nebraska

Mehring, Nebraska

Betty, Missouri

White, Tulsa
Dodd, Nebraska
Corrotto, G., Oklahoma
Callihan, Nebraska

SOUTHWEST

Ends
Boyd, Sam, Baylor
Acker, S. M. U.

Benton, Arkansas
Ramsey, Texas Tech

Tackles
Hale, T. C. U.
Young, Texas A. & M.

Lane, T. C. U.
Sprague, S. M. U.

Guards
Jones, Texas A. & M.
Rogers, T. C. U.
Kriel, Baylor

Moore, Rice
Matthews, S. M. U.

Centers
Aldrich, T. C. U.

Price, Rice

Backs
O'Brien, T. C. U.
Patterson, Baylor
Sloan, Arkansas
Robbins, Arkansas

Todd, Texas A. & M.
Lain, Rice
Wolfe, Texas

FAR WEST

Ends
Schwartz, California
Stone, Stanford
Wendlick, Oregon State
Polich, Loyola
Williams, U. S. C.

Strode, U. C. L. A.
Peters, Washington
Dolman, California
Brown, Santa Clara

Tackles
Wolff, Santa Clara
Magee, Loyola
Nihil, Oregon State

Stoll, California
McNeil, U. S. C.

Guards
Stockton, California
Evans, California
Hutchins, Oregon State

Slivinski, Washington
Hoptowit, Washington State
Walton, Stanford

Centers
Herwig, California
Ericksen, Washington
Greenfield, Arizona

Dougherty, Santa Clara
Calvelli, Stanford

Backs
Bottari, California
Anderson, Dave, California
Gray, Oregon State
Fay, Stanford
Groves, Stanford
Ferry, St. Mary's
Washington, U. C. L. A.
Blaisdell, Redlands
Rowe, Oregon
Pellegrini, Santa Clara

Meek, California
Schindler, U. S. C.
Wascowitz, Washington
Cruver, Washington
Pavelko, Santa Clara
Popovich, Montana
Hoffman, U. S. C.
Yeager, Santa Barbara
Kolberg, Oregon State

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South
O. B. KEELER
Atlanta Journal

East
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Collier's

New England and Northeast
ELL CUNNINGHAM
Boston Post



Leroy Monsky, guard. University of Alabama. Height, 5:10. Weight, 190. Home, Montgomery, Alabama

SHOWDOWN

By Thomas Walsh

Police work and the girl. The story of one who was privileged to see the way a cop works—before she married him

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



"Only why go down there?" He exposed something briefly in his palm. "If you want the police—"

KELLY was a man who did everything well. The weather that Sunday morning might have received his personal attention—just cold enough to be invigorating, just gray enough to have no glare, with the snow just crisp enough for skiing and the scattered trees on the long slopes just considerate enough to keep always out of the way. Even at one o'clock, when Linda was beginning to get tired and cold and ferociously hungry, he could lead her through woods to a little Dutch cabin that appeared as suddenly from behind dark pointed firs as if he had snapped his fingers. Inside, Dutch maids in blue and white dresses took their orders quickly; the floor was tiled; they had a corner table, and through white-curtained windows they looked out on the lake below. It was lovely and warm; there wasn't a radio; even the food was good. Over their coffee Kelly took her hands and rubbed his fingers in between hers while looking at her with a good deal of approval.

"Look," he said. "The thing's got me

puzzled. And I'm not a shy John either—I've had girls before. Only none like you—none that I thought of all the time I was off duty. What would you say that was?"

"Off duty," Linda repeated, with the faintest shade of emphasis. "That's remarkable, I suppose. And I appreciate it very much. But it doesn't change the fact that I met you Thursday, ten days ago, and I know nothing about you. If this is a formal proposal—"

Kelly's eyes, dark and narrow, set impudently aslant in his bony face, glittered with impatience. "I've told you about me twenty times."

"Eighteen, really," Linda said. "And I remember, too. Your name is Robert Emmet Kelly, and you're twenty-nine years old. You're very nice and I like you. But you still live in the Bronx."

"What's the matter with that? You'd like the Bronx."

"I like Brooklyn," Linda said. "I like it very much. Brooklyn is my home."

"I've been there," Kelly said, taking a somber sip of his coffee. "Twice. This last time was Sunday night, and I got lost, and I walked along trying to find someone to ask my way. Half past eight Sunday night—you couldn't say it was late. And now and again I'd think I'd see something, but it was never anything but shadows. So I walked—oh, eight miles. And then I met a guy somewhere around Coney Island."

Linda sniffed. "But of course he couldn't direct you?"

"No," Kelly said sadly. "He was lost too."

"That," said Linda, "is extraordinarily funny. I imagine Frances Devine would just laugh and laugh at it. Why don't you tell her tomorrow?"

"Frances Devine," Kelly growled with a downsliding and disgusted accent. "Frances Devine! Friday at three o'clock she calls up about her diamonds that are gone. What does that sound like, with her new show opening this week, with just enough time left so she could get a nice spread in the Sunday papers about police dumbness?"

"Uh-huh," Linda shook her head. "Inefficiency and rudeness."

KELLY lit a cigarette and exhaled smoke savagely; one of his long fingers shot out to wag under Linda's nose.

"That's okay—we thought it was publicity, sure; at first we didn't pay any attention to it. Then, when we find out it's the genuine thing, this Devine thinks all we have to do is hop out into the street and pick up the maid that scrambled along with her jewel box. This maid's got a mark, which makes everything easy. You know what it is?"

"No."

Elaborate sarcasm dominated Kelly's tone. "It's a kind of a circular scar, on the left temple under her hair. You see what an easy job that makes it? All we have to do is stop any blond girls we see on the street, and tip up their hats. When we see this scar we know the blond girl is Frances Devine's maid. And there can't be more than a million and a half blond girls in New York. A matter of elimination."

He had released Linda's fingers long ago; he made no effort to take them again. Even when he looked at her his eyes were different—far off, angry, absorbed. Linda arose with a touch of pique; she hadn't wanted to change the subject quite so thoroughly. She hadn't known Robert Emmet Kelly was so much the man of moods.

They skied again, but for just a little while; at three, in Kelly's coupé, they started back. It was snowing slightly—at least a few flakes drifted restlessly in the gray air, pathetic and lost. At three-thirty there were more flakes, the grayness had turned to a dotted and luminous white. It got colder too, and

sudden squalls of wind shoved the light car sideways, in careless pushes that shook Linda uncomfortably when they came to pass. Kelly, the man who did everything well, said there was nothing to worry about. He wouldn't admit they were lost until well after dark, when the windshield kept frosting up before him, and the narrow road that could not possibly be the Parkway, or the approach to it, wound emptily ahead of them, covered with snow, unmarked by trees, delineated only by the row of ghostly tall poles that rimmed it on the right.

"HAVEN'T seen anybody in an hour," he grunted, peering into the storm. "If we'd crossed a bridge I'd say it was Brooklyn."

"Oh, yes," Linda said.

She was a little frightened. It was quite dark now, and from the yellow lanes of the headlights gigantic white flakes spun up to the windshield lazily and incessantly, with a show of careless contempt. There were no gas stations; there were no houses. The darkness was quiet and cold, weighted with snow, and the gas indicator, ominously steady, rested on E, though Kelly tried to keep his arm bent so that she would not see that. When the tank was empty, the heater would be useless; they'd have to sit here, in the dark, in the cold, until a car came. And if it was a side road, if the snow blocked it off—Linda shivered. It couldn't happen of course—not within thirty miles of New York. But—

"S'matter?" Kelly said, squeezing her elbow with his fingers. "What you so quiet about? I'd bet you'd like to stop somewhere and get something hot."

"Coffee," said Linda bitterly, "and a steak sandwich or two. Or big bowls of chicken soup and noodles. Call me when you see a sign."

"Maybe this'll do," said Kelly, the man who did everything well. Their car lurched over to the left and, peering upward from under his arm, Linda saw lighted windows, and a sign swinging forlornly from its arch in the bitter wind. Mrs. E. A. Wallace, it read. The Haven. Rooms—Meals. Chicken Dinners a Specialty.

AT HALF past seven the snow had not ceased. It was still falling, stirred now and again by a low whine of wind, but in the living room of The Haven it was warm and cozy; it was Sunday evening, and Mrs. E. A. Wallace, placid and plumply comfortable, worked on a sweater and spoke of many things. Kelly, now and again, glanced hopefully at the windows; and the light-haired girl who was Mrs. Wallace's daughter, who was up from the city now only for a week end, read a movie magazine by the stove.

She was eighteen, Mrs. Wallace said—a little young to be in the city all by herself, perhaps. But Margie was a smart girl, and with her voice she'd have a chance there. Tuesdays and Fridays, at eight-fifteen, she sang on a small station. It wasn't much now; but in time, in time, Mrs. Wallace said, nodding her head, who could tell? Other girls . . . She was very proud of Margie; she talked of her to Linda most of the evening. And Linda nodded and smiled and said yes, feeling too sleepy to answer at length. A nice old lady, she thought—not old either, perhaps, but nice assuredly. A good soul! If she could only stop talking about her girl.

A drowsy time later, with Margie, she went upstairs to prepare their rooms. Only after they had been gone some time, leaving the room very quiet, was Linda struck by the curious fact of Kelly's continued silence. He was staring at the door thoughtfully; and when she called him he blinked.

"That girl," he said. "You get a good look at her?"

"No." Drowsily, delicately, Linda shivered with utter comfort at the sweep of the naked wind outside. "What's the matter?"

"A scar," Kelly answered, rather slowly. "A kind of round scar on her temple, under her hair. I just got a glimpse of it when she got up then. She's got the scar and she's blond, so she fits what I know of Frances Devine's maid. Stepping into her like this is dumb luck, but I get more than my share of that. If it's the maid—" He pulled at his nose.

"I'll bet," Linda said sleepily, stretching her toes out to the fire, "you dream about your work. I'll bet every night when you're going to sleep in the Bronx—"

Quite rudely, Kelly began to whistle then. In a moment the girl came downstairs, taking her coat from a peg in the hall near the glassed-in entry. The porch door opened and closed; through the window Linda could see her slim figure motionless at the top of the steps, the coat collar raised about her neck, her arms over each other. Listening, Linda thought. For what? For something, perhaps, she was afraid she'd hear?

"THANKS," she said, suddenly peevish, annoyed with Kelly and with herself. "You tell such nice bedtime stories I probably shan't sleep a wink all night."

Kelly didn't answer. When the girl came in from the porch and sat down again with her magazine he was sprawled out on the couch, speaking to Linda as if they had talked casually all the time she had been outside.

"I got some tickets for Wednesday night," he said. "For that new play Frances Devine's opening in. Think you'd like to see it?"

He was not looking at the girl; apparently he did not notice the panicky whiteness that flared instantly in her cheeks, nor remark the way in which she held one page of the magazine upright with a hand that was rigid rather than steady as her face raised swiftly to his. His voice went on, making unimportant conversation, stopping politely when Margie Wallace got up and said something in a low voice, as if she were excusing herself.

"But you're insane," Linda said softly after the girl had gone upstairs. "Insane! Coincidences don't happen like this. And that girl couldn't—"

"Call it luck," Kelly said. "I've had breaks like it before. Irish luck. That's the maid."

His eyes were cold and abstracted, impatient with her. It came to Linda suddenly that the Kelly who danced well, who did everything well, who was amusing and jolly and who didn't like Brooklyn, was someone she did not altogether know. She had told him that, at lunch, but it had seemed rather a joke then. Now it wasn't; unaccountably, in this quiet room, he had become a stranger. The amusing Kelly, who sometimes, in the hours during which Linda never saw him, was a policeman, a second-grade detective, might have been someone she had never met.

"You—but you're not going to arrest her?" Linda's voice shook a little; to steady herself she grasped his wrist. "You won't have to do that, Robert. She'll give the things back to you. You'll just have to ask her. Couldn't you see how frightened she was? In the morning, from the city, you can mail the box back. No one will know. Perhaps she never really meant—"

"I couldn't do that," Kelly said it flatly, with a faint point of surprise in his eyes as he looked at her. "You know I couldn't."

"You could," Linda breathed. "Who would know? How will it help to arrest a girl who's only eighteen—"

(Continued on page 58)



"You'd better go before he comes back," Linda said. "He's a policeman"



Mademoiselle from Gay Paree

By Katharine Roberts

Danielle Darrieux gave up her musical career at the age of fourteen to play in the movies. She's a veteran of twenty now and, having swept French audiences off their feet, is ready to go to work on us

SHORTLY before seven o'clock one bright autumn morning the largest of French liners steamed into New York harbor, carrying, among others, young Danielle Darrieux. She is the slim twenty-year-old whose performance in the film *Mayerling* has led American critics and public—not to mention a major picture company—to agree that in one case at least fifty million Frenchmen were not wrong. In fact, the first showing of *Mayerling* had caused the usually cynical gentry of the press to search vainly for adjectives with which to describe "the delicate—the poignant—the poetic—the exquisite—the—" anyhow, Darrieux, and to regret openly that they had but one dictionary to give for their new love.

As the *Normandie* steamed in, Danielle—the exquisite, the poetic,

etc.—stood by the rail and regarded with large gray-blue eyes that other gift of her country to America, the Statue of Liberty. She turned to an American friend: "I am thrilled! So long I have dreamed of seeing the—how shall one say?—the great symbolical statue of your country," she murmured. "At last, I see the first American lady to carry the torch!"

Yes, Danielle has been studying English. If it is found to be interlarded occasionally with such phrases as "spill the beans," "very okay," and references to "dat ole' Davil sea," the blame is to be placed squarely on the shoulders of Sinclair Lewis and Eugene O'Neill.

Certainly it is not the fault of a school of languages which she attended briefly or of a Miss Parker who went for a time to her home in Paris for purposes of English conversation. La Darrieux soon grew impatient with first-primer meth-

ods and such enlightening sentences as "Do you know that the mother of my cousin is my aunt?" and went off on her own, plowing with the aid of a dictionary through *It Can't Happen Here*, Anna Christie, and other works of the Messieurs Lewis and O'Neill. It resulted in less boredom and a somewhat more piquant vocabulary.

It was not long after her salute to Miss Liberty that Mlle. Darrieux learned about some more quaint American customs. She was accompanied to the United States by her husband, who is not merely the husband of Darrieux but Henri Decoin, a well-known French playwright, and also by a small Scotch terrier called Flora. A heartless customs official classed Flora merely as baggage and Flora got all tangled up in red tape. At this the sophisticated French actress turned into a very young girl terribly anxious about her pet pup. All efforts to persuade her to go on to the hotel, where a second welcoming committee waited, and leave Flora to be brought later by M. Decoin, were unavailing.

True, her husband has been largely responsible for much of her success, but she refused to abandon Flora even to him. It was an hour and a half before Flora, who is soigné to her tail tip and will undoubtedly start a new coiffure for Scotties in this country, was released with a customs stamp pasted rakishly over one ear. Then with her mistress in a fit of young giggles at the effect, the drive uptown was started.

But Nobody Was Kidding

"Where do we live?" inquired the reigning screen sweetheart of Europe. She was told that she had a suite on the thirty-seventh floor of a Fifth Avenue hotel. "You mean the seventh floor," she corrected. Her husband thought the thirty-seventh might be true, but she had been told of how we tease foreigners about such things and wisely explained to him, "No—an office on the thirty-seventh is all right, but one does not live up there."

However, as the elevator shot up, her ears began to feel funny, the perfect

PHOTOGRAPHED
FOR COLLIER'S
BY WILL CONNELL

mouth dropped open, and she emerged into the suite a little breathless. Then she looked out of the window and suddenly all thirty-seven stories were forgiven. There in the front yard was a pool!

"Tomorrow morning we go swimming!" she cried. She has won a number of swimming prizes and, when asked in advance about the kind of house she wanted in Hollywood, had centered all of her demands on a swimming pool. Now here was one in the New York hotel's front yard. But her hopes were dashed. Someone broke the news to her that, even if the seals in Central Park's seal pool didn't object, the water would be pretty cold on a fall morning. And anyway, it simply wasn't done.

As the hours wore on, she became more and more amazed at the things that were happening to her this first day
(Continued on page 68)

YOU always try," the Old Man said. "You keep on trying. That is, up to a certain point." He walked up and down twice before the benches where the team lounged. "I'm at that point now," he said, turning to them again. "I'm going to quit trying."

"I'm through here. I can't stand another year like this one. But don't you feel bad about it. It doesn't matter a damn. It's a game, just a game; one of the silliest ever invented. Jimmy Mackay, our great left tackle, been playing tackle for eight years; four in high school, four here; weight two four, in fair shape, drinks a little, smokes a little during season. . . . I don't care. I teach him how to play tackle and he lets a sophomore he outweighs twenty pounds make him look like he never saw a football. Why? I don't know why—yes, I do. I could tell him. I been tellin' him for three years. I'm sick of tellin' him."

The room got very still and Jimmy Mackay looked at his shoes, red creeping up through the dirt on his face.

"I'm the failure," the Old Man went on. "I'm forty-five years old. I was an All-America football player. That's what ruined me. I got a job coaching because I was an All-America football player. When you boys grow up get a job where you work with men and not with children. . . . Thirteen to nothing here at half time and me with my job going and me glad of it. . . . I think about plays and lie awake wondering if Harvey Lenninger there, yes, you Harvey, whether you have got enough help to have passed your chemistry exam and stayed eligible and I talk to your instructor and I worry to death about you and then it turns out you aren't a football player. Just a big oaf with not enough sense to remember signals and not enough muscle to take out an end that ain't as big as you are. What a pair of tackles. A pair of beauties; two hundred and better apiece, fast enough, rangy. The coaches' dream. They can do everything but play football. And I admire you for that, or rather I envy you, because in me you see the result of being able to play football. It made a failure out of me."

HARVEY LENNINGER, the right tackle, started to say something, checked himself.

"And here," the Old Man said, and he pointed dramatically at the rubbing table, talking like a carnival barker, "we have the Great Mahoney, bearing his pain as he has his ankles taped, lying there counting his bruises but muttering to himself, 'Carry on, Mahoney.' That mood, that 'Carry-on-Mahoney' mood, will last until the band dies down and that big fullback they got starts playing 'Let's make Mahoney bounce' on him and then Mahoney will be wondering whether or not it is worth bouncing for. But Mahoney is just as big as that fullback and a little faster. That fullback is just a big dumb Polack who hasn't heard that Mahoney is 'an inspired field general' or 'an elusive wraith.' That big fullback probably does not read the papers. He probably studies his lessons and goes to bed early, but you can tell he's having fun today. That he likes to bounce Mahoney."

"But I admire Mahoney. Mahoney may not be an elusive wraith but he is very smart. Why should he get hurt? He gets nothing for it. A passing fame that will maybe be a very bad thing for him when he gets out of school. Mahoney has one more half to play in all his life and absolutely nothing to be gained by playing well and possibly something to be lost and I am the one that has the job of trying to make him



"I'm through here. I can't stand another year like this one"

play well. I am the one that is nuts. Mahoney is smart."

Mahoney looked up. Somebody snickered.

"Aha," said the Old Man, "I recognize you snicker. It comes from old reliable Marston, our demon center. He is so reliable that he can absolutely be counted on for a couple of bad passes

every game. Why? I don't know. He never makes bad passes in practice. I suppose he gets stage fright when he gets out there and people are watching him. But why does he always get stage fright on his own five-yard line? One of those mysteries of the gridiron, I suppose. He laughs. The man with the proper attitude. He laughs at a middle-

aged man telling the truth. Nothing is funnier than the truth unless it is a middle-aged man telling it. That combination is sure-fire. There's something else right funny, too, but you all will never get to see it. It's you all trying to play football."

The Old Man walked twice more across the room, his hands behind his back, head bowed. He stopped.

"Carr and Hammonds, guards. You are guards because it says so on the program, but what do you guard? You can't be guarding your looks because you both could scare little children as is. By the way, why don't you try that? Scowl at your opponents. It may tire you but after the first half you ought to be fresh. Give it a try. Don't guard anything, just scowl. There may be a movie producer in the stands with a pair of binoculars. Karloff can't last forever."

"I'M GLAD of one thing. That the uniforms are different. They are in my backfield so much I'd think I had fifteen men on the field if it wasn't for the uniforms being different. The ball is snapped and then all at once there are my four men and three or four little strangers all in my backfield making a total of seven or eight. Lads, it gives a weird effect."

"I'm crazy. I stand up here and talk to you and every once in a while I get to feeling sorry for you because you can't or won't play football when all the time I should be feeling sorry for myself. An old man looking at the autumn of his life down in a damned stinking dressing room with a bunch of kids making a fool out of him by listening to him—Listen to this. . . . I've got a wife and kids, boys. I'm losing my job because you are letting me down. I'm too old to make a fresh start. I never saved anything. I've got to go on. Won't you go out there and win one for my little ones—twenty-six and twenty-four, respectively? When I left my wife she looked up with tears in her eyes and said, 'Won't you ask the boys to win this one for my sake, for our sake, our home, our future?' I said, 'Okay, Toots,' and the woman next to her said, 'Three spades.'"

"And," the Old Man continued, reaching for his sparse hair, "she didn't double. Ace, queen to five, singleton ace of diamonds and them vulnerable. She sat there and didn't double. That's your fault, too. She got to thinking about me losing my job. I could go on giving you instances like that all afternoon but the time is about up."

"My ends are no good, the rest of my backfield isn't dramatically bad like Mahoney, but still quietly lousy. But what if they were world-beaters? It wouldn't make any difference. They couldn't pull you through; playing their hearts out, it wouldn't be enough. It would still be thirteen to nothing."

"Four minutes," the man said from the door.

"Get on out there," the Old Man said. Nobody moved.

"Damn it," the Old Man said, "go on. You're undefeated for the season. You're thirteen points ahead; you know damned well you're the best team in the country; but please get out there and protect that lead."

Mahoney, the captain, stood up then and handed him the watch, and the team fled out the door self-consciously.

The Old Man turned the watch over slowly and read what was on the back: *From the Champions of '37 to The Old Man.*

"They're as cocky as I was," he muttered, and he rubbed his hand across his eyes and walked out to the field.



Keep Your Nose Down

By Alvah C. Bessie

FIRST off you'll have to understand that fliers are a breed of their own; nothing like them was ever seen before on land or sea; they live their own lives; they're like those ants you find under rocks: you'll never find them anyplace else but under a rock—that is, at an airport; they have a tendency to stick with their own kind, no other kind really interests them. You think you've heard folks talk shop? Maybe you've been to a pretzel-benders' convention or a powwow of knit-goods manufacturers, and come away sick? You ought to sit in the restaurant at any airport and listen to these birds.

You'd think there was no other way of getting around except in an airplane, to hear them talk, and that there wasn't any other kind of human being alive except the kind whose throat gets thick and whose heart beats fast at the sound of an airplane motor. Ever notice one if he was sitting in your house some afternoon, calmly talking about the weather, and that old familiar drone was heard outdoors? If he's sitting in a chair by a window, out of politeness maybe he won't get out of the chair, but he'll

Here's the man who put all the hazards back in flying. Pilot Chuck Thomas demonstrating his justly celebrated genius for taking 'em up and setting 'em down—in splinters

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

stretch his neck sixteen degrees north by west to look out of that window, and if he's not near the window, he'll sort of wander toward it and casually stick out his head until he gets a look at the ship and satisfies his mind about it. And if he doesn't see it, the afternoon will be ruined for him. That's what they're like; they're not like other people; they have piston rods for hearts and drink high-test with their meals. Chuck Thomas was one of the worst.

Don't get the idea Chuck Thomas was an aviator; he never was and he never

will be. He was a hanger-on out at the Municipal airport. He was four foot ten and built like a block of wood, had a crop of straight red hair that stuck up off his face a good six inches and a permanent grin. Don't ask me where he came from. I don't know. Don't ask me how he got there; I couldn't tell you. Long as I've been hanging around that port, he's been there, under everybody's feet, dogging the pilots to take him up, managing somehow to get taken up, managing somehow to get in his time in the air, for all the good it will ever do him. Do

you know, that guy had something like fifty-six hours of dual before he ever soloed; fifty-six hours, when the average man who isn't wall-eyed and lacking in a sense of balance takes ten. Anyhow, he managed to get the fifty-six hours of dual by paying for it, begging it, borrowing it and, on one occasion, stealing it.

Yes, sir; he crouched down in the rear cockpit of Bert Taylor's Fledgling one afternoon when Bert was going upstairs to put in some time, and the first Bert knew of it something was freezing the controls, and he turned around and saw Chuck sitting there grinning at him. He yanked the throttle back by main strength and yelled, "You so-and-so, what the such-and-such are you doing there?" and Chuck yelled back, "How about checking me out on some straight turns?" Bert was sore as a boil, but every time he tried to land that nut would freeze the controls and not turn them loose till Bert promised to take on some altitude. Bert checked him out. Bert never cared for Chuck after that.

But Chuck got in his time. Everybody really liked the guy; maybe I wasn't be-

ing fair. There is something about the guy that the girls call appealing. First off, any pilot would be flattered by the respectful attention Chuck pays the breed. He'll listen to any flier from the crack of dawn to the crack of doom; he'll go out of his way to help check a motor (and you'll have to admit that's one thing he can do—there's no one at the Municipal airport who can overhaul a motor like that boy; maybe I should have said so at the start). He'll warm up engines for anybody, spin propellers, run errands, do the dirtiest work you can set him to and come up grinning, usually with a request for some time in exchange. That's how he gets the time.

BUT he's not an aviator. He never could pass the lowest test they give, the amateur, even though he's had fifty-six hours of dual instead of ten and a couple hundred of solo instead of twenty-five. But maybe you don't understand these things. Maybe you wonder why they let him take up a ship at all. Well, he saw to that. He knew darn' well he could never pass a flight test, so he never came up for it. After a time, the boys who run the private schools out at the Muni refused to rent him a ship to take his solo time, and they thought they had him grounded.

Well, you don't know that boy. He turned up one day with a truckload of spare parts, all that was left of a Fleet some unlucky guy had washed out over at Roosevelt Field, and he spent his nights putting the thing together again. It flew. He knew he couldn't pass the test and he knew he daren't take a passenger, so he never asked for the test and he never took a passenger, but there is no way to stop a man who holds a student pilot's ticket from going upstairs so long as he holds the ticket and has a crate to fly. The ticket says: "A student pilot may navigate licensed aircraft only when engaged in flying instruction." Well, Chuck's always been engaged in flying instruction. It says, "The holder of a student license may make solo cross-country flights, but while away from home airport on such flights shall not make landings at an air line's terminal or airports where flying meets or races are in progress." He never did—yet. Another thing that counts in explaining the fact that the guy is still flying and isn't grounded is that he's physically sound; they have to renew his student every two years so long as he can pass the physical; and another thing is that the boys like him, but I said that before. You can get a long way and do a lot of screwy things if folks like you, you know that.

So that explains something. Luck ex-

plains a lot else. I can remember his first solo flight as if it were my own. Art Field was instructing him at that time; after the fifty-six hours of dual, one day Art stepped out and sighed and said, "Take it away, Chuck," and Chuck took it. Mary McCarthy was at the field that day; in fact, that was where she met him. She was down from Northampton, Massachusetts, where she'd taken her nurses' training, and she was waiting for the transport to come in from Boston. It was her first trip out as a hostess on the line. Well, there we all stood, and Art stepped out and said, "Take it away," and Chuck started the New Standard Trainer bumping and rocking across the field. We could hear him jerk the throttle open as if it were a dresser drawer that was stuck, and Art held his hands up to his ears; we watched him taxi across the field; the tail came up, then it came down again, then up again; the ship gained speed, running across the field in a wide circle; he pulled her off the ground and promptly set her down again, tail first; he pulled her off again and rose like a half-waterlogged beam that's been held under water, one wing trailing and going cross-wind. He got her off and rose so damn' fast we felt sure he was going to stall and crash, but no such luck. We stood on the apron there, our eyes glued on the red and yellow ship, and our heads turning like on a pivot as he went around the field, made turns like he was cutting corners on a banked race track and started coming in.

MARY screamed and we watched him coming in. That ship landed at 40-45, and he was diving the wings off her, coming in around 90. He never leveled off at all, but hit the ground with the wheels first, bounced thirty feet into the air, yanked back on the stick and hung there like he was suspended by a wire. I saw him tear off his helmet and goggles as if he were about to catch a pop fly, and the ship settled onto the ground with a groan. Mary shrieked again, and we all ran out to where he sat, grinning like an ape.

He wasn't rattled; he was cool as a cucumber in August and he only grinned the more the louder Art yelled at him. "That stunk on ice," Art shrieked. "You jerked the throttle open; you ran crooked on the ground; you climbed crooked and too fast; you skidded on the turns; you didn't throttle down coming in; you didn't level off at all; you bounced. Now if you ever do that again, push the stick forward, coax it with the throttle, cut it and land again; don't hang up there like that. Go around and do it again," he said.

Chuck did. He went around and he did everything the same as before, and

he came in at 85 and hit with the landing wheels first, bounced a good twenty-five feet in the air and hung there like a ham in a cellarway, his nose pointed at the top of the Empire State Building and his tail hanging like a dead fish. The ship mushed down with a thump and we started to run out; but that must have been just the minute he remembered somebody said something about the gun, so he jammed it forward all of a sudden and took off and was gone when we got to where he'd been standing. Art bent down and picked up the tail skid that had snapped off. Mary shrieked.

MARY could shriek at the slightest provocation. She shrieked the second time I kissed her (and slapped my face) and she shrieked with joy when she saw the transport that first day at the field. She was nuts about fliers; anything that could take a ship off the ground and set it down in condition to fly again thrilled her pink. Nobody could ever figure out what she saw in Chuck Thomas, but from the start she liked him (we all did for that matter), no matter how goofy he was and what nutty things he did. But if she was crazy about fliers, why didn't she fall for something with a pair of wings? Don't ask me; I don't know. Here I was, a man with 1,600 flying hours—well, let it ride. Anyhow, she came in every afternoon at 3:25 and waved at Chuck, who was standing in the door of Hangar 5, and helped the passengers off, checked them off the list and blew a kiss to Chuck, stepped inside the Douglas and was off to Boston again.

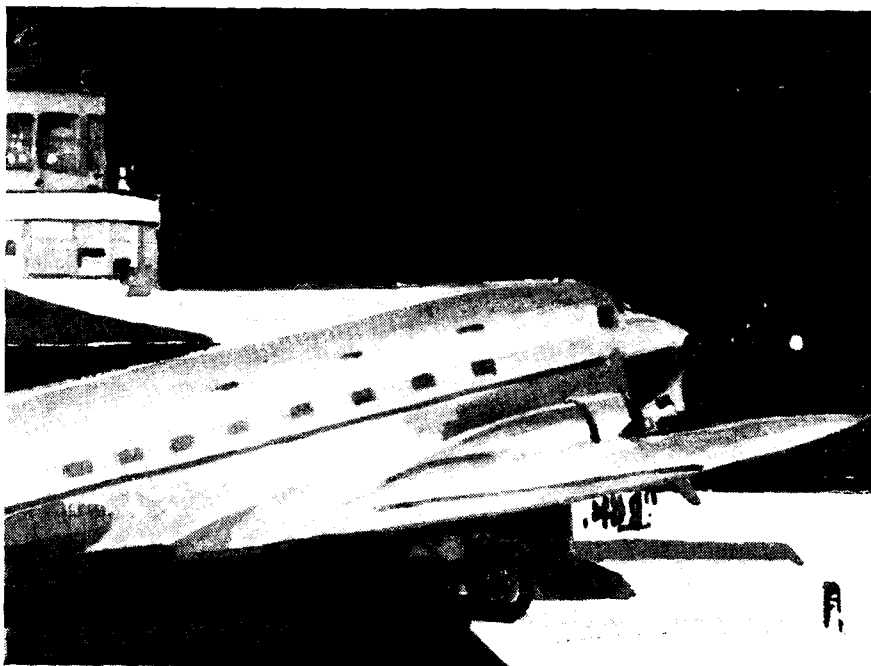
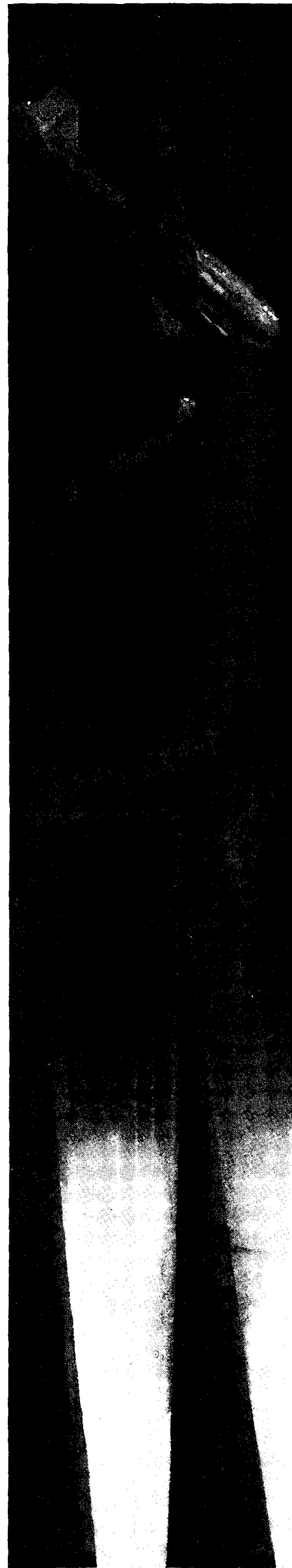
She was a cute little squab with a shape like something halfway between Jessie Matthews and Janet Gaynor, and her hair was as black as Chuck's was red. Maybe if they ever married and had a kid it would look like a tortoiseshell cat. (That's jealousy for you, ain't it?) And no matter how dumb her little boy friend Chuck behaved, she still saw something in him that nobody else ever saw. She even excused him the day he borrowed an unsuspecting guy's amphibian, took her off the bay out here and landed her on the airport without putting down the wheels. But to be perfectly honest about it that was the best landing the boy ever made; he came in perfect; he lost altitude as sweet as you could want, kept his wings level, leveled her off at the right time and settled down as pretty as you please on the belly.

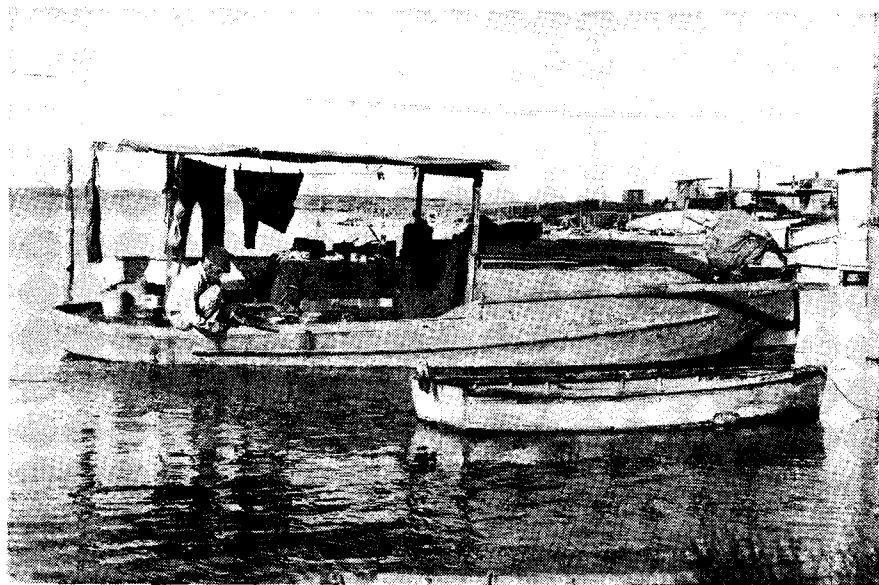
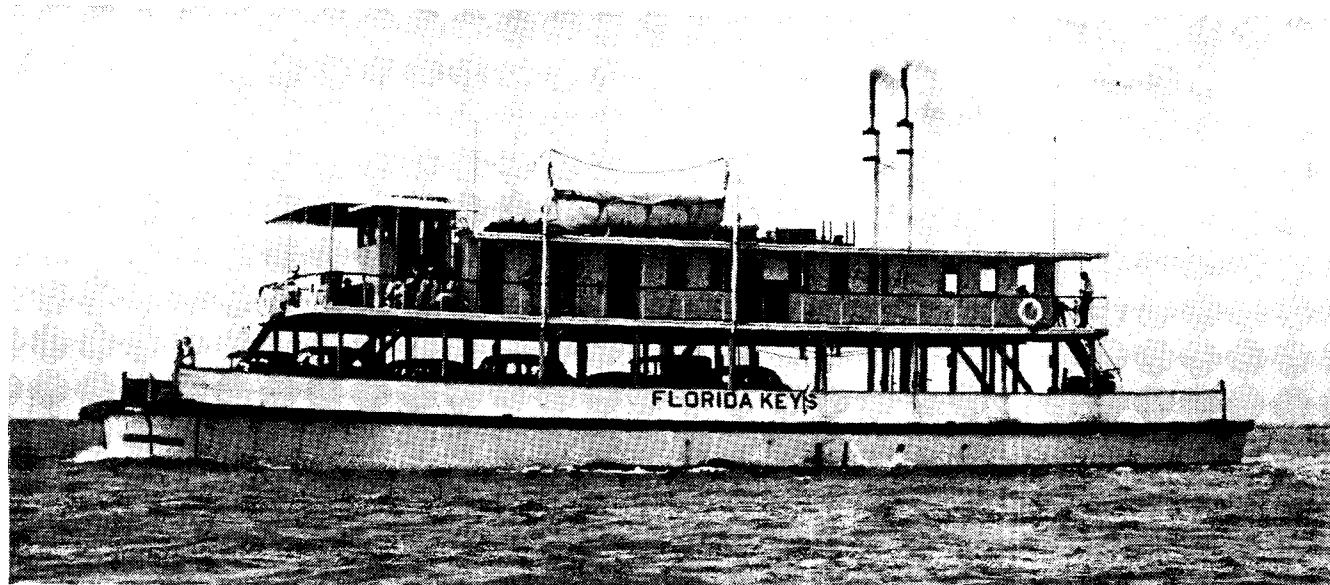
The noise that belly made as he stove it is something I will never forget so long as I live and my name is Allen Boag. It turned my stomach, but Chuck just grinned and the guy who belonged to the amphibian came out of the hangar as white as a sheet and as sore as a pup and took a poke at Chuck. Mary shrieked and leaped on the guy's back like a tiger cat, yanked him around by his hair, yelling:

"HOW was he to remember about the wheels, anyhow? He never flew a crate like that before (she got onto the slang fast); he's been flying land planes all his life." If you could call it flying.

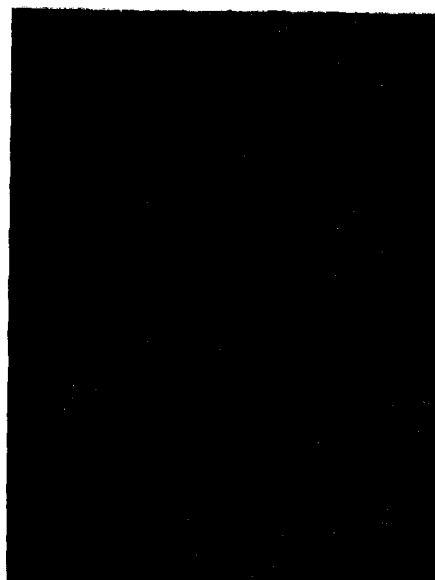
But I started out to tell a story, and I feel like Chuck must have felt on that first solo flight. It's a funny thing. There you are in the air, the earth 'way below you—well, far enough—you're a bird and all the other guys are bugs crawling around on the field and watching you, and you've been going up and around and down for weeks, up and around and down till you'd swear there was nothing you couldn't do with the thing, and you feel like a bird, soaring above the earth, looking down at the people in their little cardboard houses, and freer than you've ever been in your life. Life really means something at a time like that, and there you are soaring on stiff wings and feeling

(Continued on page 48)





PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM E. BOYCE



South from Miami

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

You roll out of Miami and point your radiator cap due south. Then for 172 miles you are heading directly out to sea over one of the strangest and loveliest routes in the United States. Follow the author in her trip to Key West, the town we almost forgot

DURING all the years we'd lived in Florida, we'd never seen Key West. But about every six weeks my husband had been saying, "I wonder what's below Miami?" and I had replied vaguely, "Oh, nothing much—some Keys, I guess! And it's almost impossible to get there."

And then just recently he wondered once too often. The car happened to be full of gas and so, observing all the usual carefully-thought-out and scientific preparation with which we preface our exploring expeditions, we tore a couple of toothbrushes rudely from their moorings and were off.

The idea was this: somehow our minds, like the mind of the average winter tourist, had been stopped by Miami's dazzling towers. There seemed

no earthly reason to go beyond. Even the railroad had weakened when it got a few miles south of Biscayne Bay and died a quiet, lonely death near Homestead. Yet in spite of the Miami dazzle I was vaguely and upsettingly aware that there lay to the south of it a part of Florida I had not seen.

I have always found that corners of this country which have been left to themselves for a while develop charms of their own which are worth investigating, and I had every reason to believe that the Keys, especially Key West, had been left to themselves over a long period.

To begin with, one no longer had to go there to take the boat for Cuba. The Army post and the cigar factories had moved away years ago. And since the

hurricane of 1935 the railroad had ceased to function. There had been no need nor reason to repair roads which were so little traveled. Besides, there was a five-hour ferry trip. "And there's nothing to see when you get there—it's absolutely dead," we were told.

However, once the toothbrush act has been accomplished, and Tansy the pooch has leaped into the car in eager anticipation, we are hard to stop. We drove the forty miles from our home at Delray Beach to Miami and then tried to find the Key West publicity office. After a dozen inquiries we finally located it on N. E. First Street, and a sleepy young man gave us a couple of year-old folders and a reservation on the ferry which, he explained, left Lower Matamoras Key, ninety-seven miles away, at nine the next morning, and ran only once a day. As it was then only five-thirty in the afternoon we thought we had better drive on and stay the night as near to the ferry as possible.

Rolling out of Miami over the South Bridge on Route 4-A, we headed into the quiet, overgrown dignity of Coconut Grove, passing the fabulous Deering estate with its miles of garlanded walls, and the old-fashioned homes which were built by the rich long before Miami Beach was thought of. Then past the wonderful new airport, the familiar turn-off to the race track, and suddenly—nothing! Literally miles and miles of nothing.

A New and Different Florida

It is a strange country which lies between Miami and Homestead. Flat and brownish-green, with sudden islands of dark trees which stick up like a mirage in the distance. It is a great farming country with endless fields, so large that they almost rival the Kansas wheat fields in size. But there are no houses to be seen anywhere. It has a strange beauty of its own but one can scarcely believe one is in Florida. The road was good and when we finally reached Homestead we discovered why. The town is a great clearinghouse for green foodstuffs—and my, oh my, how it smelled of fertilizer! I would not have believed such a small town could smell so loudly! This fact, combined with the thirty miles which still lay between us and the ferry, decided us to push on for Tavernier.

We were rather cross and tired and hungry, for all the eating places in Homestead had been closed and the intervening country was as bare of roadside stands as a hen's mouth is of teeth. But the moon had come up, revealing another and again totally different Florida; this time rolling dunes covered with low, sweet-smelling growth, with glimpses of the water here and there. Then at long last, when the speedometer showed we were still seven miles short of Tavernier, we came to Mable's Place.

My husband says I ought not to mention Mable's Place or that we were ever in it. There was, I admit, a robust, gay rowdiness about Mable's which did not earmark it as exactly a spot in which to treat your grandmother to tea. But it had an electric sign which bore the magic word "Eat" and there were sounds of revelry from within. Mable's had, apparently, the entire Key to itself. But whatever it lacked in the way of human neighbors, it made up for in marine neighbors as was at once apparent. The entire tinseled interior was hung with signs advertising strange foods. "Turtle Steak, 50¢" and "Try our homemade lime pies." Next was "Conch Chowder" and "Stone-Crab Salad." Then, more familiar except as to price, "Florida Lobster Any Style, 50¢." One looked around and we were fairly drooling.

Tavernier had a quaint and clean
(Continued on page 34)



Smart Girl

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



The Story Thus Far:

TWO New York girls—Sally Porter, a noted newspaper columnist, and Coral Mayberry, a Park Avenue heiress—are in love with a young reporter: Barney Teel. Having formed an alliance with Stefan Zorane, a labor racketeer, with the object of preying on industry, Guy Van Arden, a crooked government agent, meets Sally. In need of an aide, a spy, he blackmails her into obeying his every order on the threat that, unless she co-operates, he will give the newspapers a shocking story in which Barney Teel's father is involved.

Later, making use of the same threat, the man forces Coral Mayberry to assist him in some of his schemes. Before Coral enters the picture, however, a senatorial committee, headed by Senator Larsen and investigating the Zorane-Van Arden activities, learns that a "mystery woman" (Sally Porter) holds the key to the situation. The committee does not find that woman—Eric Larsen, the senator's son, does. But he does not arrest her—he falls in love with her, protects her! Then, pursuant to a carefully formulated plan which he believes will enable him to secure ample evidence against the two conspirators and, at the same time, save Sally, he forces the girl (under threat of instant exposure) to pretend to be his fiancée!

Bringing with him an alligator briefcase, containing damning evidence against Zorane and Van Arden, Senator Larsen comes to New York. Meeting Sally, he is delighted with his son's choice of a wife. From that moment on, Eric does everything in his power to win the love of his bogus fiancée, and to convince Barney Teel (who has asked Sally to marry him) that she has transferred her affections.

Zorane and Van Arden plot to force the senator out of public life by making it appear that he is involved in a scandalous secret love affair with Lolita Monterey, a night-club entertainer. . . . Obedient to a telephone summons, Sally goes to Zorane's apartment. Zorane, intoxicated, insults her. Whereupon, Teel (who has followed her) comes in, knocks the man down, and takes Sally away. A few minutes later, Pop Kresco (a building contractor who is at war with the Zorane-Van Arden forces) visits the racketeer, finds him dead!

The guest of the senator, at his Long Island home, Sally goes to a country club dance. Kresco appears on the scene, informs the senator that Sally is the "mystery woman." The senator thinks that the man is either drunk or crazy. A few minutes later, Van Arden arrives. In a car, near the clubhouse, he tells Sally that Zorane has been murdered. "Who did it?" Sally asks. "Did Barney—?" Van Arden lowers his voice. "Don't talk so loud. Yes."

VIII

SALLY said with desperation: "He couldn't have done it! He hit him. He beat him up. That was all."

"That was it. He beat him to death!"

She whimpered. "He couldn't have! I'd have known it."

"I don't think he knew it himself. He went in there after you, didn't he?"

"Yes." It couldn't be true!

"You went out, but he stayed. Then he came out."

"Yes. But he couldn't—"

"One of my agents saw it all with field glasses from

a window across the street. He hit Zorane several times. When Zorane went down, he may have hit his head. He never got up."

Sally had a corner of her handkerchief in her mouth, gnawing at it. It couldn't be true!

"My agent notified me, and watched the window for hours."

"Did you go in?"

"Certainly not."

Sally let her head fall back against the top of the seat. She had no strength left.

"Oh, it can't be true!"

"I'm terribly sorry, darling. You've got to pull yourself together. Listen to me. Pull yourself together and listen to me. Since it happened, I've been thinking and trying to plan something out that would save Barney. There's only one way to save him. You want to save him, don't you?"

She cried, "Oh, don't be silly!"

"All right, then. Listen. Stop shaking. Stop worrying. We can save him, but you must help. We can save him and at the same time accomplish what I've been wanting to accomplish. It's up to you, partly. There will be others."

Sally whimpered, "I don't understand you."

"Listen, darling. Force it out of your mind. Listen to me. Barney did not kill Zorane. Do you understand?"

"No. You just said one of your men saw him."

"Stop dithering. Listen to me. Barney did not kill Zorane. He did not even go into that apartment. Two men killed Zorane. Senator Larsen and his son."

"Oh, don't be silly."

VAN ARDEN squeezed her hand until the emerald ring dug into the next finger.

"Senator Larsen and his son were asleep at the time, the senator in his bedroom at the Savoy-Carlinton; Eric in his apartment. Do you understand what that means?"

"I'm trying to. They were asleep at the time."

"Yes. It is impossible for them to produce alibis."

Sally gasped. "You mean, you're planning to—"

"Stop talking and listen. My whole object is to create a hue and cry that will distract attention from Barney."

"Ah," she said. "And yourself. This is the frame-up."

"It is the frame-up. You were with Barney in the hall outside that door. You (Continued on page 51)

A Queen's Ransom

By Jonathan Latimer

The Story Thus Far:

DENN ESSEX, a young playboy living with his sister, Camelia, in a beautiful Florida country house, sends for William Crane, detective. Crane arrives, accompanied by his assistant, Thomas O'Rourke. Essex informs him that someone who signs himself "The Eye" has sent him three threatening letters demanding the payment of fifty thousand dollars.

Who is "The Eye"? Crane promises to answer the question. Since someone in the house seems to be involved, he accepts Essex's invitation to be his house guest, and he insists that O'Rourke remain with him.

Within a short time Crane is in possession of the following facts: (1) Essex's income (like that of his sister) comes from a trust fund; (2) Essex owes Roland Tortoni, owner of the Blue Castle, a night club and gambling establishment, twenty-five thousand dollars; (3) Essex has given Tortoni his I O U's; but, claiming that the machines at the Blue Castle have been tampered with, he refuses to honor them.

Crane does not, however, take it for granted that Tortoni has sent the letters. Instead, he keeps an eye on everyone near Essex. And when he learns that Count Paul di Gregario, one of Camelia's suitors, is in Miami, he gives "Doc" Williams and Eddie Burns the job of shadowing that personage (whose reputation is none too good).

From Dawn Day, one of Essex's house guests, Crane learns that Major Eastcomb (Essex's close friend and confidential adviser) hopes to marry Camelia, and that Camelia is infatuated with the count. Then, when someone suggests a party at the Blue Castle, Crane goes along—with Essex, Dawn Day, Camelia, Tony Lamphier (who is interested in Camelia), Eve Boucher and her husband (Gregory), Imago Paraguay, the major and O'Rourke. Crane observes that the major has a weapon, a gun, in his pocket.

In the course of the party, Crane goes to the washroom. Williams joins him. "The count's here," he announces. "He's got three pals with him." Major Eastcomb enters the room. He is followed by di Gregario. "You bloody scoundrel," the major shouts, "I told you to keep away from that girl." The count smiles, turns to leave the room. Whereupon, the major hits him, receives a hard shove in return—and, drawing an automatic from under his coat, points it at di Gregario.

III

THE colored boy at Crane's feet moaned and slithered under the row of washbasins. His skin was the color of coffee with cream in it.

Cat quick, di Gregario snatched the pistol, struck the major across the face, across the bridge of his nose, with the butt. Blood stained the major's white dress shirt, splattered on the lapels of his dress suit; his knees folded under him; his head hit the washbowl. There was a silvery bong, like the strike of a distant clock.

Di Gregario stood over him. "Pig!" he said. "Murderer!" He wiped the automatic with a towel, thrust it in his pocket. He turned to Crane. "I do not think your amigo will bother me again."

Crane looked at the major. "I don't think he'll bother anybody for a while." The major was making a feeble effort to get to his feet. Blood was still running from his nose.

"Señor, it is not well for anyone to bother me," said di Gregario. "I wish you to speak of this to others."

"I will," said Crane.

"Thank you. Adios, señor."

"Adios."

Cold towels quickly cleared the major's head, helped stanch the flow of blood. There were red bruises on his forehead and cheeks, and his left eye was going to be black, but Crane did not think his nose was broken. The colored boy, induced to come out from under the washbasins, found some cleaning fluid and they got most of the blood off the dinner jacket.

"There," said Crane at last. "I guess you'll do." He saw another spot, reached for it with his cloth.

"That's enough," said Major Eastcomb. "That's enough." He pushed Crane away.

"I've paid money to see worse fights," said Crane. The major scowled at Crane. "You're a fine coward."

Crane's eyebrows lifted in surprise.

Anger made blood ooze again from the major's nose. "You stand there and let that Dago beat me up." He daubed at the blood with his handkerchief. "You're through." He waved the handkerchief at Crane. "Through! You get out of the house by to-

morrow morning"—he shouldered past Crane—"or I'll have you thrown out." The door slammed behind him.

His eyes as big as halves of hard-boiled eggs, the colored boy turned to Crane. "You work for him, boss?"

"I guess not," said Crane.

WILLIAM CRANE went back to the table, but there was no one there. He examined the bottles beside the table, found one with champagne in it, filled his glass. He put the bottle back in the bucket and sat down at the table. There were many dancers on the floor now, but he didn't see anybody he knew.

He had finished his glass and was reaching for the bottle when a crowd of people at a neighboring table got up to leave. A pretty redhead in a green gown detached herself from the crowd, ran over and threw her arms around Crane's neck.

"Don' lettum take me home," she begged.

This created quite a sensation. "Lookut Janey!" cried a girl in the crowd. The others giggled, halted.

Two men, one of them quite drunk, came over to him. Vainly, they tried to pry the girl's arms from his neck.

"I like you," the girl said, rubbing her cheek against the back of Crane's head.

"You . . ." said the drunker of the two men to Crane. "Try steal my girl, will ya?"

"Now you wait a minute, Jake," the other said. "I'll handle this guy."

"I like you," the girl said. "Don' lettum take me." Most recently she had been drinking crème de menthe.

The drunken man assumed a fighting pose. "Steal my girl, will ya?"

"Wait a minute, Jake," the other said. "Janey, don't you want to go home with Jake?"

She cuddled closer to Crane. "No!"

"But, Janey . . ."

The drunken man asked, "Ya wanna fight or not?"

"Now, Jake, I'll handle this guy. . . ."

The drunken man said, "Nobuddy's gonna steal my girl." He waved his left arm in front of him.

The other man attempted to drag the girl from



"Go ahead, boys," she said, perfectly composed under their admiring scrutiny. "I'll just sit here with my headache"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Crane. He was afraid the drunken man would hit him when she was pulled away so he held her tightly. The other man tugged at her. "Don't be a fool, Janey..."

Suddenly the girl released her hold and slapped Crane's face. "You held me," she accused him. She ran and threw her arms around the drunken man's neck. "Oh, Jake, he wooden lemme go," she wailed.

The other man began, "Brother, you better watch your..." when the headwaiter and two assistants arrived. "What's the matter here?" The other man eagerly told him, finishing, "... and it took two of us to get the little lady away from him."

The two assistants moved toward Crane.

"Take him to Mr. Tortoni," said the headwaiter.

THEY pushed their way through the large crowd surrounding the table, crossed a corner of the dance floor and mounted two flights of heavily carpeted stairs. They went down a long corridor and passed an open door. Crane saw men and women clustered about a roulette wheel and piles of ivory counters

behind the barred cage of the cashier. Among the men he saw O'Rourke.

"Look," he said; "this is insane—"

"Shut up," said one of the assistants.

They went through a small room with a black marble floor and chairs covered with white leather and halted in front of a door. One of the assistants knocked. There was a buzzing noise and the assistant pushed open the door. The other man took Crane's left arm with both hands and twisted him into the room. Behind a desk on which sat two French phones and a square electric clock was a thick-jowled man in a cream suit of silk pongee. Bushy above small eyes, his black brows met over his nose. He had on a violet silk shirt and a maroon tie with a spot near the knot.

"What's the matter?" he asked the first assistant.

Back of Tortoni, half in shadow, a woman smoked a cigarette through a jade holder. Crane saw it was Imago Paraguay.

"This guy tried t' grab a dame from tha party at table eleven," said the first assistant. "Craziest thing I ever seen... he was tryin' to hold tha dame on his

lap and trying to fight two guys at the same time."

"A stew," supplemented the other assistant.

Crane had difficulty repressing a giggle.

Imago spoke in her flat, feline voice: "A sudden passion, Mr. Cra-ane?" Smoke floated from her red mouth as she talked. "This is Mr. Tortoni, Mr. Cra-ane."

"Who's Mr. Crane?" demanded Tortoni.

"Mr. Cra-ane is with the Essex party."

Tortoni's scowl faded. "Pleased t'meet ya, Mr. Crane." He reached a broad hand over the table. "Now what's the trouble?"

Crane ignored the hand. He pretended to be angry. "This is a swell sort of a place... where your thugs can pick out some innocent person and..."

Tortoni looked startled. "Some mistake—"

"All right. All right. Put it this way. I saw a girl with auburn hair." He leaned over Tortoni, fixed him with his eyes. "Do you know what happens to me when I see a girl with auburn hair?"

"No, Mr. Crane," said Tortoni.

"I see red," said Crane triumphantly.

Imago Paraguay explained, "Mr. Cra-ane makes a joke. He has mu-uch humor."

TORTONI grunted. Puffy cheeks and bushy brows made his small eyes look like animals peering out of caves. He moistened his lips.

The dancer continued: "I shall be responsible for Mr. Cra-ane. I think I can prevent his seeing red again." She removed the cigarette from the jade holder, squeezed it out in a brass tray on the desk. "Now, Mr. Tortoni, if you will just cash my che-eck, we will bother you no longer."

Tortoni fumbled in a drawer of his desk, produced a metal box. "It was for five..."

"One thousand dol-lars, Mr. Tortoni."

His stubby hands counted out ten one-hundred-dollar bills. "Tha-ank you," she said. "Shall we go, Mr. Cra-ane?"

Once in the hall on the other side of the room with the white leather chairs, Crane experienced a strong sensation of relief. He realized he had been frightened, but he was unable to determine exactly why. What could Tortoni do to him?

He felt the dancer's hand on his arm. "Thanks," he said.

"It was nothing," she said.

"Yes, but he could have..."

"It was nothing," she said. They reached the roulette room. "Shall we gamble, señor?"

Crane blinked in the brightly lit room. He saw most of the Essex party at the end of the roulette table. The major had a piece of court plaster on the bridge of his nose. Tony Lamphier, standing behind Camelia Essex's blond head, waved at them. The others were intent on the wheel.

Imago Paraguay, to Crane's surprise, bought a thousand dollars' worth of counters. He had intended to spend a hundred dollars, but instead he gave the man five hundred. He put the counters in his pocket, followed the dancer to the table and found a place for her. Someone touched his shoulder. It was O'Rourke. He drew Crane aside.

"Doc and Eddie have lost track of the count."

"Yeah?"

"He and the three Cuban torpedoes with him must have got out through a back door. Eddie's been watching out in front all the time."

"Cubans?"

"They look like Cubans."

Crane thought for a minute. "Well, we're supposed to be fired, but there's no use quitting until we make sure. Tell Doc and Eddie to go back to the count's hotel. Maybe they can pick him up."

"Who fired us?"

"The major."

O'Rourke grinned. "So you were the guy that slugged him."

"I didn't, but I might just (Continued on page 40)

Make Mine STEAK

By Dorothy Ducas and Adele Brown

Exotic with oyster sauce as the Chinese do it, skewered and browned to succulence in the Russian manner, juicy in an English crust—steak in any language holds its own as America's favorite dish

DOWN one flight of steps beneath the golden dragon in San Francisco's Chinatown, yellow men sit in a swirl of smoke, deftly manipulating ebony chopsticks over the evening meal.

Behind iron grillwork in New Orleans, Creole maidens lean across face tablecloths and flirt discreetly over their supper.

The mechanical piano plays "O Sole Mio" in the back room on Mulberry Street in New York's Little Italy, as mustachioed signors lift their forks.

And what are they eating? It might be Chow Choi Hua in San Francisco—that steaming mass of chicken and cauliflower to which Chinese boys at home or abroad are so devoted; in the Delta country savory Shrimp Gumbo might well be the fare, while loyal sons of Italy consider a week lost without its liberal quota of Chicken Cacciatore. But, on the other hand, *all* might have been eating steak.

For steak is the culinary Esperanto of this country. No matter how difficult it is to naturalize the palates of our citizens-by-adoption, they learn to love our national dish even before they receive their first papers. Only, it is steak with a dialect.

As the Frenchman knows his wines and the Britisher his tobacco, the American is connoisseur of the patrician porterhouse and succulent sirloin. But it is always plain steak, broiled or fried and unadorned. It is when the French or Italian or Chinese "go native" with our American masterpiece that something really spectacular happens to a steak. Steak in any language is a joy and a delight. Why not open up new avenues of enjoyment and let variety spice the preparation of your steaks?

An Old Friend in a New Guise

Broil it, if you wish, but broil it sometimes over an open fire, and sometimes on a flat, hot stone. Spread it tenderly with mustard before you whisk it into your range. Soak it for hours in red wine before you cook it, or crumble a handful of Roquefort cheese across its surface when it is half done. Combine it with green peppers like the Chinese, serve it with Sauce Bearnaise like the epicurean French, cook it with Italian herbs, or wrap it round with a boiled crust (of which, explanations later), English style. Any way you serve it, you may be sure it's good.

Steak with a French dialect is a good way to start. For here is familiar broiled steak, metamorphosed by a sauce. Lily

Pons has this recipe for Sauce Bearnaise, which came to her from Grandmère Pons who, in turn, acquired it from her own Gallic grandmother:

Put four tablespoons of white wine, six tablespoons of tarragon vinegar, a tablespoon of finely chopped shallots (baby onions will do), two level tablespoons of fresh tarragon and a tablespoon of chervil into a saucepan. All are available in big city markets, if you are enough imbued with the pioneering spirit to seek them. Or you may grow your own in an herb box at your kitchen window. Sprinkle in salt and pepper, according to your taste for highly seasoned food, and bring the mixture to a boil.

Herbs Make the Difference

Let the mixture simmer slowly until it is reduced by two thirds; when it is cool, add the yolks of three eggs, stirring well, and replace the pan over a low flame. Add one cup of butter, beating with an egg beater as you do so. Strain the sauce through a sieve, replace it on the fire for a last-minute simmer, and a final dash of chopped tarragon, chervil and cayenne pepper. It's the herbs that make the difference.

Herbs are the accent of Italian steak, too—oregano, or marjoram, herbs, which any Italian grocer keeps in stock. Frank Bonacchini, whose Coq Rouge in New York specializes in classical Italian food, feels he is the rightful owner of the recipe for Italian steak. Not that it is any complicated affair. It is merely steak spread with olive oil, covered with finely sliced onions and oregano herbs, broiled to the proper well- or underdoneness.

When you really want to put on a show for those out-of-town visitors or the woman with the reputation as the best cook in town, Chinese steak is your golden opportunity.

Now there is Chinese steak and Chinese steak. But citizens of Boston, and more recently of New York, too, warned us that we could not appreciate the heights of Chinese artistry with steak until we had sampled Ruby Foo's. And it is so. We sampled to the point of somnolence, and were convinced.

Ruby Foo's steak is a combination of rare flavors which make a romance of the kitchen's most prosaically considered meat. That's why John Roosevelt, the President's last remaining Harvard son, frequents her Boston restaurant, while Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingstone, patch up their radio bickerings in her New York eating house.

(Continued on page 57)



FOR THOMAS

Ruby Foo's succulent blending of steak with many flavors, ready for the eating

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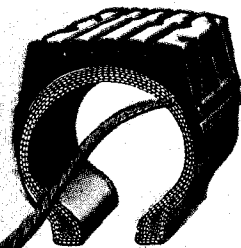
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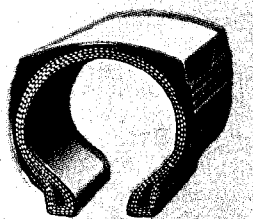
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*May your Christmas be as hearty,
your New Year as rich as GOLDEN
WEDDING... the whiskey that
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SCHENLEY'S Golden Wedding

BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF

AS YOU PREFER—IN RYE OR BOURBON

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AUGUSTA knew her mother was disappointed about the wedding. Mrs. Knubel had wanted a church wedding, with a party afterward.

"Such a lovely dress I could've made for you, dear," she protested faintly. Her hands, skillfully fitting the traveling costume to Augusta's slim, firm figure, paused a moment. "And with the parlor and my bedroom—we could shove the bed into the girls' room—it wouldn't be hardly at all crowded."

"No, darling," Augusta gave her mother a quick, too bright smile, knowing how much she wanted to show Arthur off to the neighbors. "You do too much anyway. Besides, people don't go in for all that any more. And Arthur's practice keeps him so busy." Hating herself for making so many poor excuses, she added hurriedly, "We'll just go to the registry office and call it a day." She had almost said, get it over with.

"But it wouldn't be no trouble. It don't hardly seem respectable like this."

"There. Let's not." Augusta patted her mother and turned away, unable to bear the look on the soft, crumpled face.

Anyway, it's for her, she thought, trying to comfort herself. For her and the kids. The neighbors called it "doing well for herself," for Dr. Arthur Perry was the son of the man she had worked for, a soft, white-skinned young man with a growing dental practice in Aldenham. He had nice manners, and features that would have been good-looking had they been larger. It was sometimes difficult for Augusta to remember what Arthur looked like, and they had been engaged now for over a year.

She smiled, brushing the soft hair away from her face. "We'll have a party after I get back," she said. "And you can make me another dress for that. On order." She nodded, her smile suddenly speculative.

"Oh, I wouldn't take nothin' for it," Mrs. Knubel began.

"Why not? It's your business, isn't it? And Arthur'll want me to have nice things."

"Ja. Okay," Mrs. Knubel consented, sighing.

It doesn't matter about me, Augusta thought. It isn't as if I were in love with somebody else. I'm not sacrificing anything. It's for them. I'm doing well for them.

She could not fool herself that she was happy. She could fool everyone else—even Arthur—but not herself. She was afraid. Perhaps after the honeymoon, living in comfort far away from the gray two-family house with her mother's dressmaking sign in the window, things would be different. Perhaps marriage would do that.

THE girls, Stella and Irene, came in from school; lanky, pert, pretty, with no hats on their heads and dresses that were too small. They hugged Augusta excitedly and sat on the floor next to the gas heater. Joe, the twelve-year-old brother, delivered packages after school for the corner grocer and would not be home till after six.

"When I'm married," Irene said loudly, "I'm going to have a train eight yards long, and six bridesmaids. And Gussie's goin' to give a reception for me afterward at her house, ain't you, Gussie?"

Augusta laughed. "I'm thinking about a winter coat for you right now," she said.

"You gotta speak good, like Gussie." Mrs. Knubel nodded, taking pins from



her mouth. "If you're aimin' to mix in society, Gussie's always took advantage of her opportunities." She nodded again and put the pins back.

"Oh, she'll be so grand now she won't know us any longer." Stella picked a thread from her sister's skirt.

"Silly kid." Augusta laid her hand on the rough young head. "What do you suppose I'm—" She stopped short, thinking, No, why let them in on it? They like it better this way. So does Mother, even Joe. They all think it's wonderful I should be doing so well for myself.

"I wish Joe would come," she said, half aloud.

"Aw, he wouldn't even look at the dress," Irene jeered.

"I wasn't thinking about the dress. I just want to see him." Joe, freckled, disarming, with green adventurous eyes, was her favorite, although she would hardly admit this, even to herself.

"You like him better'n you do us," Stella said, in her frank voice.

"Don't talk nonsense." Augusta turned away, slipping off the jacket of the suit. She loved them all. It wasn't right, leaving them, going off alone with Arthur whom she must somehow learn to love.

Mrs. Knubel and the girls and Joe accompanied Augusta to City Hall. They were neat, subdued, tongue-tied before the Perrys. The elder Perrys were genial, with a forced geniality, a patronizing expansiveness that was worse, Augusta felt, than disapproval. Arthur's friend, Mr. Oakley, had been drinking. So had Arthur, she thought, a little, though he carried it all right.

THE registry office had linoleum on the floor and smelled of stale tobacco smoke. Augusta's knees shook and her voice sounded hollow in her ears as she made the few responses. Her mother sniffed and blew her nose, and in the next office they could hear the voices of two men, arguing.

Joe stood close against her side, pulling away from Mrs. Knubel's restraining hand. His anxious, tip-tilted face was turned to his sister's. She could smell the warm, small-boy odor of him that was so familiar and so dear to her.

It was not a gay wedding, and Augusta was glad it was quickly over.

Everyone kissed her and she clung tearfully to her mother. She could feel the bones in the thin shoulders, the cheek against her own was soft and withered and smelled faintly of soap. Mrs. Perry's cheek had been firm and hard, smelling of powder.

Then she was in Arthur's car, leaning out for a last look at them, at Joe, running a few steps after the car with a terrible old shoe in his hand and tears spurring from his eyes; at Mr. Oakley, who was throwing kisses after them; again at her mother, crying softly into her coat collar.

"Well," Arthur was saying. "Who's this in my car? Mrs. Perry, I believe?" He rested his hand for a moment on her knee. It was a broad, very clean hand with stubby fingers; white, with pale brown spots under the skin. Augusta quivered and drew a little away from him.

I may be headed for the right place, she thought, but, oh gosh, I'm on the wrong road!

By the time she had been married two

months Augusta had learned a good many things: that the elder Perrys' house, large and pretentious, was in the wrong neighborhood, while the small house Arthur had leased and furnished for her was well situated; that the Perrys, so respected and substantial, did not move in the really smart Aldenham circle. And that this last was a nail in Arthur's shoe.

She had learned that Arthur's not very large income from his practice was supplemented by a moderate allowance from his father, and that, although they were comfortably fixed with a capable servant and everything in the house new and of good quality, there was no superfluity of cash, nothing that came into her own hands for which she did not have to account.

AUGUSTA was still shy, afraid of making mistakes, watchful of her table manners. Bored with having always to be on her guard, she thought with nostalgia of her job and the easy-going, crowded home she had left. Then, too, she was secretly frightened, as she had feared she would be; she had not learned to love Arthur.

On a week-day morning, she took the bus to see her mother. She had to change to one of the old streetcar lines to get out to West Aldenham. In the trolley she found herself already shrinking a little from the bad air, the stained seats, the familiar odor of well-worn clothes. She sat down gingerly, pulling the skirt of her tailored suit tight about her legs.

Her clothes were nice. Arthur had insisted on her buying from the shops on Elm Street and had gone with her to pick them out. He had brushed aside her tentative suggestion that her mother might make them. Everybody, he told her, bought their clothes at Gundel's; you could hardly afford not to be seen wearing them. Augusta saw that they were well made, but was a little disappointed because they lacked dash, sparkle.

Mrs. Knubel opened the door to her. "Gussie! My, but it's grand you come over."

"Hello, Mom."

They hugged happily.

"There," her mother said. "I oughtn't to kiss you for I got a cold already all the week."

The room was chill. There were paper patterns and lengths of rayon taffeta on the cutting table, and pins on the faded carpet. The room smelled of dust and new material and gas.

"Why haven't you lighted the heater?" Augusta demanded. "No wonder you catch cold."

Mrs. Knubel coughed apologetically. "It eats up the air," she said. "And then the sun warms the room real nice. You'd be surprised."

A thin, watery sunshine came through the lace curtains, but it was not warm. Augusta knelt down to light the heater.

BEFORE her marriage she had brought home twenty dollars. Each week, twenty dollars, and now how were they to get along? Where had she thought she would get the money to help them? She had no money. It was all Arthur's. She had a house and a servant and clothes; she had charge accounts at stores where Arthur paid the bills. She had nothing to give her mother.

"Mom," she cried. "Oh, Mom, I never should have left you!"

"Now, now," Mrs. Knubel patted her shoulder. "Crazy talk. We get along fine, and you got such a nice man already! Stella, she wheels the baby out in the park afternoons for Mrs. Chamberlain. Maybe she meets a nice cop!"

Augusta tried to reflect her mother's smile, but the tightness in her throat forced her to swallow before she spoke.



"How's Joe?" she asked. "Does he miss me?"

Mrs. Knubel's eyes shifted. "He's fine. He gets us things, cheap, from the grocer. Irene," she added quickly, "wants she should leave school and learn manicuring. She knows a feller down to the Palace Hotel barbershop an' he says—"

"No," Augusta interrupted. "She must finish school. You make her finish, Mom. You tell her if she'll finish this year I'll—I'll give her one of my old dresses." There was nothing else she could offer her.

Very soon it was time to leave.

"Here's a bag of marbles I brought for Joe." She laid the small package on the table. She was ashamed to be leaving so little.

It was a long ride on the streetcar and on the bus. It would be nice, she thought, if Arthur would let her drive the car. If she had a car she would be freer to go where she liked, less tied down to the house. But perhaps Arthur would not want her to use it. He had never suggested it.

These visits to her mother were not easy. Augusta began writing little notes instead, sending a few dollars when she

This is my life, she thought. And her laughter rang out as sharp as ice for the young men who edged closer and closer about the bar

could save it out of housekeeping money. Once she had the girls out for tea and was embarrassed before the maid. She despised herself for her embarrassment.

Augusta and Arthur were going to the ice carnival.

Every year the carnival was given at the rink for the benefit of the Aldenham hospital. The smartest people in Aldenham were patrons and patronesses and it was a gala affair. All the wealthy and the not-quite-so-wealthy would be there. The tickets cost ten dollars a couple and you paid extra for the buffet supper.

ARTHUR wanted to know if she could skate. He could not remember having seen her at the rink.

Augusta laughed. "No, we never went to the rink much. I learned to skate down by the lumber yard. When I was eight," she went on. "Pop taught me; he was a beautiful skater, so I'm really

pretty good myself. I'll surprise you."

"Well, that's fine," Arthur said, and suggested the purchase of a sports outfit. A tweed skirt and suede jacket, perhaps. His mother would go with her.

But Augusta had other ideas.

For the first time since her marriage she was happy, excited. She had something to do. A costume was what Augusta wanted. Black velvet, with a short circular skirt. A tightly fitted velvet jacket embroidered in white wool. She could make it herself. She was not her mother's daughter for nothing. She did not tell Arthur, but worked in secret in the guest room.

The ice carnival gave them something to talk about. Arthur said: "It will be an opportunity for you to meet people. You might even meet the Hilliards."

"Who are the Hilliards?"

He looked at her, a little shocked.

"Happen to be the richest and most exclusive family in Aldenham, that's all."

"Then why should we bother about them? I'm sure they wouldn't bother about us."

"Because"—Arthur's voice expressed a patient suffering—"because the more important people I know the larger my practice and the more I can charge them. These charitable affairs," he said, "can be very useful to a professional man. Naturally I expect you to do your part."

"Oh, naturally."

AUGUSTA had already accepted the fact that Arthur's love had its limitations. His passion, which she disliked, did not carry over into tenderness; a quality she suspected him of discouraging as a weakness. It was becoming more and more apparent that what he prized most in a wife was her usefulness—in one form or another.

The evening of the carnival began badly. Arthur did not approve of the skating costume.

"But, dear," he said coldly, "it's like a theatrical costume. It's not ladylike."

"I copied it from a photograph in a fashion magazine."

"Well, you won't find the other women

(Continued on page 63)

THE SMARTEST CAR OF 1938!



ALICE FAYE, NOW STARRING IN THE 1938 CENTURY-FUN PICTURE, "IN OLD CHICAGO."

Alice Faye skims over
the hills back of
Hollywood in her big
new De Soto

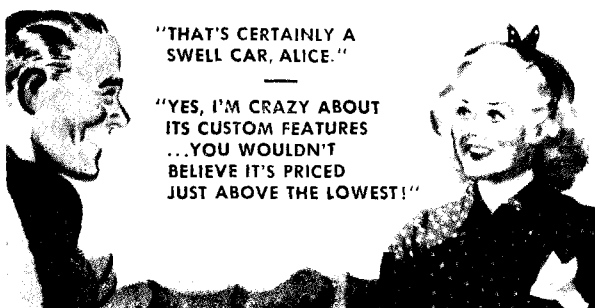
A BEAUTIFUL GIRL and a beautiful car—both going places! Wherever you look you'll find it's true—smart people are picking this wonderful new De Soto!

The answer? Simple as ABC. Today, De Soto gives you *big-car* features at *small-car* cost. Superb appearance...the luxury of a "cushioned" ride...thrilling performance...and plenty of room for six people!

You get "lightning-fast" pick-up with the improved 93-h.p. "Economy Engine." Easier shifting and easier steering...no "road-shock." Bigger hydraulic brakes stop you quickly, surely. You ride in a Safety-steel body rub-

ber-mounted on a stronger, heavier frame. This new De Soto gives you *plus*-value, right straight through!

Yet this *big* car is priced just above the lowest...and costs no more to run than most *small* cars! Don't wait any longer—see your De Soto dealer now! DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



"THAT'S CERTAINLY A
SWELL CAR, ALICE."

"YES, I'M CRAZY ABOUT
ITS CUSTOM FEATURES
...YOU WOULDN'T
BELIEVE IT'S PRICED
JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST!"

IT'S AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

QUICK FACTS: 1. "Lightning-fast" pick-up...Improved 93-h.p. "Economy Engine." 2. Patented Floating Power engine mountings. 3. Longer wheelbase...119 inches. 4. Bigger hydraulic brakes. 5. Easier shifting. 6. Safety-steel body rubber-mounted on a bigger, stronger frame. 7. Luxurious Safety Interior. 8. "Cushioned" ride with airplane-type shock-absorbers. 9. Easier steering...no "road-shock." Ask for the Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—COLUMBIA NETWORK—THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

FOR A
GREAT CAR, FINE SERVICE
AND A **SQUARE DEAL**

American Emperor

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOFS

Christian Priber belongs in the news. The biggest headlines on today's front pages are echoes of him. He belongs in a book, in a play, in a movie, for his great adventure was one of the strangest ever enacted in all our history

ONE morning, in his room in London, Mr. Christian Priber looked at himself in the mirror. If he had been an easily discouraged man, he might have been depressed by what he saw there. He was small, plump and rather ugly. You wouldn't have said that he was just the man to undertake the remodeling of the world. Nevertheless, that was what he was about to undertake, and perhaps the humor of it struck him, for he smiled at himself in the glass.

That smile transformed him. He was still a plump, kindly-looking little man, neither strong nor handsome, but you would have realized now that he did have a certain amount of personality. It came with his smile and it shone out of his eyes. They were full of courage, humor and shrewdness, and yet they had a certain rapt look in them as though they saw not his own commonplace image but something very wonderful and beautiful.

In a thousand guesses you'd never have guessed what those eyes saw in the mirror.

They saw himself, Christian Priber, transfigured. He was no longer a plump, ugly, futile little man who had never amounted to anything. He was Prime Minister of a barbaric empire many times larger than England. He sat at the right hand of the ruler of that vast domain and he was the real ruler, for he told the emperor what to do and the emperor did it. England, France, Spain—the mightiest nations of the earth—drew back daunted before him, or, if they resisted his demands, the infinite legions of his warriors drove their armies into the sea. And this was only part of what he saw in the mirror.

The greater, more important thing was this—he saw the world metamorphosed, made over by his hand; a world purged of injustice, tyranny and greed; a world in which the poor were no longer exploited and oppressed but in which perfect liberty reigned and all men and women were equal, free and happy.

Christian Priber smiled more broadly and spoke to himself in one of the six languages that he knew.

"Well, little man," he said, "it's time to get started." A few minutes later he bade his London lodgings goodby and went forth upon his great adventure.

Four thousand miles away across the

Atlantic, in an Indian village called Great Tellico, a tall chief named Moytoy was sitting before the fire in the village council house. He was thinking, in all likelihood, about some incident of the warpath or the hunting trail. Certainly he wasn't thinking about Mr. Christian Priber. He had never heard of Christian Priber and he would have been vastly astonished if he had known that a plump little gentleman of that name was on his way from London to crown him emperor of such an empire as the world had never seen.

In Great Tellico there lived, too, a certain Indian girl, black-eyed, copper-skinned, lighthearted, not yet ready to choose among the young warriors who courted her.

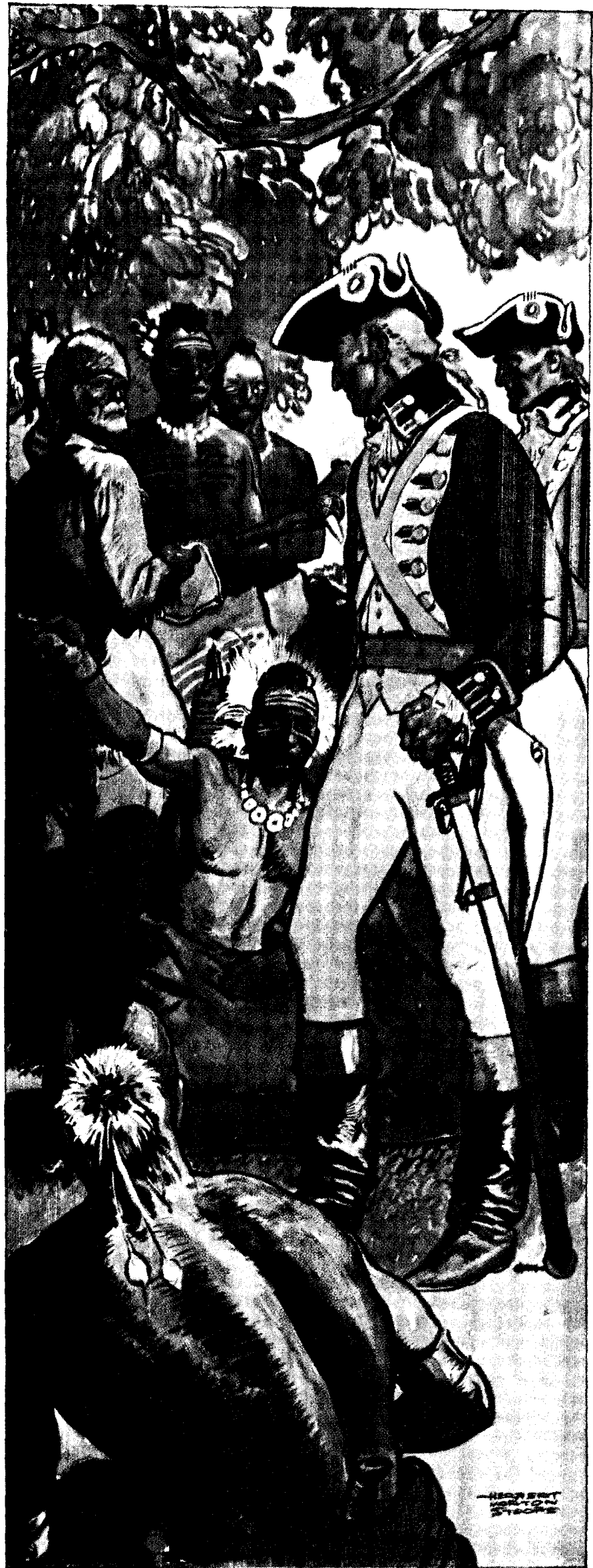
In Charlestown (which was not to call itself Charlestown until much later) Mr. Priber disembarked. He gave his name without hesitation, but during his stay in the little frontier metropolis, perched between the ocean and the wilderness, he had little to say about his plans. They were very clear in his own mind, however, for he had been perfecting them for many years, first in his native Saxony, whence long ago he had been compelled to flee, and then in England. Yet now when he stood upon the very brink, at the verge of that shaggy Indian-haunted forest in which he was about to venture his life, he may well have paused.

Alone and Unafraid

Probably in the Charlestown taverns, like the Bowling Green House and Charlton's, he heard many a hair-raising tale told by lean, bearded, buckskin-clad hunters who had come down with their pack horses loaded with pelts over the narrow wilderness trails which led to the Indian lands beyond the mountains. Certainly these tales of sudden ambushes and slow death at the stake might well have terrified a kindly little philosopher well versed in the arts and skillful as a linguist, but utterly ignorant of the wilderness and its ways.

But if they terrified Christian Priber, they did not turn him aside from his fixed design. Presently he took the plunge. He sold everything that he had except a box of books and a supply of paper and ink—you can read the advertisement of the sale in the South Carolina Gazette of December, 1735. Then he vanished in the forest. Probably Charlestown supposed that this was the end of him, and probably Charlestown rather regretted it. He had been a pleasant, harmless little gentleman, very agreeable to talk to, much given to quotations from the classics, but full of a lively and amusing wit. It was a

The fuming colonel, probably speechless with rage, was escorted out of the Cherokee country



THE BEAUTIFUL NEW

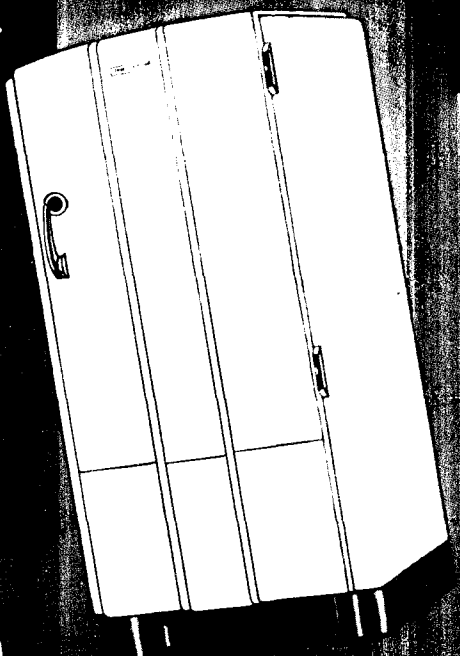
REFRIGERATOR

1. SAVES ON PRICE!
2. SAVES ON CURRENT!
3. SAVES ON UPKEEP!

IT'S "SANDY" CLAUS this year!

**NEW 1938
MODELS FOR
CHRISTMAS**

*Now on Display
at Your General
Electric Dealer's*



THE canniest of Highland Scots couldn't think of a finer Christmas present this year than a new Triple-Thrift General Electric Refrigerator. "Tis a bonny gift," Sandy Claus says. "Ye please the wee lady for long years to come. And ye *save three ways*. Ye *save on price*. Ye *save on current*. Ye *save on upkeep*!"

AMAZING ECONOMY

And it's a fact. These new, bigger, roomier refrigerators are by far the most economical that G-E ever built. In spite of greater cold producing capacity, they consume far less current—probably a fraction of what your present old-fashioned refrigerator uses. That's because of *oil cooling*, the new advancement from the "House of Magic" that assures less current consumption, even

quieter operation, more *enduring* economy! See these new General Electric Refrigerators. You'll be delighted with their brilliant styling. There are 12 models in two distinctive types—Monitor Top and Flatop. All have the famous sealed-in-steel mechanism that G-E pioneered ten years ago. All carry five years performance protection.

ALL PROVED CONVENIENCES

The new G-E Refrigerators have every proved convenience: faster freezing, easy-out ice cube trays, sliding shelves, stainless steel super-freezer, interior lighting, thermometer and other features. Remember, *you'll always be glad you bought* and she'll always be proud to own a *General Electric*! General Electric Company, Appliance Division, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

Hear the G-E "Hour of Charm"—All-Girl Singing Orchestra, Monday Evenings, 9:30 E. S. T., N. B. C.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

TRIPLE-THRIFT REFRIGERATORS

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For a Merry Christmas 🎄 give a man one bottle of Johnnie Walker

For a Merry Christmas 🎄 a Happy New Year 🎉 and holiday

warmth and pleasure on many a wintery evening... 🏠



BORN 1820
... still going strong



Special Holiday packages
of Red or Black Label
containing 1 and 3 bottles

Where can you find a better or more suitable gift for the Season of Good Cheer than genial Johnnie Walker? Why not send your friends Christmas packages of one or three bottles of this fine old Scotch. The pleasant tradition of letting Johnnie Walker convey greetings (it has contributed to holiday enjoyment since 1820) is more than appropriate. *It's sensible to send Johnnie Walker.*

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL, ALL 8 YEARS OLD

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pity that he should get himself scalped.

But Christian Priber didn't get himself scalped. Instead, he did an utterly astounding thing.

He made his dream begin to come true—the dream that he had dreamed before his mirror in London.

He founded an empire, crowned an emperor and made himself a prime minister. He shook his fist at the great powers of Europe and told them to get out of America or he would throw them out. More than that, he began his great task of remaking the world. In the heart of the American wilderness, with Indians as his helpers and with an Indian girl as his mate, he laid the foundations for that ideal state of which he had dreamed for twenty years.

You remember that as Priber pored over his map he had fixed his eyes upon an Indian village named Great Tellico; and in Great Tellico, you recall, an Indian chief named Moytoy lived. There was a woman too—a black-eyed, copper-skinned girl who would have a part in the drama. Priber had heard of Moytoy, a famous Cherokee chief. But undoubtedly he had never heard of the black-eyed Indian girl. She was one of the surprises that fate sprung on him.

A Letter to the Governor

How Priber got to Great Tellico nobody knows. There was peace at the time between the Charlestown English and the Cherokee nation, but there were wandering war parties of other tribes to be reckoned with always, and at best the lonely wilderness paths were beset with many perils. More than five hundred miles of almost unbroken forest had to be traversed and the lofty mountain barrier of the Unakas and the Smokies had to be climbed or circumvented. Possibly Priber went alone and won through by a miracle; more likely he attached himself during most of the journey to the pack-horse train of some trader bound for the Indian lands. All that is certain is that he reached Great Tellico with his box of books, his bottle of ink, his smile and his dream. And after a while strange things began to happen.

Through the high passes of the Unakas, over the intervening leagues of forest, rumors began to drift down to the English settlements on the coast. Frontier hunters in fringed buckskins, traders leading their caravans down to Charlestown along the winding wilderness paths, brought the stories with them. In general they were pretty much alike.

A queer little white man with a quick smile and bright observant eyes had appeared, defenseless and alone, among the warlike Cherokees beyond the Unaka Mountains. How he had done it nobody knew, but somehow he had gained the favor of Moytoy of Tellico, most powerful of the chiefs.

He had become as much of an Indian as the red men themselves. He had stripped off his European clothes and assumed the dress of an Indian; he had been adopted into the tribe as a "great beloved man" and had married a warrior's daughter. Learning the Cherokees' language with marvelous ease, he had become their counselor and teacher. Among other things, he had taught them the proper use of weights and measures and, especially, of scales, all to the great inconvenience of the English traders, many of whom were exceedingly canny businessmen. It was actually becoming difficult to cheat the Indians nowadays. Worst of all, he was preaching among the Indians the most pernicious doctrine that could possibly be imagined—namely that they must cede no more of their lands to the white man but must hold on jealously to every foot of the soil that was rightfully theirs.

So ran the stories brought down from the inner wilderness by the hunters and traders. Then one day the English governor in Charlestown received a letter which probably surprised him as much as any letter he had ever received in his life.

It was an official communication dispatched from Great Tellico, capital of the Cherokee nation, and in effect it informed His Excellency, the Governor, politely but firmly, that the sooner he and his English got out of America the better because America belonged to the Indians and the Indians intended to keep it. The letter was signed "Christian Priber, Prime Minister."

Even if there were no more than this to Priber's story, this alone would make it one of the most dramatic true stories that America affords. Picture the scene in that wild and beautiful setting beyond the rampart of the Unakas—the

their picturesque finery; the stately procession of the plumed and painted warriors past the Emperor's "throne."

But to Christian Priber it was only the prelude, only the beginning of the dream's fulfillment.

He planned to set up in America two hundred years ago a civilization strikingly like that of modern Soviet Russia—minus the bloodshed and the terror. In the new system of government which he had worked out, and which was fully described in a manuscript book written by himself and always at his hand, were included many of the same ideas that startled the world when, two centuries later, the Russian upheaval gave them prominence. The red "Emperour" and his imperial court were temporary expedients to be discarded as soon as the painted warriors of the forest had cleared America of foreign foes. With that accomplished, the Empire or King-

ful agent sent by the Louisiana French to win the red nations to the French side in the struggle for possession of the continent. If the other Indian nations joined the movement—and Priber was working hard to bring them in—America might be lost to England.

So it was necessary to "get" Priber.

The government at Charlestown called in Ludovick Grant. Grant was a veteran wilderness man who for many years had traded among the Cherokees and stood well with them. He made an attempt to kidnap the Prime Minister and so enraged the Indians that he threw up the undertaking in haste.

Then Colonel Fox, a commissioner representing the governor, took the matter in hand. With decoy letters and messages he tried to lure Priber into a trap. Failing, he marched boldly into Tellico town with his men, making a loud show of authority as the emissary of the Great King over the Broad Water, and informed Priber that he was under arrest.

The little Prime Minister smiled benignly upon him. He made Fox a gently reproving speech and persuaded the glowering braves not to tomahawk him on the spot. The fuming colonel, probably speechless with rage, was escorted out of the Cherokee country by a detachment of the Prime Minister's personal lifeguards, picked warriors all.

Nevertheless, in the end they got Christian Priber. They got him after six years, just at the moment when another phase of his dream was about to come true, just at the moment when he was about to quadruple the strength of his Red Empire by adding to it the powerful Creeks and Choctaws and the western Mississippi nations.

He had bidden goodbye to the black-eyed girl at Great Tellico—without foreboding, for he expected to return to her soon. With only a small escort of warriors (for this seemed a safe and easy journey) he had gone to the country of the Creeks to cement the new alliance which meant so much to his dream.

A Cheerful Prisoner

Suddenly, near the Indian village of Tallapoosa in Alabama, he was ambushed by a party of frontiersmen who had persuaded a number of Creek Indians to help them—and Christian Priber's dream of saving the world was ended.

They didn't kill him. They hurried him secretly out of the Indian country to Frederika in Georgia and there for some years he lived in prison, closely guarded, a sentry pacing always before his door. He did not know that after his capture his Red Empire soon fell to pieces. To the end he believed that his aides among the Indians were carrying on his work and that within a few years the last Europeans would be driven from America's shores.

He never saw his black-eyed girl again. Probably he loved her, for he loved most people; and the Cherokee girls of that time, according to contemporary accounts, were not the stolid, ugly "squaws" that one is likely to picture, but tall, slender, lively, very pleasing to the eye.

What became of this Indian girl is not recorded and even her name is lost. It may have been Adsila the Blossom or Kamama the Butterfly or Ayunli the Graceful Dancer, or some other lovely Cherokee name.

As for Priber, he lived uncomplainingly in his prison, always cheerful, always courageous, and after a while he died. A great deal of fiction has been written in and about America. Not much of it is as strange as the true story of Christian Priber and his Republic of Paradise and his dream that was to save the world.



"Oh, Butch! Chocolate ice cream for dessert tonight!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

scene in Great Tellico that day when little Christian Priber crowned the tall Moytoy "Emperour" of a new commonwealth which he named the "Kingdom of Paradise."

He had by then—through his good works among them and through his marriage to the Indian girl whose heart he had won—established himself firmly in the confidence of the Cherokees. In deference to the red men's taste for stately ceremonial, he had devised an impressive new ritual for the crowning of the Emperor and a variety of imposing titles for the other chiefs who were constituted nobles of the court, reserving for himself the title of Secretary of State or Prime Minister.

It must have been one of the most extraordinary spectacles the American wilderness ever witnessed: the chiefs and great war captains in their barbaric panoply; the sonorous voices of the Indian orators filling the council house; the weird insistent thumping of the war drums; the dance of the maidens in

dom of Paradise would be supplanted by a Republic of Paradise, the purest and justest government ever known.

It would be, Priber planned, a republic founded upon natural right and the Golden Rule. In it would be no differences of rank or condition, no poor and no rich. All men and women would be absolutely equal, even in such details as the houses they dwelt in and the furniture they used. To insure this equality, private ownership would be eliminated altogether; all goods, all property of every kind (books and ink were alone excepted!) would be held by all in common.

To Remove an Obstacle

Neither the buckskin diplomats of Charlestown nor the silken statesmen of Whitehall understood Priber's real object; his dream of a republic of the Golden Rule was probably too new and strange for them to comprehend. They believed him to be an exceedingly skill-



"Breakfast? Oh, awright," Ignatz said. He ate without removing even his mittens

Tough Guy

By Henry Anton Steig

A day in the life of a young man who knew his weight — and was never afraid of throwing it

AS SOON as Ignatz Koudelka had opened his eyes, he glanced toward the window, yelled "Wow," jumped out of bed and began dressing in feverish haste, impatient to get outdoors and exploit the long-awaited bit of propitious weather. The past three months had been disgustingly mild and he had begun to look forward to spring, dismissing the winter as a swindle—a big gyp. Then, toward the end of it, a few days before, there had come a cold snap which had raised skating flags on all the ponds in The Bronx and late the previous day it had begun to snow. But it had turned warm and it was the kind of snow that made one worry: wet, sticky, unreliable. He had gone to bed expecting the worst—another mess of useless slush and water. During the night, however, it had turned cold again and the surface of the snow, which had melted slightly, was now an icy crust. It promised just the kind of sleigh-riding that Ignatz liked. And, very important, it was Saturday.

His sled had been in readiness since late November; loose nails had been replaced with longer, heavier ones, rotted pull rope discarded for a new piece of clothesline, runners scraped free of rust, and polished. Covered with an old piece of oilcloth, it hung outside the kitchen window on a hook in the wall next to a mop and a clothes boiler. Having donned stocking hat, mackinaw, boots and mittens, Iggy dashed into the kitchen, opened the window and dragged in his sled, bringing with it a small avalanche of snow.

"I couldn' help it!" he protested, before his mother had had a chance to say

a word. Mrs. Koudelka left unuttered the scolding which had come to her lips. Her son was usually a step or two ahead of her and often it gave her a feeling of inadequacy.

"Well, clean it up!" she commanded. "Aw, I wanna go sleigh-ridin'," Ignatz said, but he got a dustpan, swept the snow onto it and dumped it into the sink.

"Sleigh-riding before breakfast?" his mother asked.

"Breakfast? Oh, awright."

Ignatz ate without removing even his mittens and in twenty minutes after he had awakened he was out in the street with his sled.

None of his gang was in sight and he felt all alone because the presence of Mr. Johnson, janitor of the tenement house, who had just finished clearing the sidewalk of snow, didn't count.

"Up pretty early, ain't you, Ignatz?" Johnson said.

"WHAT'S it to yuh, Swede?" Ignatz spoke pugnaciously, out of the corner of his mouth. Johnson was one of his mortal enemies. Johnson frowned upon random ringing of doorbells, playing on the roof, rolling milk bottles down hallway stairs and many other of Ignatz's activities. There was a state of perpetual siege between them, which was all right with Ignatz because he felt perfectly capable of handling the janitor. But the janitor was not above complaining about things to Ignatz's father, who had a heavy arm and a simple faith in corporeal punishment for unruly offspring. Tattling, always contemptible to Ignatz, was in this case particularly

resented because it gave Johnson what he considered a very unfair advantage.

He felt justified, now, in his belligerent tone, because there had been a deliberate taunt in Johnson's seemingly harmless greeting. Ignatz didn't like to be called "Ignatz," and everybody, including Johnson, knew it. The boy felt that it was a ridiculous name and he had never forgiven his parents for it, though they had explained to him that it was highly respected in the old country. There had been some great Poles named Ignatz, they said, but he didn't care anything about that. In this country—The Bronx at any rate—"Ignatz" was laughed at, and, though it did not connote effeminacy, he hated it as much as he would have hated "Percy" or "Cecil." And none of the kids in the gang dared call him by his real first name because it was unhealthy; they used "Iggy," which somehow was acceptable, instead. Blond, pale-blue-eyed, short for his twelve years, there was little about Iggy except the almost constant scowl he wore and the swagger in his stocky little figure that would lead one to suspect that he was a tough guy. But he was an exceedingly tough guy in the estimation of all the people of the community who had seen him in action, and in his own estimation too.

Johnson had a lot of work to do. "No sliding ponds!" he warned as he turned to go down to the basement.

"Aw baloney," Iggy said.

"I'll 'baloney' you!" said Johnson, continuing his retreat.

"Double baloney!" Iggy yelled after him, and immediately began sprinkling snow on the sidewalk. The sleigh-rid-

ing could wait until his friends showed up—it would be more fun with them—meanwhile, as a point of honor, he would show Johnson where he got off. The pavement sloped quite steeply, making it ideal for Iggy's project. He was sliding in the snow, beating it into an icy path, when Nick Boscarelli and Hymie Aarons, who lived in the same house, and Steve Selby from the house next door, joined him. Each of them but Hymie had a sled.

"SAME ole truck, hey?" Iggy said to Nick. "How about another duel? I see you got that rib fixed and I guess I'll hafta bust de odder one so dey'll look duh same."

"If you do, you'll gedda bust inna nose," Nick said.

Instantly, Iggy took a fighting stance. "Hell wit dat," Steve said. "Let's git dis slidin' pond broken in right."

Nick regretted having spoken so quickly and he was glad that Iggy was willing to drop hostilities. All four went to work on the slide and in a few minutes' time, under the action of eight busy boots, it had become a hundred feet long, about a yard wide, and just as slippery as ice can be. It reached diagonally across the pavement, from the building line at its upper end to the curb at its lower, and passing pedestrians complained about it as they carefully picked their steps. One stout man slipped and fell, sprawling across the slide.

"Whatsamadda, you cockeyed?" Iggy said. "Ain'tcha got duh whole street to walk in? Why duh hella yuh hafta flop

(Continued on page 65)

WHEN YOU'RE SANTA CLAUS TO THIS GRASPING GANG

YOU'VE GOT A

KICK
COMING!



GIVE, give, give! That's the lot of a battery in a modern car—a regular Santa Claus to a host of accessories all calling for electrical energy.

You can't blame the car for that. Its high-compression motor, its heater, radio and extra lights all take their toll.

But you can avoid trouble by putting in a battery with the extra capacity to offset this heavy drain—a new Goodyear Battery, packed to the cover with KICK.

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without fear of reducing starting power.

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GOOD YEAR
BATTERIES

AS GOOD AS THE NAME THEY BEAR

Give the world for Christmas

THE gifts you received last Christmas, and those you gave—how many of them can you recall today?

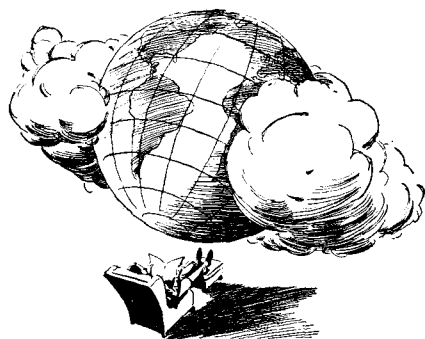
But there is one gift which you can send serenely off in the knowledge that it will not be forgotten.

It is a gift both modest and tremendous. It costs you little, but to the one who receives it you are giving the whole wide world, to watch, to wonder at, to understand.

● For those who must know

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little hotel right on the water, and when seen in the light of the next morning, the town itself, a minute village, had a certain curious smattering of charm. Here, as at most of the widely scattered fishing camps along the Keys, many of the inhabitants are Konks, a term applied to certain white natives who are seemingly indigenous to the soil. Of course the word was originally Conch, and the nickname arose from the fact that these early settlers lived mostly on the meat of the conch, that unwieldy shell which Great-Aunt Jane used to cherish on the parlor mantel and which, on special occasions, you were allowed to apply to your ear and "hear the ocean roar." They were originally English Cockneys and they are still dropping h's all over the Keys.

But to get on to the ferry. When we first saw it, get on was the last thing we wanted to do. We just wanted to sit there all day and look at it.

The vessel which awaited us at the south end of Lower Maticombe Key was of the vintage of about 1860, with tall, thin twin smokestacks and a figure like a matronly duck. She shuddered every time a car went aboard, but proved surprisingly capacious, and eventually she tottered away from her moorings on time. Still, I did not feel any too much confidence in her, and was glad to observe that, during the entire five-hour voyage, we were scarcely ever in water too deep for wading in case she sank, and certainly never beyond swimming distance from shore.

Land of Lovely Waters

Right here and now I want to say something about that water. You may think you've seen beautiful tropical waters. Palm Beach, Bermuda, Miami and Repulse Bay at Hong Kong, China, have some pretty swell oceans. I've seen a fairly decent sight of water in the Mediterranean and at Singapore, and I've Waikiked at Diamond Head and pushed motion-picture stars out of my way at Malibu. And there just isn't any water as beautiful as that along the Florida Keys. It's like melted opals, and yet as clear as a diamond.

Also, passing over this water from Key to Key are more than thirty miles of beautiful concrete archways. Once the Florida East Coast trains ran over these, but now an incredible roadway which will take the railroad's place is nearing completion. By the fifteenth of February, or possibly earlier, this winter, you will be able to drive over it all the way to Key West. It is already possible to drive most of the way with only a short ferry trip remaining.

The new road is twenty feet wide, of solid concrete and built on I-beams laid across the old viaducts, which were so strong and well built that neither storm nor tidal wave has affected them. The guardrails are splendidly constructed, and there is ample space for two cars. Yes, it will be a toll bridge and the price of admission has been set at one dollar per car each way. But think of the thrill of going to sea in your car for a total of one hundred and seventy-two miles for one dollar. It is safe to say that there is no drive to equal this in the entire world.

We got a foretaste of this thrill when the ferry finally disgorged us at No Name Key. Because for the forty-four miles between that wild and lovely island and the city of Key West the road is already practically one long bridge. I seem to remember ten important bridges, most of them a half mile or

South from Miami

Continued from page 18

more in length, besides many shorter ones. The Keys which they link together are practically uninhabited and so narrow that most of the way you could chuck a pebble into the Atlantic Ocean with your left hand and the butt of your cigarette into the Gulf of Mexico with your right at one and the same time. And it's not a long straight road—it is sufficiently winding to pique the curiosity and is really very, very beautiful. Here the limestone formation begins, and with it a complete change in verdure.

The lower Keys grow flowers and trees which are foreign not only to the rest of Florida but also to the rest of the states. There are Buddha trees, frangipani, enormous vines of jasmine in unfamiliar varieties. Even breadfruit, that staple of South Sea Island romances, flourishes here, as do dates and sugar apples. Why they like to grow in that shallow soil on that hard rock I guess only botanists know.

Incidentally this lime rock has peculiar building qualities, the value of which has only recently been discovered. When used as crushed rock for mixing cement it is not necessary to add lime. That contained in the rock is sufficient to make a strong mix. Just add cement and water, pour into molds and serve cold!

We came into town on a wide and expensive-looking boulevard, named for the President who brought the alphabet to this southernmost city. But the modernity of Roosevelt Boulevard mercifully steps with the entrance to the beautiful old city itself. The most reliable sources which I have been able to dig up inform me that the FERA has spent just under five million dollars in Key West, but luckily none of it shows.

There is, on the outskirts, a huge swimming pool covered with signs "Do not dive." This alphabetical project,

scarcely needed on an island surrounded by swimmable waters, was built by engineers who had forgotten to count on the shifting nature of sand. Result: the bottom of the pool fills up with sand faster than it can be dug out.

Another federal addition is the Bridle Path. A lovely bridle path it must have been, too, a couple of years ago, all curbed and planted with palm trees, but now overgrown with weeds. It cost seventy-five thousand dollars to construct, and it was a swell idea. Except that after the Administration got it finished they discovered that there were only two horses on the island, both of 'em draft animals!

Humble and Enchanting

These evidences of "rehabilitation" however, are both well outside of the city of Key West. And what a town! So much has been said of the peculiarly graceful and delicate architecture of Key West, with its slender columns and graceful balconies which are not quite like any others in the world, that I will not enlarge on the subject here. Except perhaps to hope that the type will be carried on when development compels the erection of new dwellings. But even though the humblest houses are enchanting, what struck us more forcibly was the atmosphere, of which the quaint buildings and the flower-hung lanes were merely contributing factors.

Key West has a completeness which is remarkable for any American city. There are no ragged edges, for even the wharves and the boat terminals have been in place so long that they are an integral part of the picture. If you have ever seen a ninth-century Italian town atop a mountain peak, you'll know what I mean. There are no raw outskirts. It's just *there*—unique, a perfect unit.

One's first impression is of being in



LAWRENCE LARIAR

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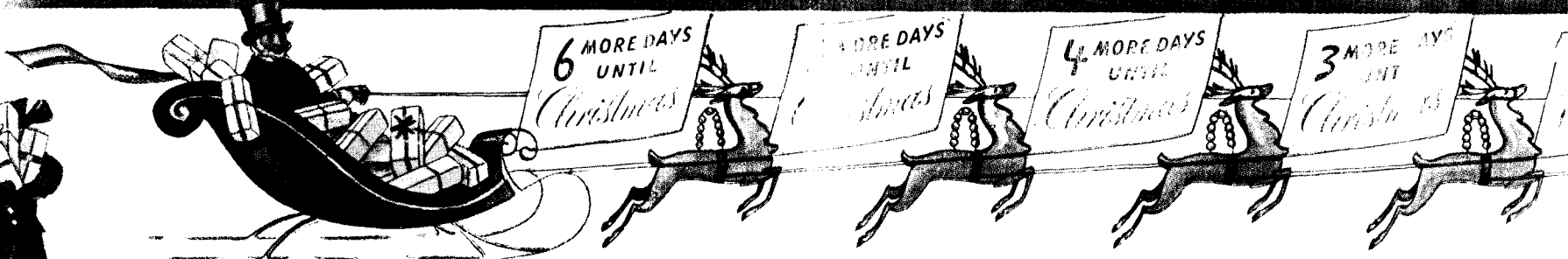
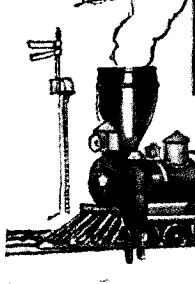
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A gift of quality bespeaks the sincerity of the giver and complements the recipient.



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The extra flavor of this full 100 proof whiskey goes further... gives at least 2 extra highballs per pint.
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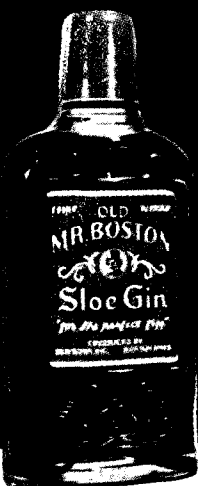
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Skillful distilling and filtering through milk filters make this gin so smooth you can drink it straight.
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Deliciously different flavor, not tart, not sweet but a winery tangy taste. Made with the finest sloe berries.
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Old Mr. Boston BRAND
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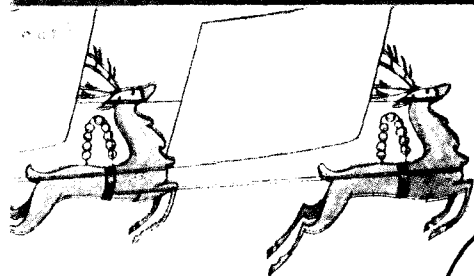
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A collection of quality liquors produced in the tradition of Old Mr. Boston.



Gift Guide

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Gifts the receiver

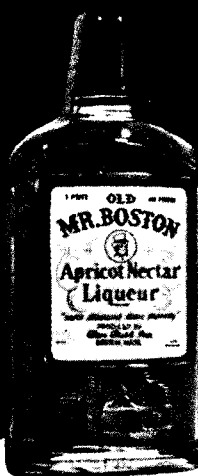
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80 PROOF

Old Mr. Boston
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Very pleasing harmony of fine whiskey, and fruits.
For that cold winter chill, there's nothing better!



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APRICOT NECTAR LIQUEUR

All the mellow flavor of plump, ripe apricots. 3 other
Nectar Liqueurs - Blackberry, Peach, Wild Cherry.

craftsmanship

THREE minutes, with a pencil and this Gift Guide, and you've done a perfect job of holiday shopping. Take the gifts illustrated at the left one at a time. Write under each bottle the names of friends and relatives who'd get a warm glow from such a thoughtful gift. Then, to make absolutely sure your list skips no one, run your eye over the check list below. Show these people who have helped make this year happier for you that you are grateful, that you haven't forgotten their kindness. After you have made out your list, take it to the nearest liquor store. You've very smartly combined sense and sentiment. You'll sleep sounder tonight, not only because the job is done but because you've done a perfect job with Old Mr. Boston fine liquors—the very spirit of good cheer and good fellowship.



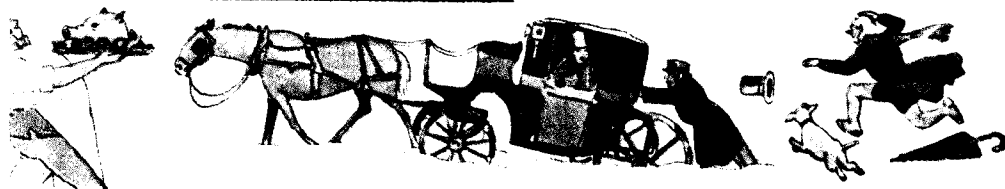
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Your office buddy	The janitor
The postman	A certain cop
Your bridge victim	The doctor
Your favorite car mechanic	The golf pro
The bank teller with a smile	Father-in-law, present or future
The neighbor who is always giving you a lift in his car	The neighbor who lent you tools all summer

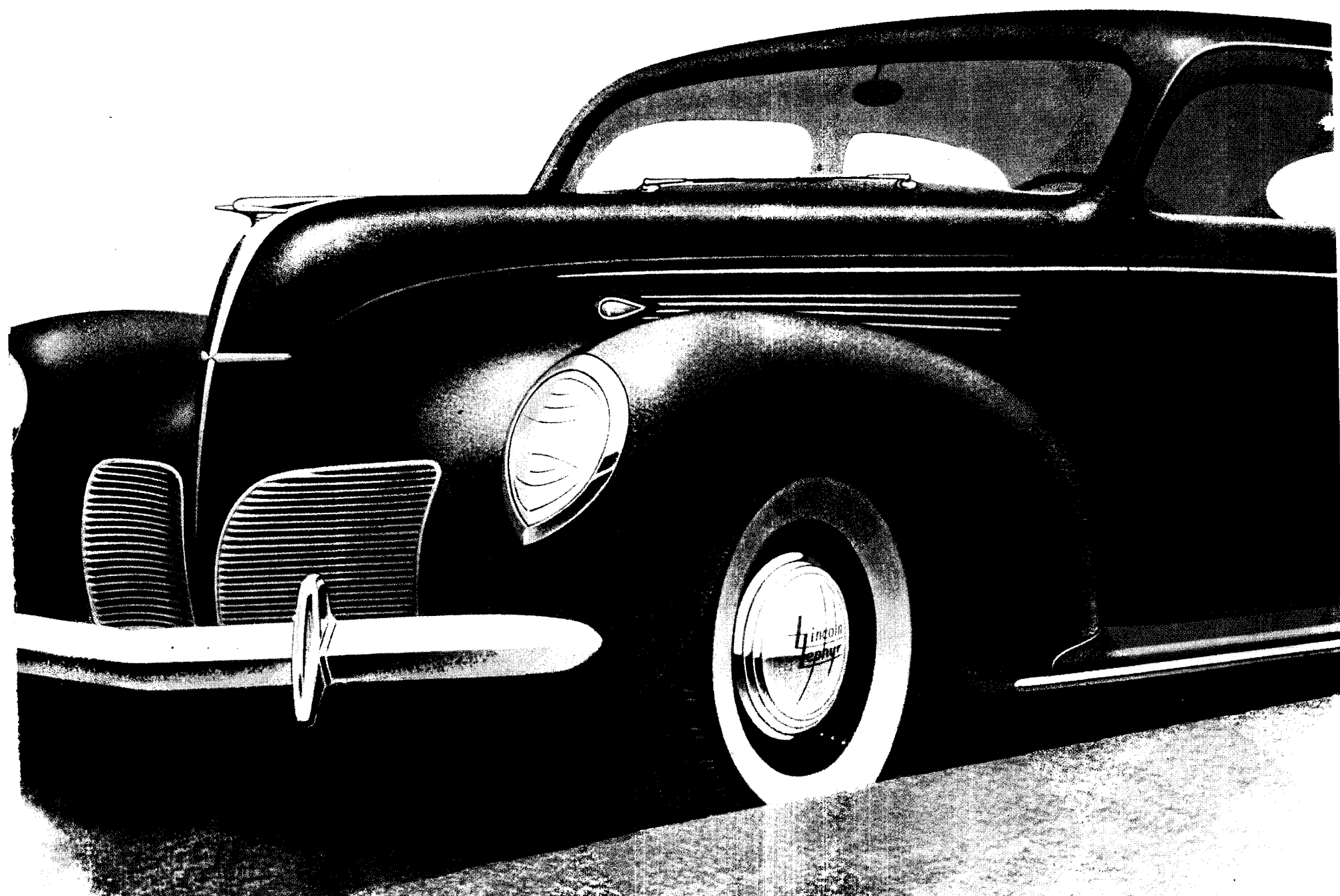
JUST three minutes
right now... right
here... and you can
complete your
Christmas shopping

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YOUR NEW RIDE IS WAITING



LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V-12

FOR 1938

As you view the new LINCOLN-ZEPHYR in your dealer's showroom . . . beside the curb . . . on the open road . . . in front of your own home . . . you will be willing to grant that here is a startlingly handsome car.

Its design seems a part of tomorrow, rather than of the moment, so graceful and smooth and sweeping is its every streamline. The car is long and low, with lengthened wheelbase and lengthened springbase.

But beauty, style distinction, is not all. The LINCOLN-ZEPHYR of 1938 is waiting to be your *new ride*. A trip downtown will convince you that here is a new rhythm of motoring. A trip across the continent would demonstrate that it is also a *tireless* rhythm!

This balanced car refuses to take count of miles or hours. In closed models, body and frame are welded into a single, rigid framework—a steel unit to which are welded steel top, sides and floor; a strong

structure and a safe one. Within this house of steel, passenger weight is carried "amidships," toward the center. A rough road seems an optical illusion.

Long roads, also, seem not to exist. The V-type 12-cylinder engine, through all gears and under all conditions, sweeps distance aside. It places at the driver's command flexible power that makes driving easier and quicker without high top speed.

Designed by Lincoln, built to Lincoln standards of precision, the LINCOLN-ZEPHYR engine has proved its economy to more than 45,000 present users. It gives 14 to 18 miles to the gallon under all road conditions. The 1938 engine is even smoother and more silent.

Your new ride is waiting! Choose from six body types, including the new Convertible Sedan and the Convertible Coupe. Lincoln Motor Company, builders of Lincoln and Lincoln-Zephyr V-12 motor cars.



an absolutely foreign country. And this is not surprising when you learn that the population is one-third white, of English descent, one-third Cuban, and one-third Negro. There are also a handful of Chinese and a few Greek sponge divers. The result is a gay, exotic population.

At night after supper, Duval Street, the main shopping center of the town, becomes a regular promenade. The first time you see it you think it must be a festival, but no, it's just the regular nightly show. The street is crowded with people walking slowly back and forth, usually in clusters traveling arm-in-arm. They are exchanging greetings, jokes, gossip; frequently they sing, for there is never an hour in Key West without its song. While all along the line, perched on any handy fence or curbing, sit hundreds of others, watching the strollers.

Strangers Welcome

Of course, most of the shops are open and Duval Street is aglow with soft lights from the innumerable open bars, eating places, coffee shops and "clubs," where gambling goes on in the back rooms. No doors, no windows and usually only a few feet wide, these gay little businesses stand practically in the open air.

Down every side street twinkle small Cuban cafés—most of them so small and shabby as to belie greatly the quality of their wares. Here, day and night, are to be found silent men playing cards around the crude tables. One wonders at their endurance. Even the gay clamor of the evening promenade does not seem to disturb them.

Key West's native society has a well-established routine for the evening. One goes first to Pinar's Rose Garden, and I'll bet you've never seen anything quite like it. You pass through an innocent-looking little white-painted rose arbor from the lush fragrance of the garden

and emerge into a large, low-ceilinged room with a gleaming bar across the far end. Everybody is there when you arrive, or will be in a very few minutes. A Navy man or two in white, girls in smart evening gowns even in midsummer, the businessmen of importance.

The proprietor, seeing you are a stranger, immediately gives you a warm personal welcome, and then proceeds to introduce you all around. There is nothing of the professional in this glad-handing; it is simply and genuinely glad! I've been in a lot of places but never, in any of them, have I seen the true spirit of hospitality displayed so beautifully as in Key West. Perhaps it's because they have experienced such a long period of isolation that they are really glad to see a stranger.

From Pinar's the crowd moves to Raul's. It's quite a move, but it's all part of a set fashion. You jump in your car and race five miles out of town over a large slice of black wilderness. When you do get there you believe there must be some mistake. The entrance, the graveled driveway—surely this is somebody's country house? But it's Raul's, all right, and what a Spanish dinner they serve and what a bar to stand at while waiting for it! Raul has tame fish. Yep! They come right up out of the water when he calls them and they do tricks. My best advice to you is to see the fish before you go to the bar.

Shucks, thinking of Raul's has got my mind on food. And maybe it's just as well, because unique food is one of the things Key West has plenty of. There is a restaurant on Duval Street called Delmonico's which looks about as much like Delmonico's as I look like Shirley Temple. And when I say it's Spanish food, do not go tamale-shooting at me, because it's not Mexican, it's Spanish. Try the clear green turtle soup with a drop of sherry in it. Try the yellow rice with chicken. You've never had a lobster salad until you've eaten one of these. And oh, my gosh, the chicken

soup with noodles! Stone-crab cocktail, fish à la minuta!

If, however, you are a light snacker, let me recommend Cuban sandwiches. There is a little hole-in-the-wall across from the Cuban Club which makes them. These sandwiches are hardly a snack, they are more like a career. Tell the boy to use Cuban bread and Cuban ham. Then watch him make them. You never saw such an artistic performance of sandwich-making.

Another favorite tourist occupation is the spending of money. As with every journey, the one to Key West will naturally involve the eternal question of what to take home to Aunt Minnie. Well, you can take her a sponge if you think she needs the hint. Sponges on the hoof are a common sight in Key West, from which they are sent to wherever it is that all good sponges go. Or you might take her a shell. It's well worth while looking over any of the good shell collections. The one assembled by Marian Kirtland is so extraordinary that Channel, the great French dressmaker, made a special trip to Key West to secure from her shells to use as buttons on her tailored frocks. Conch shells make fine cameos and there are plenty of those to be had. Also belts, sandals and hats made from cocoa fiber.

A 172-Mile Bridge

I suppose that if you go to Key West you will automatically go to the open-air aquarium, the ruined towers of old Martello Fort, and undoubtedly you will go fishing. Like the architecture of Key West, I am going to pass up its fishing. Mr. Ernest Hemingway, that great amateur fisherman, lives in Key West and he has already covered the subject ably. He says the fishing is swell.

But what I must point out is that one corner of Key West must not be missed by cat-lovers. Go to Fisherman's Wharf when the regular fishing fleet comes in and try to count the cats. They, it seems, agree with Mr. Hemingway! If you prefer turtles, go to a turtle crawl, a sort of seagoing corral. If you have never met a six-hundred-pound lady turtle in person, it's well worth it.

Now what would all of this cost? The answer is: very little. Under present conditions (1937-38) there is, from Miami, only the road toll and the ferry fare for the last short gap. That is to say, one dollar round trip on the road and four dollars round trip (including driver) on the ferry from No Name Key. Room rates are very reasonable at the smaller hotels, ranging from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars and fifty cents single, and on the European plan. I recommend using the European plan so as to be free to try the restaurants.

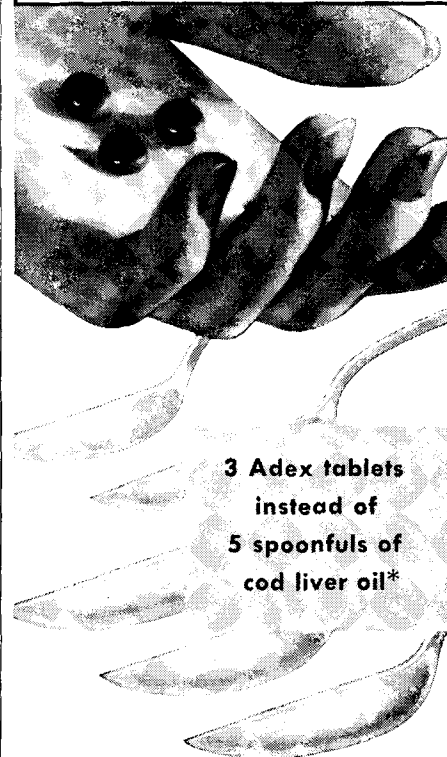
Food is very reasonable, indeed. The best restaurants serve breakfasts from thirty cents, luncheons and dinners from forty-five cents to eighty-five cents. This does not include the night clubs where meals are à la carte.

All of the souvenirs I mention are far from costly, and fishing in a good boat with a good man costs usually twenty-five dollars a day. This includes as many passengers as the boat will accommodate, the use of all tackle, bait and in some cases luncheon. Also, of course, the captain's services as guide and all costs of running the boat.

But the point of this story is not what it will cost to get to Key West but that, beginning with this winter, one gets to it by way of a drive which is going to be nobody's business in the way of a thrill. A drive over what will practically be a one-hundred-and-seventy-two-mile bridge—each way! A bridge beautiful in itself and spanning the loveliest of tropical seas. And at the end of it the town which was once forgotten, but never by those who had once seen it.

Why deny yourself the cod liver oil vitamins this winter?

So easy to get them
this modern way!



In past winters you may have felt the need for cod liver oil vitamins to build good general resistance, and wished you could get them in a pleasant form.

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You can depend as much on results with Adex as with cod or halibut liver oil.

Get Adex today, and take it regularly all winter. Have it on the breakfast table every morning. Now at any drug store.

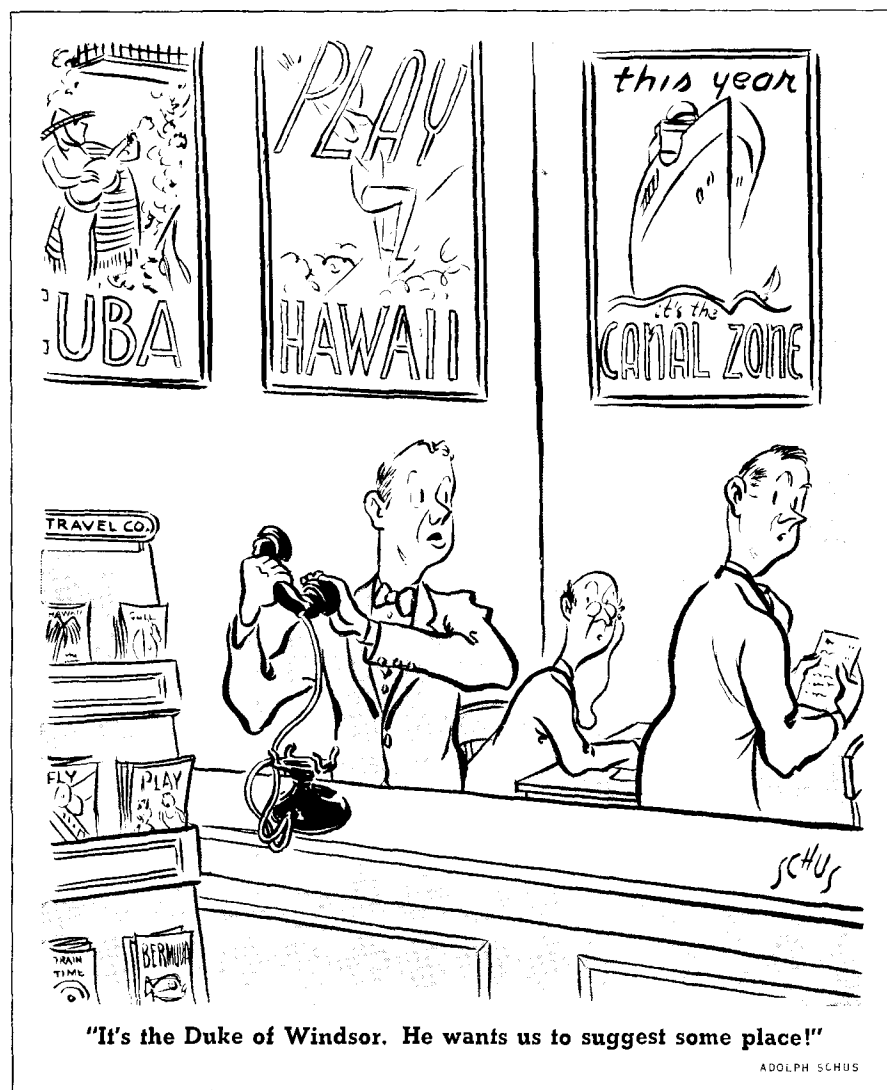
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A Queen's Ransom

Continued from page 21

as well have." Crane told him of the fight between the count and the major. "So we're out in the cold now."

"It's not so cold," said O'Rourke. "I've knocked down a couple of C-notes on the wheel."

"You think it's straight?"

"I'm two C's ahead, ain't I?"

"Don't let Miss Day find out." Crane winked at O'Rourke and went back to Imago Paraguay. She said, "You must bring me luck, Mr. Cra-ane." She had only four hundred dollars' worth of counters in front of her.

"Make your bets, please," the croupier whispered.

Crane leaned between Imago and a large woman glittering with diamonds and put a hundred on red. With a lean hand, the croupier spun the ball, whispered, "No more, please."

THE ball halted on red and odd. At the end of the table Essex said petulantly, "Damn!" The croupier pushed chips at Crane. He let them stay on red. Imago also put two hundred on red, saying, "We will go down together."

Red came a second time. "Let it ride," said Crane.

Red came again, and again. People began to look at them. A hard-faced man in a tuxedo took up a position behind the croupier, watched them through cold blue eyes. Crane let thirty-two hundred ride on red.

The hard-faced man pushed two hundred dollars' worth of the counters back. "Three thousand limit," he said.

"Oh, I see," Crane said. "Penny ante, hey?"

There was silence as the ivory pea bumbled about the wheel. The cold eyes of the hard-faced man were riveted on Crane. The large woman with the jewels was breathing heavily. The rattle of the ball ceased.

"Red and odd."

Crane accepted the pile of counters. "We can't bet them," he said to Imago Paraguay. "What will we do with them?"

Her sloe eyes were glittering. "This way," she said. She let the three thousand remain on red. The other three thousand she put on odd.

Crane took the remaining two hundred dollars and put them on 33. "Swing it," he said to the croupier.

It seemed to Crane the wheel spun for hours. He noticed the eyes of the hard-faced man were almost the color of ice. He noticed Miss Day looking at him with admiration. He felt Imago Paraguay's cool hand on his wrist.

"Thirty-three, red and odd," whispered the croupier.

The hard-faced man said, "The wheel is closed for the night."

"Yow!" shouted Tony Lamphier from the end of the table. "A toast to the man who broke the bank of Monte Carlo."

Miss Day, breathless, leaned over Crane. "Wasn't that marvelous?" Waves of perfume floated from her.

The lady with the jewels said, "May I ask you what your system is?"

"I start with one hundred dollars," said Crane, "and stop when the bank is broken."

Imago Paraguay said, "Shall we cash in, Mr. Cra-ane?"

Their counters came to nineteen thousand six hundred dollars—nineteen thousand in winnings and the four hundred Crane had left of his original purchase and the two hundred Imago had left of hers. He gave her nine thousand seven hundred dollars and put the rest in his wallet.

"I think we can afford a glass of champagne," he said.

The entire party went down to their table and drank the champagne Crane bought. Crane danced once with Camelia Essex.

"I wish you'd keep a closer watch on Penn," she said. "I'm worried about him."

"He'll be all right," Crane said.

Miss Day didn't think the orchestra was hot enough. She wanted to go to the Club Paris. "They really swing it over there," she said.

"Let's do go over there," said Essex. "It's only two o'clock." He got the bill.

They waited for the women in front of the check room. Tony Lamphier was admiring the hat-check blonde.

"Isn't she a lovely thing?" he said.

"I think she's a blonde," said Crane.

The hat-check girl simpered.

"She's lovely," said Tony Lamphier.

"Isn't she lovely?"

"Where are those women?" asked Boucher.

"Where is my hat?" asked Crane.

"Dincha have a check?" asked the girl.

"Isn't she lovely?" said Tony Lamphier.

"I gotta have a check," said the girl.

"No hat, no check," said O'Rourke.

"I'm going out for some air," said Major Eastcomb. He went out through the front door.

"Has nobody a check?" Crane repeated. "This lovely little lady has gotta have a check."

"She is a lovely thing," said Tony Lamphier.

"They have a lovely wheel here, too," Crane said.

"It's honest," O'Rourke said.

"It's lovely and honest," Crane said.

Mrs. Boucher came up to him. "Imago's been telling us of your . . . adventure." She linked her arm with him. "Tell me, are you only affected by red-heads?" She smelled the nicest of any of the women. She smelled of English lavender.

MISS DAY appeared with Imago Paraguay. For a second the dancer's eyes were on Crane. Miss Day said, "Come on, let's go. This joint's stuffy."

Essex and O'Rourke both went to escort Miss Day to the door. Boucher seemed pleased to get Miss Paraguay.

"I like you," said Crane to Mrs. Boucher.

"And you a rich man," said Mrs. Boucher.

They started to follow Tony Lamphier and Camelia Essex to the door.

"Doncha want yer hat?" asked the hat-check girl.

"No," said Crane. "Keep it as a memento."

"You are having a fine time," said Mrs. Boucher.

The black car was in front of the door. Essex was standing beside it with his sister and Tony Lamphier. "Where's the major?" he asked.

Crane was noticing that the doorman was a white man now, not a Negro, when two men with handkerchiefs tied over the lower portions of their faces came around the back of the car. They both carried automatic pistols.

One of them said, "This is a stickup. Put 'em up."

Miss Day started to scream and the other man snarled, "Can it, sister." He shoved his pistol at O'Rourke, beside her.

The first man took hold of Camelia Essex's arm, jerked her toward him, saying, "Come along, baby." For an instant he was in the path of light from the door

and Crane saw the lobe of his ear was missing.

Tony Lamphier moved to help Camelia, and the first man slugged him with the barrel of his pistol. He crumpled against the car, slid down to the gravel drive. Essex moved forward and the man hit him, too. Camelia screamed as her brother staggered backward.

Crane tried to reach the man covering O'Rourke, but the doorman hit him on the cheekbone and sent him spinning into Boucher. When he got his balance, Camelia, the man with the lobeless ear and the doorman had disappeared. The second masked man, his body crouched, was backing around the car. "Move, you dudes, move," he jeered. "See what happens." He swung his pistol in front of him, like a man using a garden hose.

THERE was the beep of a horn. "Okay," said the man. He scuttled behind the car and an instant later a black sedan roared down the drive. Miss Days screamed. Crazily, the sedan twisted into the street. In the back seat two men fought with Camelia Essex; in the front, beside the driver, the doorman was ripping off his uniform.

Essex scrambled into the car, pressed the starter. "Come on," he yelled. His pale face was wild.

Tony Lamphier was trying to get off the ground. Crane pulled him into the back seat, fell with him against the leather cushion as the car got under way with a roar. O'Rourke was already in the front seat.

Far down the street, as they came out of the drive, they could see the taillight of the sedan. It was steady for several seconds; then it curved to the right. An instant later they heard the scream of its tires. "He's taking the County Causeway," Crane shouted.

Essex nodded and braked for the turn. The car's tires wailed, and alarmed householders switched on lights in bedrooms, telephoned police. On the causeway the car leaped like a greyhound, raced past a sleek roadster. The sedan was still far ahead.

Tony Lamphier moaned and made a gagging noise in his throat.

After a minute Crane asked, "Feel better?"

Tony Lamphier nodded and asked, "They got her?"

O'Rourke yelled over the noise of the wind and motor, "A turn!"

Essex, braking, said, "I see it," and in an instant they were on Biscayne Boulevard, heading for town.

"They got her?" Lamphier asked again.

"Yeah," said Crane.

They neared the row of big hotels opposite Bay Front Park, gained a little on the sedan, and O'Rourke leaned out of the tonneau. Three times his revolver flashed, deafened their ears. The sedan swung to the right.

O'Rourke looked back at Crane. "That ought to bring out the cops," he shouted.

It did, but too late. They had turned right, past part of the business section of Miami, and were turning left toward the bridge over the river when a squad car came out of a side street and joined in the chase. Its spotlight flashed through their rear window; its siren was ululant, but it soon dropped far behind.

"Too bad," said Crane.

"We'll catch 'em ourselves," shouted O'Rourke. "We're on a straight road." Back of them the police siren howled plaintively.

"How are we going to handle them?" asked Tony Lamphier. "They had guns, hadn't they?"

They were now traveling very fast. Hard and tangible, the wind rushed in the open sides of the tonneau, pressed them back against the seat. The cement road, white in the glare of their head-

lights, swept under them. The whine of the engine, the tires, the wind rose shriller and shriller, piercing their ears.

Essex, jackknifed over the wheel, spoke to O'Rourke, who repeated to Crane: "There's a revolver in the pocket on the left-hand door."

Crane found it, flicked open the chamber. There were five cartridges in it. "Got it," he told O'Rourke.

The car's light picked up the black bulk of the sedan, outlined the swaying top. They were steadily gaining.

"You better get on the floor," Crane told Lamphier. "The fireworks are about due."

"I'm not scared," Lamphier replied and then asked, "Isn't there danger of hitting Camelia?"

"They'll keep her down."

"It'd be awful . . ."

With a breath-taking swerve that sent Crane flying against Lamphier, the car angled toward the ditch on the left side of the cement, then, as sheerly, as crazily as before, it yawed to the right. Crane ducked his head, held his breath for the crash. . . .

Instead the car straightened out, less sickeningly this time, and slackened speed. Cautiously Crane raised his head. O'Rourke was leaning across the seat, his hands on the wheel, but Essex was not in sight.

"Where's Essex?" said Crane. "Did he fall out?"

"How do you stop this thing?" asked O'Rourke.

"Great Joseph!" Crane yelled. "Did he fall out?"

"Naw," said O'Rourke calmly. "He's on the floor. Where's the hand brake?"

Crane sank back on the seat and rubbed his forehead with the back of his hand. He was surprised to find he was sweating. "What happened?" asked Tony Lamphier.

THE car was coming to a stop. Crane said, "I don't know," and opened the door and stepped out on the cement. O'Rourke lifted Essex from the floor. "Cold as a haddock," he observed.

"We better get him to a doctor," said Crane.

"Are you going to let Camelia go?" asked Tony Lamphier.

"Essex may be dying," said Crane.

"He's breathing," O'Rourke volunteered.

"But Camelia. . . ?" Tony Lamphier's voice was anguished. "Those men . . . what will they do to her? We have to go on."

"What can we do now?" Crane looked down the road. "They're out of sight. Besides, the police will block all the roads."

"Oh, God!" Lamphier sat on the front fender, hid his face in his hands. "I love her so."

"I think our guy's coming to," said O'Rourke.

While a soft, fragrant breeze fingered their faces, they watched Essex, listened to his labored breathing. There was an odor of jasmine in the air. It was funny to be smelling jasmine. Crane thought. He saw that it was only two-thirty-four by the clock on the car's dashboard. He felt surprised that so much could have happened in such a short time.

"You're all right now, pal," said O'Rourke.

Essex sat up on the seat, looked blankly around him. "Cam! . . . Cam!" His eyes became normal. "What happened?"

"You passed out," said O'Rourke.

"While I was driving? How did you stop the car?"

"I don't know myself," said O'Rourke. "You slumped over and there I was at the wheel."

"And the sedan?"

"It kept on," said O'Rourke.

The thought of the car's swerve made

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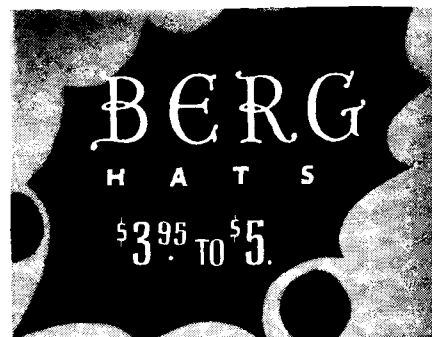
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Crane's stomach turn over. "How fast were we going?" he asked.

"A hundred and five," said O'Rourke.

"That fast?" Crane found he couldn't swallow. "I need a drink."

"There's some port in the dashboard compartment," said Essex. "I'm afraid it's not such good port, though."

"Any port in a storm," said Crane.

SUNSHINE as liquid, as thick, as golden as pancake syrup laved the bed, warmed Crane's face. Through the French windows came the soft frou-frou of the surf. The air was sticky hot. He hid his face under a pillow.

"Go away," he muttered. "I am unwell."

O'Rourke shook him again. "Come on, dope," he said; "it's almost ten."

Crane opened one eye, peeked out from under the pillow. He saw that O'Rourke was dressed in a freshly pressed tan gabardine suit. He closed the eye.

"The cops are here," said O'Rourke. "They'll be wanting to see you."

"Hold the bed still," said Crane, "and I'll see if I can sit up."

He sat up, pressing the sides of his head with his palms.

"They found the sedan at a place called Matecumbe," said O'Rourke.

"There was blood on the back seat."

"Sleep no more!" said Crane. "O'Rourke does murder sleep!"

"They figure they took her on a boat," said O'Rourke. "The sedan was right by the water. The whole state's looking for her—police, militia, coast guard, everything. Biggest search in history."

"Innocent sleep," said Crane; "sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care."

"Doc Williams telephoned, too."

Crane was massaging his sore jaw. "The death of each day's life—"

"He said the count didn't get in until six this morning."

"Huh?" Crane's eyes focused on O'Rourke. "Not until six?"

"And the three torpedoes with him have disappeared."

"That's very interesting," Crane swung his feet over the side of the bed. "How's Essex?"

"He's all right, I guess. Oh, yeah, he got another note."

"From Old Bright Eye?"

"Yeah, it was pinned to his pillow. He found it when he woke up. He gave it to the cops, but I made a copy of it. Here."

Crane took the piece of paper. It read:

"Essex:

"If you want your sister back alive get ready to pay the fifty thousand . . . in small bills. . . . I will let you know when and how.

THE EYE."

Crane gave the note back to O'Rourke. "That's not as pretty as the one I got," he said, taking a folded piece of paper from under the pillow. "Would you care to see it?"

This note read:

"Flatfoot:

"The alligators in the swamp are hungry for your flesh . . . and they shall have it. . . . I rarely warn twice. . . . Did you enjoy your winnings? . . . Ha, ha, ha!

THE EYE."

CRANE held out his foot in the beam of light from the window. "O'Rourke, would you call that a flat foot?"

O'Rourke asked, "What's he mean about your winnings, ha, ha, ha?"

"He got my wallet," Crane straightened his leg. "I really think I have a nice arch."

"He got all nine grand?" O'Rourke sounded as though he were about to weep.

"No, Uncle Willy was too smart for

that," said Crane. "Uncle Willy left about seven hundred dollars in his wallet and hid the rest."

"Where?" asked O'Rourke. Crane pointed and O'Rourke said, "Well, for God's sake!"

Mixed with a crumpled Miami Herald, some torn brown wrapping paper, a piece of string, a black silk sock with a hole in the foot and a shirt cardboard, all in a green metal wastebasket, were nine one-thousand-dollar bills.

"You see money means nothing to me," said Crane, and then added hurriedly, "Don't you touch those bills."

O'Rourke collected them, however, and put them on the dresser. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"If I don't die I'm going swimming," answered Crane.

"No, I mean about the girl."

Crane swung his feet under the bed. "I think we ought to talk to Tortoni and to the count. I'd like to find out if either one knows a gent with no lobe to his ear."

"That was the guy who grabbed Camelia?"

"Yeah. I'll bet he's got something to do with Tortoni."

"Tortoni is the guy behind all this," O'Rourke said. "I'd bet on that."

"Not with me. Though I can't see him writing notes signed The Eye."

"Maybe he's got a Poison Pen planted in the house."

"Maybe. But let the cops work on that. Asking questions tires me."

"Don't forget he's got seven hundred of yours."

"He probably needs it to buy red ink."

CRANE went in the bathroom and put on his swimming trunks. He brushed his teeth with some difficulty, finding that the blow had made it impossible for him to open his mouth very wide.

and drank a glass of water. He felt pretty good.

When he came out, O'Rourke was staring at the ceiling. "What's the matter?" he asked him.

"Those things in the ceiling . . . what are they for?"

Crane looked at the steel grilles in the four corners of the room. They were all about a foot square. "Ventilation," he

said. "I think I heard a fan going in the attic last night."

"What good does a fan do up there?" "It draws out the warm air in the house and lets cool air in the windows."

He scowled at O'Rourke. "Got any more of that licorice water?"

"You have breakfast first," said O'Rourke.

"Maybe we get no breakfast. I remember the major being a little peeved with me last night."

"How about the major?"

"That's right. Where was he when the trouble began?"

"The major told Tony Lamphier they slugged him, too."

"I wonder."

"Lamphier says the major told him he was out cold all the time we were in front of the joint."

"I like Lamphier," Crane said.

"Yeah, he's all right. He's certainly sunk about that girl."

"I got an idea he sort of liked her."

"Too bad a gal like that has to go for a phony Spig."

CRANE put on his bathrobe and started for the door. He said, "What she needs is a nice, steady fellow like me." He went down to the beach.

The water was such a brilliant blue it hurt his eyes. It was warm and remarkably calm and he waded out until he was no longer able to walk.

With a long sigh he turned over on his back and allowed himself to float. The sky was also very blue.

He wondered what it was like to be a woman and held by kidnapers. He often wondered what it was like to be a woman, but never before in connection with kidnaping.

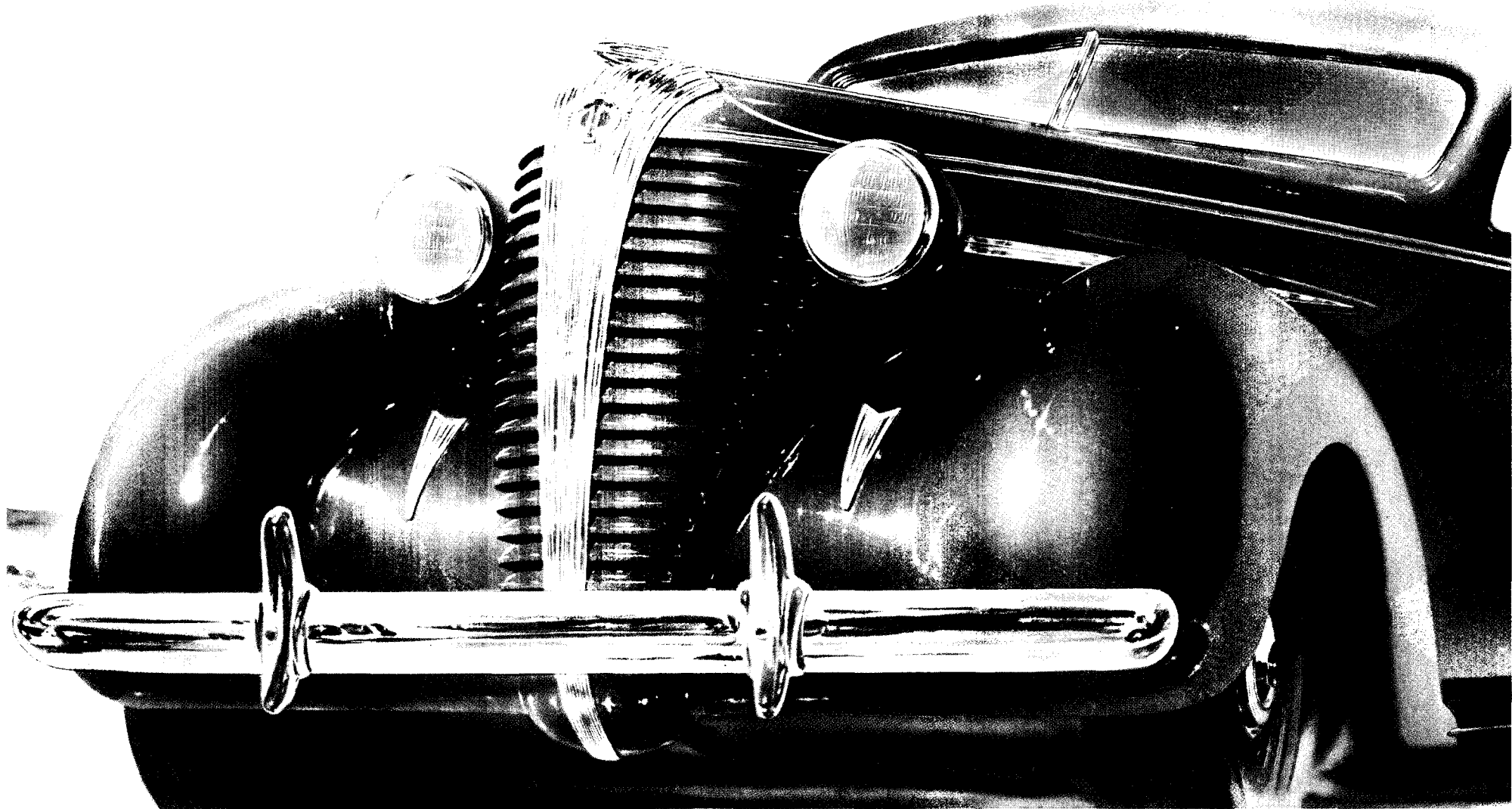
He supposed it was pretty bad. In the first place, when you were kidnaped, man or woman, you were always in doubt whether your captors would ultimately kill you or release you.

But with a woman there was another consideration. With a pretty girl like Camelia Essex, especially, there was another consideration.

This flight into conjecture so agitated him that he failed to see an approaching whitecap. It tumbled over his face and, spluttering, he swam toward shore. Ordinarily he didn't worry about a case he was on, but he was really disturbed about



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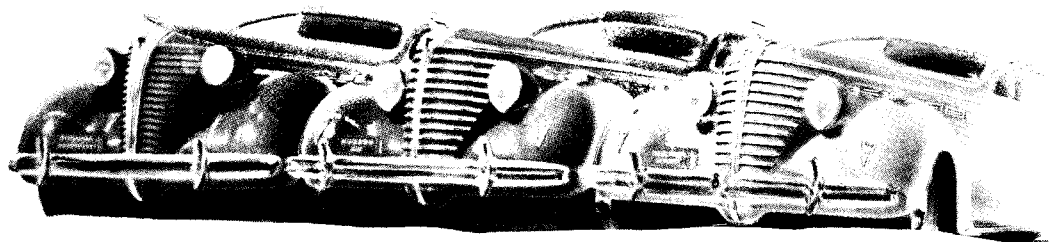
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Camelia Essex. He hoped Count di Gregario had her.

On the shore, by his bathrobe, O'Rourke and Essex were talking. Essex spoke about the two notes. He looked very white and haggard. "The fellow must have an accomplice in the house," he said.

"There's no doubt of it," said Crane. "Your guess, though, is as good as mine."

"The cops are going through our rooms," said O'Rourke.

Crane was alarmed. "They'll get the nine thou'."

"I got it," said O'Rourke.

"That's just as bad." He put on his candy-striped robe. "Is it all right if we have breakfast?" he asked Essex.

"Why not?"

"The major . . ."

"I've talked with him," said Essex. His eyes were angry. "You're working for the estate, not for him. He didn't hire you and he can't dismiss you."

"That's fine. I am a trifle hungry."

ITOLD him there's no reason why you should have helped him against the count. He admitted he started the fight.

"That's fine."

"I'm not going to see you go just when we need you most." He walked beside Crane toward the patio. "Who do you think's got her?"

"The Eye," Crane said.

"No, I mean . . ."

"I don't know as I even want to know," said Crane.

"What do you mean?" asked Essex.

"It may be dangerous to find out . . . for her."

Crane sat at the breakfast table, told the servingman, "Coffee, toast and orange juice."

Essex stood beside him. "I don't understand."

"Make that tomato juice," Crane called after the servingman. He faced Essex. "You can bet The Eye isn't holding her in person. If he's caught, his men may let her go, or . . ."

He drew his finger across his throat.

Essex sank into a chair, leaned his forehead against his palms. "This is terrible."

Two men, walking heavily on the cement edge of the swimming pool, approached the table. Both were bulky, muscular, red-faced; both wore dark fedoras; both looked as though they'd slept in their dark suits. Crane knew they were policemen. One of them had a badly set broken nose.

"You're Crane, ain't you?" asked the man with the crooked nose. He was older than his companion.

Crane nodded.

"I'm Captain Enright, out of the bureau in Miami. This is Slocum of the sheriff's office."

"This is O'Rourke . . ." Crane began.

"We know O'Rourke," said Slocum. Black stubble covered his bulldog jaw. "We think you're a hell of a fine pair of amateur detectives."

"Now, Slocum," Captain Enright's deep voice was soothing. "What's happened has . . ."

"Let 'em snatch a girl out from under your eyes . . . it's a blot on the whole profession. . ."

"They did all they could, Mr. Slocum," said Essex.

"If I hadn't keeled over we would have caught them easily. It's all my fault."

The servingman had returned and was pouring the

coffee. "Two lumps and no cream," Crane told him.

Captain Enright said, "We're not blaming you, Mr. Essex."

Slocum had moved around so he could look at Crane's face. His black eyes were sharp. "It's these imitation dicks . . ." he commenced.

"Have some coffee?" inquired Crane.

"Now look here," said Slocum. . . .

"Listen, you gorilla," said Crane angrily: "The taxpayers of Dade County are paying you, not us, to protect them. Why don't you get mad at yourself?"

O'Rourke got into a position to hit Slocum if necessary, but Captain Enright, authority in his voice, said, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Slocum."

As Slocum mastered his anger, O'Rourke said, "I told you we'd talk with you, but if you're going to bawl us . . ."

Crane picked up a piece of toast, held it in front of his mouth and said, "I won't talk to them."

"Now, we're sorry, Mr. Crane," said Captain Enright. His theory was that it didn't cost a policeman anything to be polite. Besides, you never knew who you were talking to. The mayor had a lot of funny friends. "We're naturally upset about this thing."

"All right," said Crane, "I'll talk to you. But not"—he pointed the piece of toast at Slocum—"with this orangutan."

O'Rourke got set again, but Slocum accepted the insult. The captain's failure to back him up frightened him. Maybe this mug with the smooth face was somebody. With the sheriff kind of mad at him over the load of smuggled Bacardi he'd picked up that he shouldn't have, he'd better watch his step. He scowled at Crane, but he didn't say anything.

Crane ate the piece of toast. "What do you want to know?"

The captain, it seemed, wanted to know everything. He wanted to know exactly what happened at the Blue Castle before and during the kidnaping. He seemed to know everything already, but Crane patiently went over the story. He said nothing, however, of the man with no lobe on his ear. He was just describing the chase when Miss Day sat down at the table. She glanced at the servingman.

"Coffee," she said, "and plenty of it."

THE yellow sunlight turned to henna in her hair, faintly outlined her body through the Chinese pajamas. Her face was tan; her lips scarlet; her eyes shaded with blue mascara. Her pointed breasts pressed against the tight red silk of her pajama coat.

"Go ahead, boys," she said, perfectly composed under their admiring scrutiny. "Don't mind me. I'll just sit here with my headache."

"Well," said Crane, "Mr. Essex fainted and we nearly turned over. When we got things straightened out the sedan was out of sight."

"I dunno what we'd have done if we did catch 'em," said O'Rourke. "They probably had a Tommy gun or two."

"I don't want to seem critical," said Captain Enright, "but I think you should have called the police. We could've bottled them up when they came through town."

"We didn't know what way they were going," Crane smiled at Miss Day's sour expression. "Besides, we knew Boucher would call you."

Slocum said, "In my opinion this Eye is a crank." He seemed to be speaking to Miss Day.

The servingman was pouring Miss Day's coffee. Crane leaned toward her. "Jitters?" Miss Day replied, "And how!"

"Crank or not," said Captain Enright, "you gotta admit he's got Miss Essex."

"Me, too," said Crane to Miss Day. "Do you know what?"

O'Rourke asked the captain, "How about Tortoni?"

Miss Day lifted the spoon with her little finger crooked. "No, what?"

"We talked with him," said Slocum. "He's okay. He wouldn't pull a thing like that in his own place."

Crane said, "They say brandy is awfully good in coffee."

Miss Day smiled. "You got brains, big boy." She crooked a finger at the waiter. "Pable, a bottle of your best brandy."

"That's what I thought," said O'Rourke, "but you never can tell."

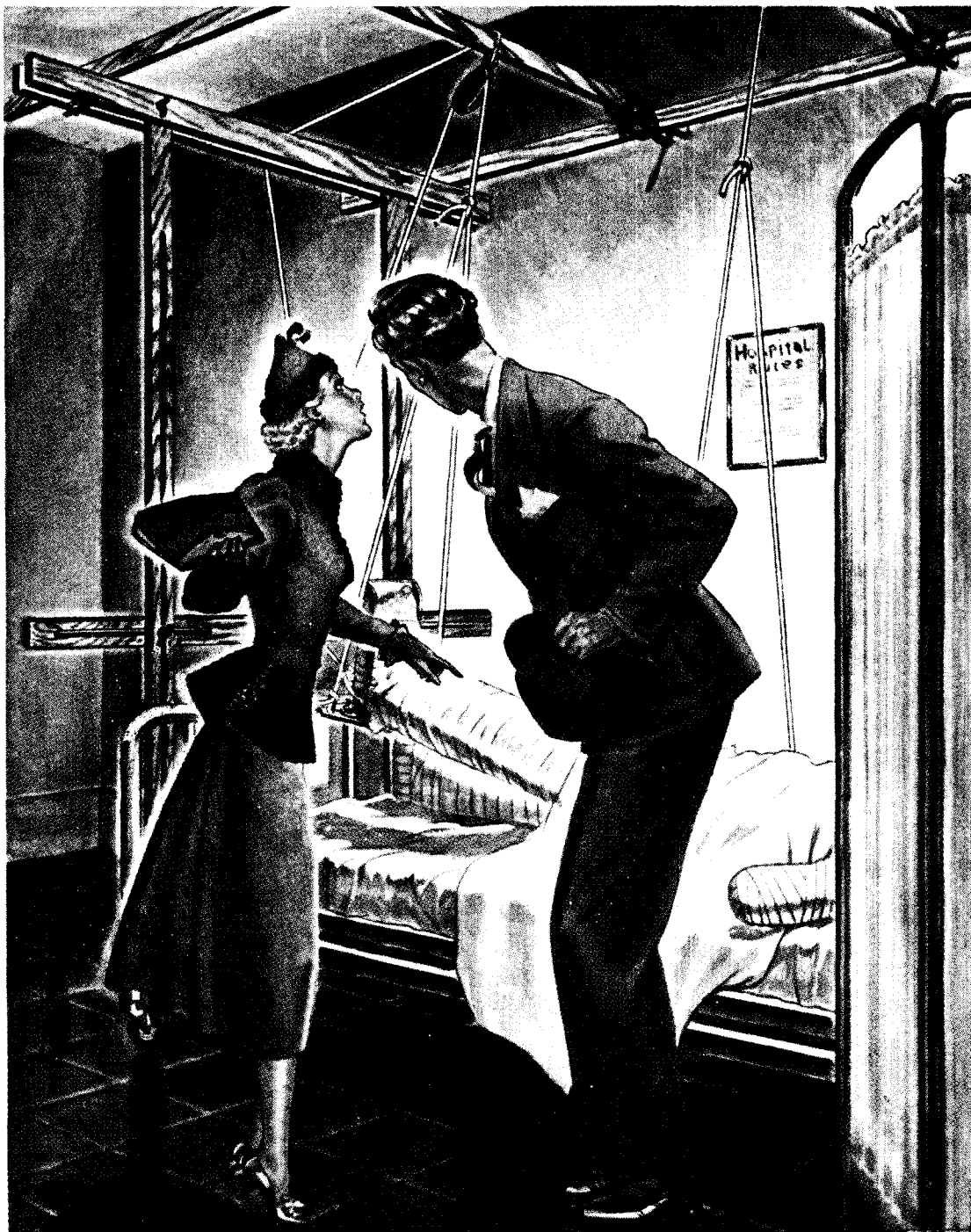
"Oh, we'll keep an eye on Tortoni," Captain Enright said.

"How about that count?" asked Miss Day. "How about him?"

"I believe you've put your finger on it, Miss," said the captain gallantly. "Yes, sir. I believe you have."

"We're tryin' to find him," said Slocum.

(To be continued next week)



"George, doesn't this remind you of the time you called me Mimi in your sleep?"

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HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe - Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Keep Your Nose Down

Continued from page 17

like a king until you decide that now you're up, you might as well come down and see if you can do it."

Well, that's how I feel right now. I've been off the ground a long time, and I'm trying to come in for a decent three-point landing, but I'm afraid of that stall that comes so easy when you've pulled the throttle back and lost your forward motion, and every air current is a hazard you've got to correct for as you come in for a landing. Pardon my crash.

Anyhow. The day I'm thinking about was punk to begin with. There was no wind, the air was dead, and there was a light mist and no horizon. Another thing to remember is that we have no beacon at the field. No radio beam, I mean. Politics. You know? The mayor had been trying to get the Municipal field accepted as the eastern terminus for the air mail for a long time, but the only transport ship that ever landed on the Muni was the Boston plane. The boys across the river had all the pull with the government, I guess, so rather than spend any money till he saw money coming in, the mayor never had a radio beam installed. The Boston ship came in by dead reckoning, plus a two-way radio-telephone system that never failed to work. Another thing in our favor was the fact that there was a much lower percentage of fog at the Muni than they had across the river, and since there weren't a lot of ships coming in—only that one a day—a beacon would have been a big expense with no return.

WELL, about quarter to three Chuck comes strolling out of Hangar 5 with a couple of grease monkeys behind him, wheeling out the Fleet he'd reconditioned.

"Well, I'm off," he said.

"I know it," I said, "but where are you off to this time?"

"I'm gonna buzz out over New York," he said, "and hang around somewhere over Spuyten Duyvil till I see Mary's ship coming in and escort it."

"That'll be a big help, I'm sure," I said. "The boys in No. 1 have always been yapping about having nobody to meet 'em; they're sort of lonesome. Seeing you waiting there will give them a lot of courage."

"Aw," Chuck said, grinning, "you're kidding." Fancy that! Anyhow, he climbed into the cockpit like he was Clyde Pangborn about to make a transatlantic hop, or maybe Lee Gehlbach going out to dive-test a ship.

"Off," he says to the grease monkey, and the kid said, "Contact."

"Contact," Chuck says, and the kid spun the prop, the motor coughed and caught on and the kid had to jump for it because the dumb fool had left the throttle at more than halfway open and the ship rolled forward like it was chasing him.

"Hey!" I yelled. "Warm it up, you damned fool! Warm it up!" But he couldn't hear me, or maybe he didn't want to hear me. He waved his arm and taxied out onto the runway, shoved the throttle open the rest of the way and started hell-bent for leather toward the bay. I thought he'd never pick the thing off the concrete, and from where I was standing I could see that he must have been able to see the ground over the nose; he had the nose down that far. I watched, and then the ship jumped into the air like a jack rabbit, went into a steep climbing turn and I closed my eyes. More amateurs have been killed that way than any other, you know, especially when they take off with a cold motor, but God was kind to that Lucky

Lindy of ours; nothing ever happened to him. In the four years he'd been flying, he'd broken every rule the Bureau of Air Commerce could sit up nights thinking up, as well as every rule for safe and easy flying. He'd come in and cut off guys taking off; he'd take off and cut off guys coming in; he'd make his jerky take-offs and landings, loops and rolls and spins as though he were handling a pneumatic drill instead of a sensitive piece of machinery that might come apart in his hands. He was like the drunk who can fall out of windows without spraining an ankle. Maybe God was saving him for Mary McCarthy (that's bitterness for you).

ANYHOW, when I opened my eyes, he was way upstairs and streaking for lower Manhattan, and I went back inside Hangar 5 to finish setting the valves on Doc Matthew's monocoque. When I got through and came out it was dark outside, and right away my heart went into my throat.

The soup was rolling in from off the bay like nothing you've ever seen; in ten minutes you couldn't see fifteen feet in

"I got enough to get in," the voice said, "and nothing more." Then we didn't hear from him again for a time. We looked outdoors; you couldn't see the apron; we shook our heads and the dispatcher said, "What about it, One? Muni calling One," but there was no answer. He sat at the mike and I went outdoors. A bunch of the boys were standing around, huddled close together like I imagine people stand when they're expecting an air raid. They looked pretty glum, and scuffed the gravel with their toes. They cocked their heads and listened, and then the dispatcher raised the window of the office and we could see his white face framed in the dark square. His mouth opened and he said, "He's coming in. He's going to hang around till just before she conks and try it. I called the hospital. They got four ambulances coming out now."

We looked at each other and looked at the ground. We cocked our heads to listen, and we could hear the two Wasps droning overhead. A nutty phrase kept going through my head, "So near but yet so far," I kept hearing; "so near but yet so far." I thought of Mary McCarthy,

and he disappeared into the soup and we heard him land just as the transport, like the Leviathan looming out of the night, broke the stuff fifty feet ahead and pancaked to a landing with the brakes shrieking and went over onto its nose. The scream of sirens sounded and the ambulances came onto the field; the door of the transport opened and out stepped Mary McCarthy, as cool as a cucumber in August, and, reaching back, she handed out the passengers, who had to jump down and hope they didn't bust an ankle. Three of them passed out the minute they hit the ground, and they were all men.

Frank McCall, the pilot, jumped out and stared wildly around as we ran up, grabbed his hand and nearly jerked it from its socket. "Where is he?" he was yelling, "where is he? Gee, I want to see him!"

"Who?" we yelled; we all yelled as if we were hard of hearing.

"There he is!" Mary screamed, and abandoning the three passed-out passengers on the damp ground, she started running past us toward Chuck, who was strolling toward the ship, a grin on his face and his red hair standing on end like it always has.

"My hero!" she shrieks, and faints in his arms, comes to right away and falls on his neck, like they say in the books.

FRANK MCCALL came running up on shaky pins, and grabbed Chuck's arm with both hands and pumped it up and down.

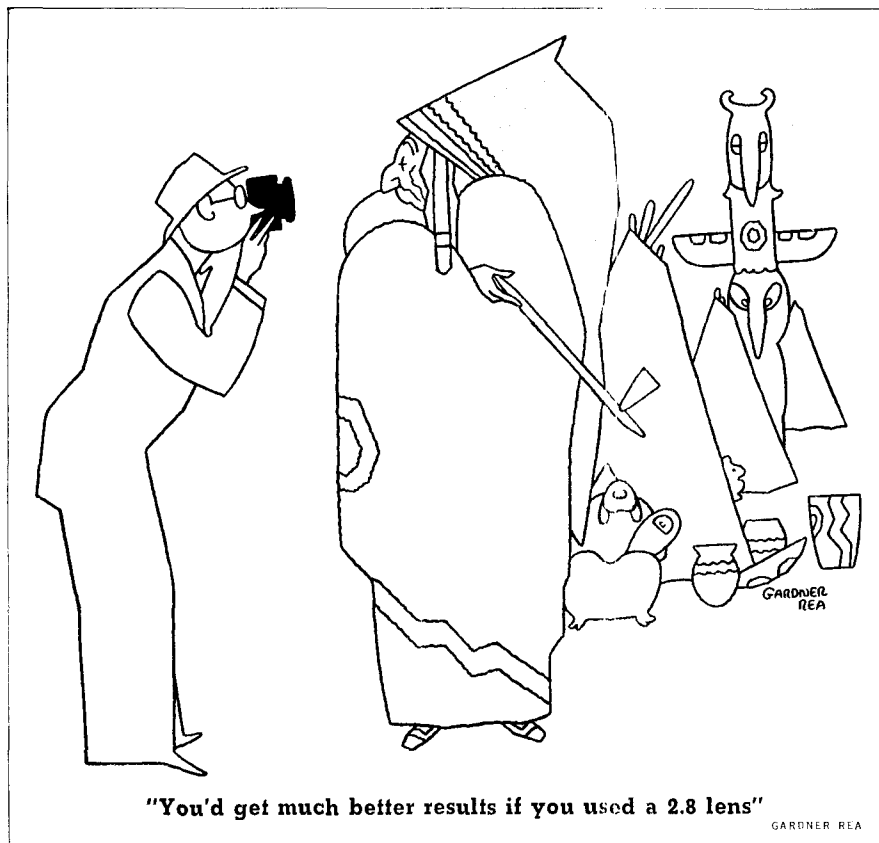
"That took guts!" he shouted. "That took more guts than anything I've seen done in fifteen years of flying!" He pounded Chuck on the back till the kid was coughing, and Mary started kissing him again, and the passengers crowded around and said, "Hero, hero, hero, hero," like a chorus.

"What's it all about?" we asked, and Frank said, "Why, this damned little fool, you know what he did? Didn't you know what he did? You mean to tell me you don't know what he did?" His voice sounded like a cracked phonograph record with the needle stuck in the groove. He couldn't stand still, like a kid that wants to leave the room.

"He came up to meet us," Frank says. "When he knew we couldn't get down, he came upstairs, took his life in his hands and guided us in, the damned fool! I saw him. I saw him just off my port wing. He was spiraling around in front of me, showing me the way. I'd lose him for a minute, but he stuck close to me; he'd stick her down a little and level off, and stick her down a little and level off; Lord, I thought I'd lose him, but I had nothing to lose; I thought we were a sure washout, but I kept finding him or he kept finding me and before you knew it, he'd got us down. That was the damndest fool stunt any man has done since the Wrights went upstairs in a box kite."

"Hero," Mary was saying, "heroherohero," and crying and laughing and fainting and coming to.

I looked at Chuck with maybe a supercilious grin on my face. He grinned back at me. He didn't say a thing; he let them pound him on the back; he was standing with about \$1,500 in bills in his hands that the passengers were forking over like he was Jesse James with a gun at their backs, and he was letting them think he'd come up purposely to get them down. Mary kissed him; one of those gooey things like the movies specialize in. I gave her a dirty look behind her back. I wasn't sore; I was just hurt, that's all.



front of your face. I wasn't worried about Chuck; he'd drop through it somewhere; and if he didn't, he could always bail out and land on the Rainbow Room in Radio City. But No. 1 was coming in from Boston with Mary McCarthy and some fourteen passengers. I ran to the operations office, and was just in time to hear the dispatcher saying, "Calling Flight One; Muni calling Flight One; Muni calling Flight One," and hear the transport answer: "Flight One calling Muni; Flight One calling Muni." "All right, Flight One," the dispatcher said. He looked up at me and shook his head.

"How is it?" No. 1 said.

"Bad," the dispatcher said; "try Newark."

and I felt pretty sick. We bit our lips and nearly busted our eyes looking and looking and seeing nothing but that gray stuff everywhere, in front, around us, overhead, stuff that meant death. "Nuts to it," I said. The other boys looked at me and looked away. "Keep your nose down," Art Shields said.

THEN we heard it; over the drone of the Wasps we heard the Fleet, and we started running out onto the field. "Keep back," Art yelled. "You damn fools, keep back!" We stopped and our eyes nearly popped out of our heads with looking; we heard the Wasps and we heard Chuck's Fleet; it was all around us; directly overhead, to the right, left, almost under our feet.

Out of the soup the Fleet came skirling like a ghost, side-slipping like hell and out of control. We could see Chuck standing up in the cockpit and for once he didn't have a grin on his face; then we saw him yank the wings back level



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Smart Girl

Continued from page 19

heard Eric and his father quarreling with Zorane. Then you saw Eric and his father leave Zorane's apartment and sneak down the hall to the service stairway. It's all you have to say. You won't even have to say it. You'll only have to verify it when Barney says it. Will you do that to save Barney?"

"Does Barney know?"

"Not yet. Go about your affairs. It doesn't matter what you do. Stay with the Larsens or not."

"When will it happen?"

"As soon as I can arrange everything."

"Here?"

"I don't know. It doesn't matter. Don't worry, darling. Everything will come out all right. All I want is your assurance that, when the time comes, you will stand by Barney."

SHE was almost crying. "You know I will."

"I hoped you would. Go back to the party now. Tell Barney I want to see him. It's important that no one else knows I'm here. You'd better go to the powder room. Keep your chin up. Tell Barney nothing."

"All right."

Sally opened the door and got out. She was so weak she could hardly stand. She clung to the door a moment, taking long breaths. She pushed herself away, swayed a little and walked unsteadily toward the clubhouse.

Trying to think about last night, try-

ing to think at all with this horrible tightness in her brain, she recalled how Barney had looked and acted when they reached the sidewalk outside Zorane's apartment; how terrible, how white his face was, with that bruise under the eye, where, she supposed, Zorane had struck him; and the savage violence with which he had got rid of her, pushing her into the taxicab. He had not known he had killed Zorane, or he would not have been so violent with her. He would have been terrified.

She was beginning to think of questions she should have asked Van Arden. She had never trusted him. His whole story might be a lie. He was altogether too clever. Even if he were telling the truth, she didn't trust him. He was too devious. He lost sight of danger; he forgot other people's cleverness when he got into these elaborate schemes.

What frightened her most was Eric. He might be too clever for Van Arden.

She went into the powder room and looked at herself in strong white light. She looked ghastly, with a brittle light in her eyes, which were staring and a pale steel-blue. Her make-up was in ruins. Her color was gray.

She sat down and tried to force herself to be calm. She could not face the senator or Barney or anyone, looking like this. But looks depended on your state of mind, and her mind was chaotic.

Sally washed her face with cold water, then rubbed it with a towel to stimulate

circulation, but her blood was somewhere else. She made up as best she could and returned to the terrace.

She did not see Barney at first. Coral was dancing with the sullen-looking boy again. She saw Barney on the stag line and made her way to his side. His face was flushed from dancing. He was half-smiling.

Sally said, "Barney."

He turned and looked at her. His smile went away and his eyebrows went up. "What's the matter with you?" he said sharply. "Are you sick?"

SALLY glanced about, making sure no one would hear. "Van Arden is outside. He wants to see you at once."

"What's happened?"

She looked at his eyes steadily, and she was suddenly faint and dizzy again. "He'll tell you. He's sitting in the third car from the end of the east porch."

"It must be pretty bad."

Sally bit her lip. "It is. You'd better go."

She watched him go, the easy swing of his wide shoulders. Everything was glassy. She turned to look for a chair and saw Eric coming toward her. His eyes looked black. He took her by the elbow, and suddenly most of her weight was resting on his arm.

He said sternly, "What's the matter, Sally? Is it Barney?"

"No."

"Are you ill?"

"No."

The amber floodlights seemed to be growing dim. Eric's face was growing vague. She forced herself to concentrate on it. It was strange. She had never seen it so tense. She wondered if he had heard about Zorane. Something had happened to him, too.

"We're going home," he said. "Where's the senator?"

She heard her voice say, "I don't know," but even in her own ears it was a faint trailing of sound.

"You'd better take my arm. You're going to faint."

"I won't faint," she whispered. But she took his arm.

The senator was sitting at the table, waiting for her. He looked up at Sally, then got up quickly and said, "My dear child, what's the matter?"

"Too much excitement," Eric said. "We're going home."

"But we haven't talked to Coral," his father protested. "You two run along. I'll stay. I want to have a talk with that girl."

"I'd feel better if you were both home," Eric said. "I may have to go to New York."

"Tonight?" his father barked.

"Yes."

"What's going on?"

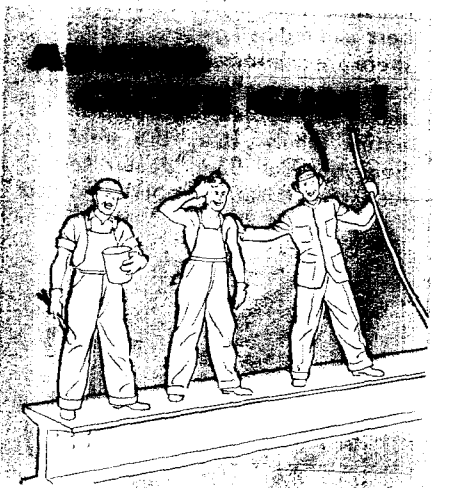
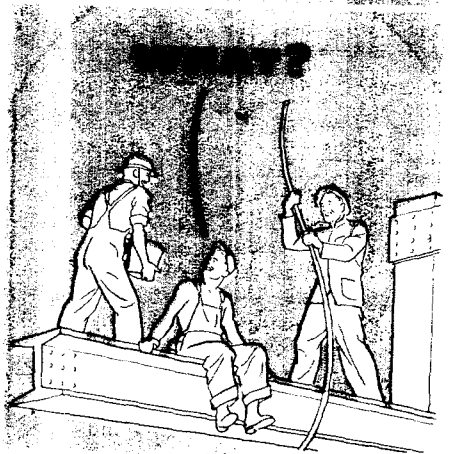
"I don't know. That's the trouble."

THEY went to the parking lot and found Eric's roadster. Eric drove and Sally sat between the two men. As they started, the senator said in a vexed voice, "What's the matter with you two? Is something going on I don't know about? Don't tell me you've been quarreling. I won't tolerate it."

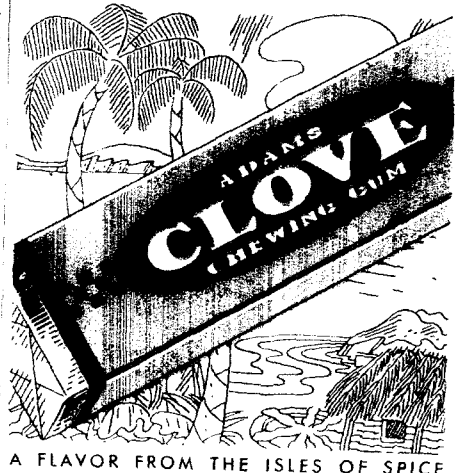
"We haven't been quarreling," Eric said. "I'm worried about Featherly. He should have called me this morning. He hasn't called yet. I'm afraid something's happened."

The senator said impatiently, "Now, now, stop worrying. Featherly is all right. He wasn't born yesterday."

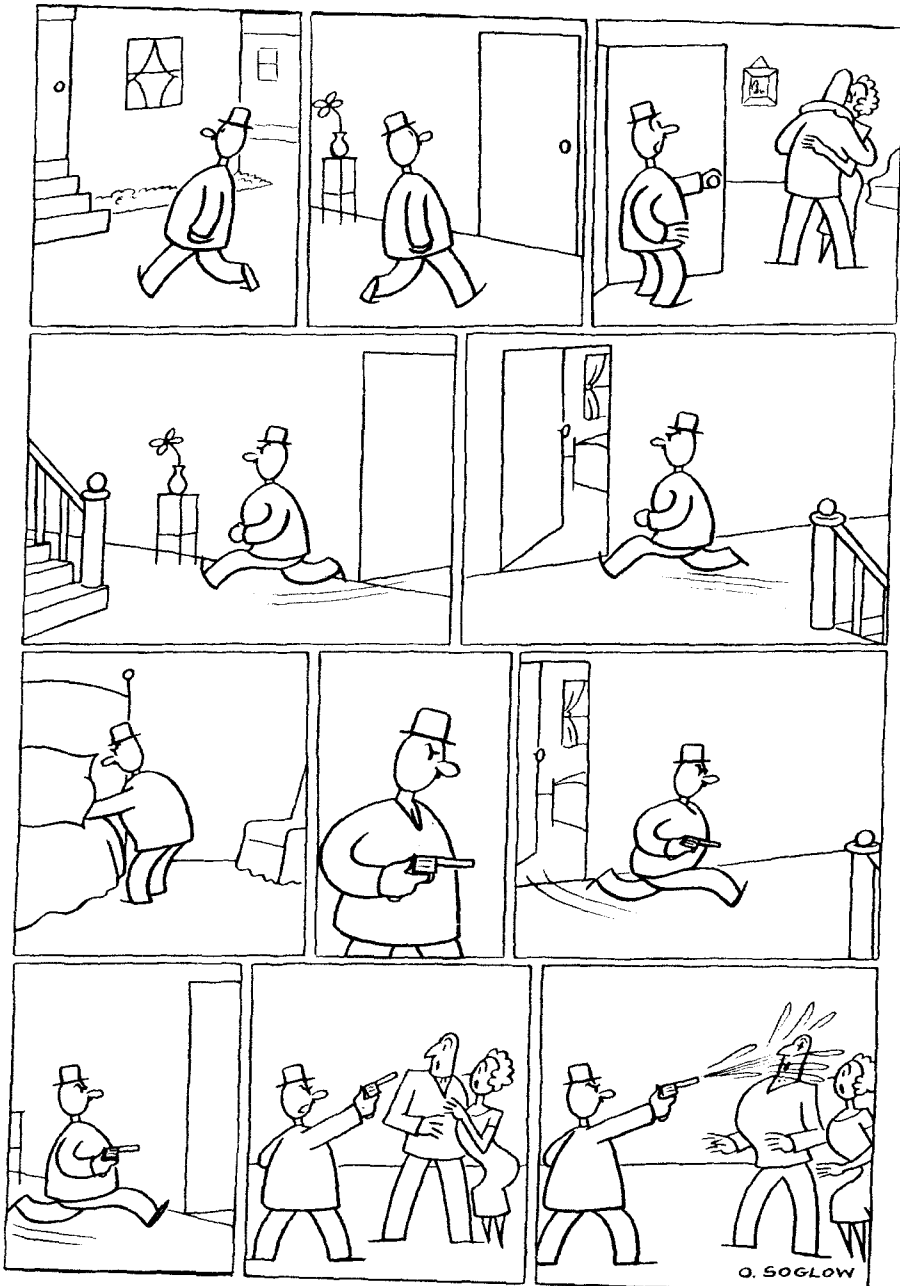
Sally's heart was in a panic again. She had forgotten about Featherly. He had let her into Zorane's apartment last



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night. He had certainly been there when Barney killed Zorane. Featherly apparently was one of the senator's undercover men. How could Van Arden possibly blame Eric and the senator for the murder when Featherly was there all the time? Somehow, she had to warn Barney or Van Arden.

She said, with dismay, "Eric, I've got to go back. I left my bag in the powder room."

He said curtly, "Can't go back. I'll phone the club."

"I'll phone the club," she said.

The senator sat forward. "Did you tell him about Kresco?"

"No, Senator."

Eric said sharply, "What about Kresco?"

"He's a snake in the grass. He's a ridiculous fool! He came all the way out here to accuse Sally of being the girl we're looking for."

Eric said mildly, "What did he say?"

"That's what he said. Sally and I were about to have a drink when a steward said he was in the lounge. We went in there and that slimy fool said Sally was the girl. He called her a foxy little dame. He said she was Van Arden's errand girl."

"What did you tell him?"

"Harrumph! I told him he was a blithering idiot. He wasn't drunk. He's up to something, Eric. Do you suppose he's siding with Van Arden? What do you suppose his game is?"

"It's very mystifying," Eric said.

"Listen, Dad, and take it easy. They finally got the alligator briefcase."

GUY VAN ARDEN opened the car door and said, "Get in, Barney. I've got some bad news for you, Barney; very bad."

The reporter got in and closed the door. He tried to see Van Arden's face, but there was not enough light.

"What's all this mystery about?" he said impatiently. "Sally looked as if she'd just seen a ghost."

"She had, Barney. Did she tell you why I'm here?"

"No."

"You went to Zorane's apartment last night."

Barney said with surprise, "Why, yes."

"You had a row with him. You took a punch at him."

"I certainly did. And if he doesn't like it, I'll take another punch at him!"

"I'm afraid you won't, Barney. You see, he never recovered from it."

Barney said softly, "Oh, my God."

"I've been watching Zorane, as you know. Last night, one of my men, stationed at a window across the street with field glasses, saw you go in and slug him. He saw everything, Barney. When you left, Zorane was lying on the floor. You thought he was merely knocked out. He was dead. You didn't wait to investigate."

Barney let out his breath softly. He couldn't speak for a moment. He was as limp, as breathless, as if he had been struck in the solar plexus. The sensation was, in fact, very much the same. There was a sensation of numbness all about that area. His face was suddenly covered with sweat. It ran down his forehead and down his nose and cheeks and dripped off.

He said presently, in a sick voice, "Well, what a nice spot. Murder!"

"Yes, Barney."

"You told Sally."

"I had to tell her. We have to get you out of it."

Barney expelled his breath noisily. "What are you talking about?"

"The spot you're on. The police don't know about it yet. In about an hour, one of my men in New York will notify them. You see, since it happened, since a little after two last night, I've been trying to think of a way out for you."

"Why?" Barney said hoarsely. "Why the hell should you bother about me?"

"Keep your head and I'll explain. I have nothing against you. I have plenty against Senator Larsen. He's a lime-light thief, a headline grabber. He rushed into this investigation with all his stupidity. He didn't want to investigate alien labor racketeering activities in this country; he wanted to stir up a stink that would waft him into political prominence. The whole purpose of this investigation is to find a goat. I'm the goat. Perhaps I have made mistakes. The fact remains, he's a thorn in my side."

"What has that got to do with Zorane's being dead?"

"I'm trying to tell you."

"Do you think you can frame him? You're nuts."

"Take it easy, Barney. Let me do the talking for a moment. The senator and that smart son of his would stoop to any-

night, then I'll show you just how it can be changed to suit our purposes. Sally went in. You came a few minutes later. Sally went out. You stayed behind and killed Zorane. You came out and joined her. Where was she?"

"In the hall by the elevator."

"VERY well. Now I want your assurance. Are you willing to frame the senator and his son, to clear yourself of the slightest connection with the murder?"

"Absolutely!"

"Then your story is this: You and Sally did not go into Zorane's at all. You got only as far as his apartment door. You heard the senator and Eric quarreling with Zorane. You and Sally went up the hall to the elevator. You saw the senator and Eric come out and sneak down the hall. That's all. The police will establish the time of Zorane's death at about two o'clock."



"Poor Joe hasn't had a minute to himself since people discovered they could open bottles on him!"

GEORGE LICHTY

thing to smear me across the front pages. It's all they want. Obviously, I don't want to be smeared across the front pages. It's possible to smear them across the front pages instead. Frankly, it's the one thing I want to do. Since you killed Zorane last night, I've been thinking about nothing else."

"You can't swing it."

"I'm going to swing it. By putting them on the receiving end of a murder charge, they'll lose all interest in me. By helping me, you'll save your skin and I'll save my reputation. That's my proposal."

"Keep it coming."

"You'll have to help. So will Sally."

BARNEY was still breathing rapidly.

"What did she say?"

"She will help. She loves you enough to do anything for you. So does Coral Mayberry."

"What has she got to do with this?"

"I'll come to her in a moment. Your job is the biggest. It's going to be your job to put this on the front page of the Morning Star. You're working there now, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Let me reconstruct what happened at Zorane's apartment last

"Wait a minute. How about their alibis?"

"I have taken pains to establish that Senator Larsen has no alibi for last night, from one-thirty on. He went to the Savoy-Carlinton, and he went to bed. It's going to be awfully hard for him to prove that."

"Don't forget that Eric lives in the same building as Zorane."

"I'm not forgetting anything. He was in bed in his apartment."

"How about the elevator man and the doorman?"

"You saw Eric and the senator go down the hall to the service stairway. They didn't use the elevator. The senator came and went by the back way."

"Let me think about this," Barney said. "There mustn't be a loophole."

"There isn't a loophole," Van Arden said. "I've gone over and over every detail."

Barney suddenly groaned. "Wait a minute! You've overlooked an eyewitness. Zorane's valet! He was there. I saw him."

"We'll discuss that later, Barney. There's something very strange about it, and I'm having my men investigate. You see, the valet did not report the murder to the police. My men made in-

quiries. Early this morning, Zorane's valet was picked up with a crushed skull in Central Park."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

Barney uttered a whistling sigh of relief. "How do you account for it?"

"I don't, Barney. In Zorane's business—he was actually nothing more nor less than a spy—mysterious things happen. They often don't bear looking into. But it fits our plans perfectly. We can assume—as the police will later assume—that this valet saw the senator and Eric killing Zorane, and they did away with him."

Barney said reflectively, "Yes. Yes, that's not bad. How about a motive?"

"There is a ready-made motive. Did you know that Zorane and the senator were both in love with the same woman—a night-club girl named Lolita Monterey? Coral Mayberry knows Lolita Monterey was Zorane's mistress and that the senator was having an affair with her. Obviously, he killed Zorane over Lolita. Lolita will swear there was bad feeling between the two men over her."

"Wait a minute, Van. Is Coral Mayberry in on this?"

"She's going to be."

"Not to know that I killed Zorane!"

"BARNEY, tell me honestly, are you aware that Coral Mayberry is in love with you?"

"I wasn't sure of it."

"You can be very sure of it. You've been going around with her for the past couple of years. You're about the only person left in New York who isn't aware of it. She'd cut off her arm for you."

"I'm not so sure."

"I'm sure. I've sounded her out. And this morning she telephoned the senator, asking him why he didn't drop Lolita Monterey. She will testify that she saw the senator and Lolita in a Harlem night club on his last trip to New York."

"Wait a minute. You know how the police are when prominent people are tangled up in a homicide case."

"You have nothing," Van Arden said, "to worry about."

"All right. Let's worry about this. You want this smeared all over tomorrow morning's Star. City editors have been known to be skeptical. Keep it plausible."

"Do you remember Lolita Monterey coming to your table last night in the Hey Nonny No Club and intimating, before all of you, that she and the senator were at least old friends?"

"Yes."

"Very well. You went to see Zorane, having heard that Lolita was his mistress, checking up this old friendship with the senator. Will your city editor find that implausible?"

"Not if I can back it up."

"A half hour before my man phones, tipping off the police, he will also phone Lolita Monterey at the Hey Nonny No. She will rent a car and come at once to the Larsens'."

"What makes you think she will?"

"My dear fellow, she will. She will have nothing in her mind but denouncing the senator for killing her lover. We will already be there."

"You mean, you're going to stage this?"

"It must be staged. For the purposes of your story, it must be properly staged."

"Wait a minute, Van Arden. It's too quick. It won't hold water."

"What more can you ask, Barney? You'll get statements from the senator, Eric, Sally, Lolita and Miss Mayberry. Miss Mayberry will give your story tone. The most trifling things she does get her into the headlines. You'll have a story that should make page one of every newspaper in the country. If it doesn't

hold water, it will muddy the water. It will distract attention from you. It will becloud the whole issue. Senator Larsen may not come to trial. It doesn't matter. All I want is the story smeared over the front pages of the entire country. It will break Senator Larsen. That's what I get out of it. What you get out of it, if you're clever, is your life. Let's have your objections, then I'll talk to Miss Mayberry."

HARRY SEIFERT was sitting in the desk chair in the senator's study with a witch-hazel compress on the top of his head.

"I was just sitting here smoking," he said. "Whoever it was must have crawled through that window, or come in from the porch. I didn't hear a sound. Next thing I knew, I was lying on the floor on my face and the briefcase was gone. As soon as I could get off the floor, I phoned you."

The senator said furiously: "How the devil did they get into that safe?"

Harry was looking at the floor. "It wasn't in the safe," he muttered. "I took it out. There was something in there I wanted to check up. I was checking it up when it happened."

"There goes the work of two months," the senator said wearily.

"Gee, I'm sorry, Senator. I didn't think they'd have the nerve to bust in here, especially with Jim Bothero outside."

Eric said, "Where is Jim?"

"He was supposed to be out there. But he isn't there now."

"Any word from Featherly?"

Harry Seifert rolled his eyes slowly. He glanced at Sally, made a faint grimace, and said, "No, sir."

Eric picked up the phone and called his apartment. Douglas promptly answered.

"Did Mr. Featherly call?"

"No, sir. Only Mr. Polgreen called, asking if you'd read his play."

Eric hung up the receiver and said, "Harry, I've got to try Zorane's apartment. Something's wrong."

"Yes, sir," Harry said. "I'd advise it."

Sally slipped out of the study. She went upstairs to her room and cautiously lifted the receiver from her telephone. She wanted to call the country club, but she suspected that the extension in her room might be connected with the study.

It was. She heard Eric's voice giving a New York number. She heard the number being rung. And she heard Eric say presently, in a weary voice, "No answer."

A MOMENT later she heard a door slam. She ran to her window and saw Eric getting into his roadster. He was, she supposed, going to New York to find out what was wrong at Zorane's. She ran back to the telephone, looked up the country club's number and called it. She asked the steward who answered to find Mr. Teel.

She sat on the edge of the bed and drooped over the telephone. She bit her lip and listened to the faint sounds of music. She listened to the thumping of her heart and she wondered dismally where all this would end. The suspense of waiting was making her frantic.

Then Barney's voice, quite firm and cheery, said hello.

She gasped, "Barney! Oh, darling, I'm at the Larsens'," and paused. "Did you have a nice talk?"

"Oh, yes."

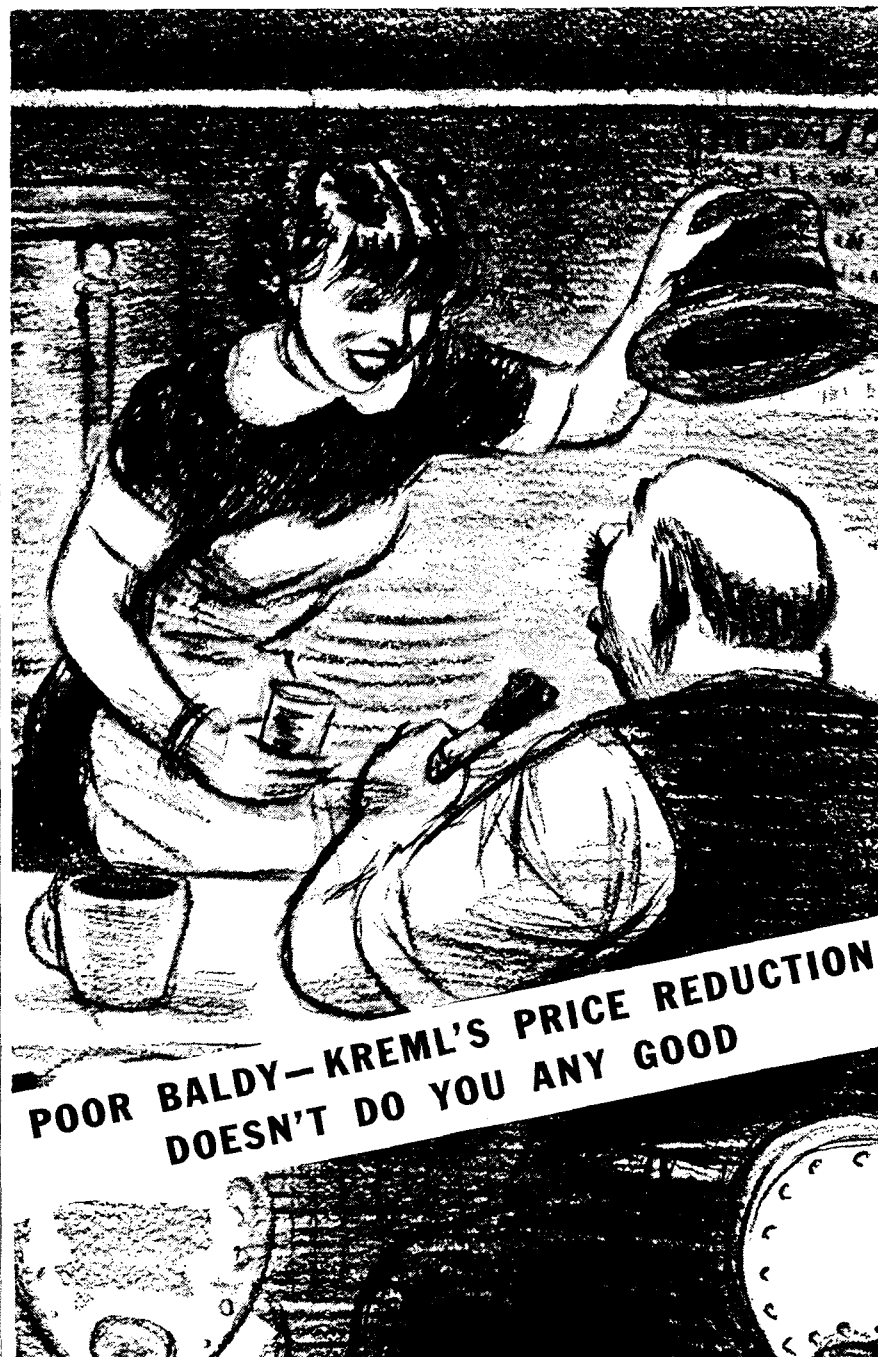
"Is everything going to work out all right?"

"Yes. Everything's fine, Sal."

"I was just wondering about the servant problem."

"Yes. Everything's all right."

"I don't see how it can be. Are you sure?"



ONCE you're bald, it's too late for anything but a wig. But if you want to keep your hair and keep it neat, you'd better check up. Is your forehead getting deeper and is dandruff shedding on your coat collar and lapels? If the answer to either or both of these is yes, then you'd better head for a drug store and Kreml.

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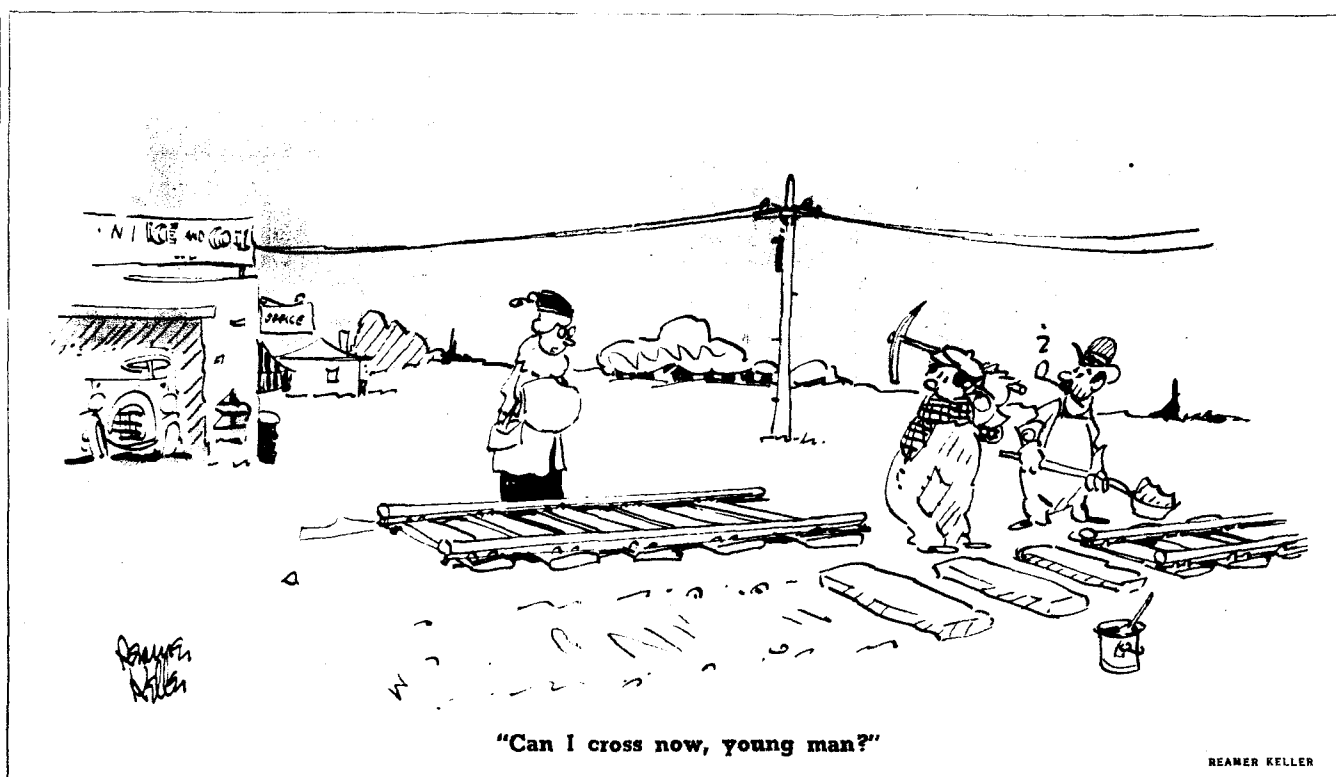
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"What? Oh, I see. Oh, that's all attended to."

"I don't believe I'll be back. Eric has just left for New York."

"That's all right. I'll see you."

"Goodby, darling."

When he had hung up, she listened until the operator cut in. She was sure their conversation hadn't been heard by anyone in the house.

She went downstairs. The senator and Harry were still in the study. The senator said, "Well, my dear, Eric has gone to New York. He's worried about Featherly. I'm afraid your party wasn't much fun."

Harry was staring at her. He had very clear blue eyes that had a way of staring at her.

She said, "I really wasn't feeling very well."

The senator was smoking a cigar. He looked at her with solicitude, then smiled and looked at Harry, who was still staring with a cynical expression at Sally.

"Harry, a very mysterious thing happened at the club, and I've been trying to figure it out ever since. Pop Kresco came all the way out from New York and accused Miss Porter of being Van Arden's errand girl."

"Is that so?" Harry said in a flat voice.

THE senator frowned at him. "What do you mean—is that so?"

"Well—" Harry was looking at the senator's cigar. He had an embarrassed air. "That certainly is a surprise, isn't it?"

"The man's a blithering idiot! If there hadn't been something behind it, it would have been absolutely insulting."

"Yeah," Harry said, in the same flat tone, still looking at Senator Larsen's cigar. "It is insulting, isn't it?"

The senator said belligerently, "Certainly, it's insulting. What's the matter with you, Harry?"

"Me? Why, not a thing, Senator."

"Well, what do you suppose was behind it? Do you suppose he's in with Van Arden?"

Harry's eyes had an owl's look. One of his eyebrows was well up, and the other was down. "Sure, Senator, sure. Anything you say."

The senator was staring at him with a bristling air. "What in Sam Hill's the matter with you?"

Harry's face became red. His expression was that of a man troubled and uncertain. His eyes came up and he blurted, "Maybe it ain't so insulting."

The senator sent Sally a glance of concern. He looked at Harry's flushed, sullen face. "Did that knock on the head drive all your wits out?" he blustered.

Harry squared his lips. "It's true," he said defiantly. "She is. She's the dame you've been tearing New York apart to find."

The senator said explosively, "Sally!"

SALLY was looking at Harry Seifert with amazement. "The man must be crazy."

"Of course he's crazy!" The senator took a quick grip on his cigar.

"Yeah," Harry said, sliding his eyes from side to side. "Sure, I'm crazy. And I'm talking out of turn. Eric said not to tell you because he was handling her part in it personally." He looked boldly at Sally. "Personally!" he snorted. "It's got too personal, if anybody should ask me. It's about time you started handling her, while there's a chance to do something, if there is a chance." He stopped. He was breathing hard.

"Go on!" the senator barked. "Go on!"

"Because Eric's nuts about her," Harry said resentfully. "And she's a snake in the grass. Ask her where she was two weeks ago Friday! Ask her who took the dough to Max Argyle! Ask her who delivered the interne suit to Zorane! Ask her how Van Arden slips the dope to his field men! Ask her that!"

"How? How?"

"In that column of hers, in code! Ask Featherly! Ask Eric! Just because he's fallen for this dame, he's been gumming the works for you all along the line. He said, 'Don't tell the senator.' All right, I didn't tell you. But it's time to tell you. I'm an honest man and I'm on your pay roll and I ain't used to double-crossing the people I work for."

Harry stopped. He swallowed. He was looking at the senator's fierce eyes with defiance.

The senator said quietly, "All right, Harry. You can leave us alone."

Harry swallowed again. He looked defiantly at Sally. With his defiant eyes, his mouth set hard at a slant and with the witch-hazel compress on top of his head, he was a little ludicrous.

"Well," he said stubbornly, "I had to say it."

"Run along, Harry."

When he was gone, the senator turned heavily to Sally. She said miserably, "Yes, it's true. I'm the girl you've been looking for."

The senator, pale and shaken, put his cigar carefully on the edge of an ash tray. He sat down, lowering himself into a chair with his hands on the arms.

He pressed his mustache with one hand and said in a shaken voice, "This is a terrible blow to me, Sally. I'm terribly grieved. I'm terribly shocked."

Sally bit her lip and looked at her hands. He lifted his head slowly and looked up at her. "Aren't you going to say anything?"

She answered in a voice that was hardly audible, "There's no use my trying to say anything."

"But you're a nice girl. You're such a fine young person. I can't believe it."

"There's nothing for me to say. There's no use my trying to say anything. I'm the girl you've been looking for, and now it's up to you."

He stood up and said grimly, "Sally, you know how I've felt about you. I'm terribly fond of you. But you know what I said at the Hey Nonny No Club last night. I said, no matter who the girl is—"

"Yes, I know."

"I've got to put you under arrest."

"Of course."

He looked at her a moment longer and his face got very red. "Well, I don't understand it. But you! And Eric! My own son, deliberately—" He stopped and glared at her.

The butler came in. "Miss Mayberry is calling with a Mr. Teel and a Mr. Van Arden, sir. Shall I show them in here?"

"Well!" the senator gasped. "You mean, they're here?"

"Yes, Senator."

THE senator picked up his smoldering cigar, jammed it into the corner of his mouth and clamped his teeth on it. His head was thrown up. With the cigar at that angle, his eyebrows bushing, his hands clasped behind him, he looked fierce and warlike.

"Certainly!" he barked. "Show them in!"

He looked at Sally. She walked over to the settee and sat down on it with her hands in her lap. "What's this?" he said. "A gang-up?"

Sally did not meet his eyes. "I don't know, Senator."

Eric parked his roadster in front of the tall white apartment building and went in. He went to his apartment, on the nineteenth floor. Douglas let him in.

Eric said, "Has Featherly called?"

"No, sir. But Fort Bend, Indiana, has

been calling. You're to ask for Operator Three."

Eric dialed Zorane's number. He counted the ringing signal ten times, then hung up. He went out the back way, and down the service stairs to the fifth floor. He let himself into the kitchen of Zorane's apartment with the duplicate key Featherly had given him. The apartment was warm and stuffy, and all the lights seemed to be on. He saw the empty Bourbon bottle on the drainboard, and the black streak which ran along the linoleum floor from the dining-room door to the back door. He tiptoed to the swinging door, pushed it open a few inches and looked across the dining room and into the living room.

He pushed the door open the rest of the way and crossed the dining room and looked down at the dead labor agitator. He muttered, "So this is it." He walked into the adjoining bedroom, then returned to the kitchen and looked into the servant's room.

The black mark on the linoleum puzzled him. He turned to the kitchen, got down on hands and knees and inspected the long black streak.

He looked at his watch, let himself out the way he had come and climbed the service stairs to the nineteenth floor. Douglas was waiting for him in the kitchen, looking anxious.

"Is anything wrong, sir?"

"Plenty. Mix me a Scotch highball."

Eric went into the living room.

Where, he wondered, was Featherly? If Featherly knew about the murder, he would have tried to get in touch with Eric or the senator immediately. His failure to do so could mean only that Featherly was dead or a prisoner. A prisoner, Eric wondered, of whom?

He thought of the black streak running along the linoleum floor from the swinging door to the service door. It could have been caused by a recently blacked leather heel being dragged along the floor—the heel of a dead man's shoe.

ERIC thought about it a moment longer, then picked up the telephone and dialed Police Headquarters, asked for the Missing Persons Bureau. To the sergeant in charge, Eric said:

"This is Eric Larsen, Senator Larsen's son. I am speaking officially for the senator. One of his bodyguards has been missing since last night. His name is John Featherly. Age, forty-eight. Height, five feet seven. Stocky build. Brown hair turning gray, slightly bald on top. Brown eyes. Gold crown on one of his left front teeth. Small, diamond-shaped scar on right ear lobe."

The sergeant said, "I'll check it, Mr. Larsen. Call me back in ten minutes."

The telephone began to ring a moment after he had put it down. "Answer it," he said.

Douglas did. "It's Fort Bend again, sir. Will you take it?"

Eric hesitated and said, "Yes, I'll take it." A deep bass voice in the receiver said, "Are you Mr. Larsen?"

"Yes."

"It's Sam Green, Mr. Larsen. I think I've got the dope you want. Do you want details or bare facts?"

"Bare facts."

"Okay, Mr. Larsen. He came clean. I got him so drunk this afternoon he didn't care what he was saying. He was so drunk that when he sobers up he won't know he's said it. He's going under the name of Lester Teel. He's telegraph editor of the Fort Bend Courier-Journal. His real name is Cartwright. He's a bank absconder from Auckland, New Zealand. He came to the States in 1914 with sixty thousand dollars and a son aged about two. He slipped into the country without a passport. He's been working on different papers in Indiana since. He sent his son through Princeton on what he had saved

from the plunder. The son's name is Barney and he seems to be okay. What shall I do?"

"Come to New York as fast as you can and see me."

Eric broke the connection and called Headquarters again. The sergeant in the Missing Persons Bureau reported: "There's a fellow answering that description at the Flower Hospital, Mr. Larsen. He was picked up this morning, unconscious, in Central Park. I got a report on him just now. Will you be going to the hospital?"

"Yes."

"Lieutenant Ackerson will meet you there."

CORAL came into the study, followed by Barney Teel and Guy Van Arden. Coral looked wan and uneasy. The reporter was pale, but he had a vigorous, purposeful air. The special agent, with his dark-browed look, his heavy tan, was grave and thoughtful.

The senator's heart was beating heavily. The way Sally Porter had slipped over to the settee and sat down made him realize that this was pre-arranged and serious. Something was about to happen.

Barney came across the study with a stride. He said breathlessly, "Senator! Zorane is dead. Did you know it?"

The senator's heart steadied. "No," he said. He glanced at Van Arden quickly, then at Coral. Coral was standing near Sally. Van Arden was watching him with a grave expression.

Barney said: "Mr. Van Arden just drove out from town, Senator. He thought you were at the club. The police just discovered it. It happened some time last night."

The senator stared at him. He had never liked or trusted this good-looking, audacious young man. "Who killed him?"

"They don't know," Van Arden said. "He was beaten to death."

The senator wanted to say, "So you came all the way out here just to tell me about it. I don't believe it." There was too much tension in the air. Something was wrong.

"Where did it happen?"

"In his apartment," Barney said.

Something was very wrong. There was something oily about all of them. They weren't talking out.

"Where was his valet?"

"He couldn't have been there," Barney said.

"He had to be there," the senator said harshly.

"What do you mean?" Van Arden asked.

He snapped: "None of your business. Talk up, Barney, talk up!"

"This is a very unfortunate thing," Van Arden murmured. "It explodes my case."

The senator jutted out his jaw and barked, "Well, it doesn't explode mine. I've just discovered something of the greatest importance, Van Arden."

"So have I, Senator."

"Yes, it's very curious," the reporter said. "You and your son were seen leaving Zorane's apartment last night."

The senator felt his face grow hot. He started to fold up his fists, then checked himself and stared with heavy cynicism at Barney Teel. "So that's it."

Barney's eyes were cynical, too. "And Zorane was never seen alive after you two were seen leaving his apartment."

"Who saw us?"

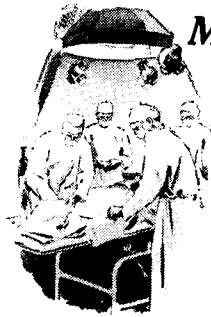
"I did."

"Why! You lying little—"

Coral cried, "It can't be true. It isn't true!" She ran over to him and took his arm. "You didn't do it, did you?"

He pushed her out of his way. "Of course we didn't." He said heavily to Barney: "So you saw us leaving that apartment."

Life Begins At 40



Most Surgeons Do Best Work After 40, declares High Medical Authority

Courage, Steady Nerves and Unwavering Judgment More Developed in Older Men

"ALTHOUGH SURGERY is one of the most exacting of all professions—demanding courage without rashness, steady nerves, physical endurance and unwavering judgment—it is one in which the laurels have nearly always gone to men in their 40's, 50's and 60's," declared a high medical authority recently.

Dr. George D. Stewart, the great surgeon of Bellevue Hospital, known for his superb skill, untiring energy and devotion to multitudes of poor patients, worked as head of the Bellevue surgical clinic until two weeks before his death, at 70.

Dr. William W. Keen, famous for his lightning speed as an operator, was on the job for over 50 years. He was 56 when he helped perform a critical operation on President Grover Cleveland.

—**"and the Constitution of a Mule."**

Dr. John Blair Deaver, Philadelphia's great surgeon, did two or three men's work almost up to the time of his death at 76. To the old formula for a surgeon—"heart of a lion, eye of an eagle, hand of a woman"—Dr. Deaver once added, "and the constitution of a mule."

Great numbers of instances like these show that a man can continue to do a creative job of the highest order long after 40, provided he keeps his **HEALTH and PHYSICAL ENERGY.**

They Feel Young, Full of Energy After 40—SO CAN YOU

At 52—Has High-Pressure Job

Dear Life Begins:

My work is in the theatre and on the radio. I used to tour a great deal.

Irregular meals led to indigestion and stomach troubles which had me nearly at my wits' end. I had difficulty memorizing my parts. Of course, I worried about it.

A friend persuaded me to try Fleischmann's Yeast, and it turned out to be just what I needed.

My appetite began to return, my digestion to improve and my nerves to calm down. As a result I felt mentally alert again. My memorizing ability was renewed. I felt years younger.

I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast because I find it a good digestive stimulant when I am under nervous tension in my radio work.

Thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, working under pressure doesn't phase me any more.

EDWARD LESTER



43—Can Work 20 Hours at a Stretch

Dear Life Begins:

I am a chef. It's a hard and strenuous job—long hours at a stretch. I have to test food all day and my own meals are irregular. I had stomach trouble for years.

Finally a nervous breakdown sent me to the hospital. The doctor prescribed yeast. It began to help me almost immediately. My nerves steadied and my appetite returned.

After I left the hospital, I continued the doctor's prescription. I've eaten Fleischmann's Yeast every day for the last seven years. My wife takes it, too, to help her keep in perfect health.

Fleischmann's Yeast helps keep my system in good working order. I'm always sure of being well. I can face a special banquet or wedding party with the confidence that my nerves and strength will be equal to a 20-hour stretch of hard work.

RICHARD HOLMES



Slow Digestion Often Causes Too-Early Aging

Around 40, the gastric juices often begin to be scantier and weaker. Digestion slows down. If unchecked, this slowing down can result in ill health and loss of energy—a feeling of age.

Fleischmann's Yeast brings people over 40 just the special help so many of them need, by stimulating the digestive juices to a more plentiful, more potent flow.

A generous supply of 4 vitamins in Fleischmann's Yeast adds to its tonic

action. These vitamins are commonly called the NERVE VITAMIN, the COLD-RESISTANCE VITAMIN, the BONE VITAMIN and the VITALITY VITAMIN.

Get into the way of eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—one cake ½ hour before each meal—plain or in a little water. It's very little trouble to give your system this extra help, and you'll be many times repaid by restored health, renewed energy.

\$25 WILL BE PAID FOR LETTERS of success after 40—so helpful to others we wish to print them. If you can truly credit to Fleischmann's Yeast some part of the health that made your success possible—write us—enclosing your picture. (Letters and pictures cannot be returned.) Life Begins, 420 Lexington Ave., New York.

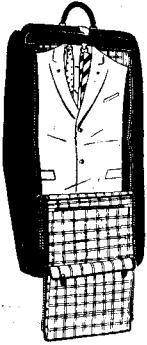
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Val-A-Pak is the only hand luggage that actually *air-cushions* suits and clothes against wrinkling or musing. If your gift list allows from \$10 to \$50 for that most deserving man, put down Val-A-Pak as a "must." And you lucky males who can name your own, just say "Val-A-Pak" and you'll get the most practical luggage a man ever carried.

Val-A-Pak holds two suits on regulation size hangers; separate compartments for linen, underclothes, sundries, shoes and toilet articles; everything quickly accessible; light-weight, moisture- and dust-proof, easy to carry.



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Most economical framed model; pockets for all accessories; black or brown baby walrus grain Perhyde.

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Sporty model for students; lightweight brown or black water-proofed army duck; leather trim.

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Most moderately priced leather model; black or brown buffalo grain split cowhide; full grain trim.

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Val-A-Pak
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*Prices West of the Mississippi, 10% higher.

ATLANTIC PRODUCTS CORPORATION
TRENTON NEW JERSEY

"I did."

"What time was this?"

"About two-thirty."

"I see. I was in bed in my hotel at two-thirty. Eric was in bed in his apartment."

Van Arden said gravely, "You know, Barney, there's a possibility that you're mistaken."

Barney laughed. "Can you imagine being mistaken about whether you'd seen him or not? You deny it, of course, Senator. I've got to get this story on the phone."

THE senator said, "You're not going to get anything on the phone."

"I'm sorry, Senator, but this is news that can't keep. I'll simply say you make a sweeping denial."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," the senator said belligerently. "It's a cold-blooded frame-up. You arranged this with Van Arden. You cooked it all up between you. Van Arden, you're going to try to disgrace me and my son, and put me in such a hot spot that I won't indict you. Barney, you want a piece of hot news. Here it is: I place you under arrest, Van Arden, on four counts of malfeasance and conspiracy."

Barney slowly shook his head. He was less pale, and his air of uncertainty was gone.

"You're not arresting anybody, Senator. You listen to me. You're on a red-hot spot. Now put your mind on this. Nobody saw or heard from Zorane after you left his apartment last night."

The senator glared at Barney and lost some of his ruddy color. He thought: "Nobody saw or heard from Zorane after Eric and I left his apartment last night. I was asleep at two-thirty this morning, and so was Eric. I can't prove it, and neither can he. Nobody can ever prove he was in bed asleep at a certain hour. But there's only the word of this one person against mine and Eric's. They can't get away with it."

He said, "You can't get away with this, you whippersnapper. Don't you realize this boils down to your word against my son's and mine?"

"I have ample support for that statement."

The senator walked toward him aggressively. "Listen, you young squirt. I don't know what's in your head. Obviously, you're part of this frame-up. I want to tell you one thing. If you value your freedom, if you value your career, drop this right where you are."

BARNEY had folded his arms. One corner of his mouth was twitching a little. "You slay me, Senator. You ought to know you can't get out of this by bluffing."

Van Arden broke in: "Barney, you're making a very serious accusation. I hope you're sure of yourself."

"Sure enough," Barney said. "I'm phoning this story right now."

The senator's face was hot again. "Wait a minute," he said. "I'll knock your teeth down your throat before you can use that telephone."

Coral took the senator's arm again. Her eyes were haggard. She wailed, "Barney, I know you're sincere in what you're saying. But you're wrong. Just because the senator has been going around with that Monterey woman doesn't mean he killed Zorane."

The senator angrily pushed her away. "You're right up to your ears in this, too, aren't you, Coral?"

"Darling, I'm not up to my ears," she answered, "in anything. You are."

The senator thought: "Now it's my word against two of them. Something must have happened to Featherly. Van Arden is so sure of himself. Featherly must be dead." He was chilled by a realization of their ruthlessness, but he was still confused by Coral's and Barney

Teel's presence. They were fastening a murder on him. They were in with Van Arden. Why were they in with Van Arden?

He thought: "If Eric were only here! Eric would do something. What am I to do? One thing I've got to do. I've got to keep Barney Teel from phoning this story in to his paper."

He looked at Sally, wondering what part she would play in this scheme. She was sitting on the settee, with her hands in her lap, her shoulders seeming to sag, looking down. He could see her lashes on her pale cheeks.

"But don't you see you're wrong, both of you?" Coral was saying. "He couldn't do a thing like that. You're basing the whole thing on Lolita Monterey."

Barney said, "Why not base it on Lolita Monterey? You knew the senator was making a play for her."

Coral hesitated. "Well, just because—"

"Yes! Because you saw them in Harlem together. Didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And because you know what I told you about her coming to the table at the Hey Nenny No last night."

"Yes."

"What more do you want?" Barney said impatiently. "Lolita Monterey was Zorane's mistress and Zorane was a jealous guy and Zorane was never seen alive again after the senator and his son left that apartment last night." He whirled on the senator. "Well, what's your statement, Senator? This story's going out right now."

THE senator was beginning to perspire. He looked at Sally again. She was still looking at the floor, pale and unhappy. He had a feeling of the ruthless, machine-like perfection of this scheme. It frightened him. Then the sense of bewilderment returned, and he asked himself again, "Why is Barney doing this? Why is Coral doing this?"

He glanced at Guy Van Arden, who looked so grave and concerned, and he shouted, "I'd like to wring your neck, you blackguard!"

Barney said caustically, "The urge to kill is coming over him again."

"Senator," Van Arden said, "aren't you confusing the issues? I'm not accusing you of anything. I have the greatest respect for you. It really hurts me to see you in this predicament."

The senator started for the door. Barney reached for the telephone. The senator saw him and said, "If you want a statement, wait a second. Harry!"

Harry came in. The senator said, "Harry, see that Barney Teel doesn't use that telephone. They're ganging up on me Harry. They're accusing me of killing Zorane."

"Yes, sir. I've been listening."

"They want to smear it in the papers. You know what happens to me if it gets in the papers."

"Yes, sir. I can keep him from using that phone, but this looks like a very tough spot to me, Senator. We can lock these people up, but what will that get us? When they leave, they'll talk. That's their purpose. What is it you want, Mr. Van Arden? Do you want to make a deal?"

Van Arden smiled. "I'm afraid you don't understand. This is murder. People don't make deals over murders."

"It's quite simple," the senator said bitterly. "But don't let him use that phone. Have you heard from Eric?"

"No, sir."

"There's no telephoning to be done until Eric returns."

The butler came in. He was pale and his eyes were fluttery.

"A Miss Monterey is here, Senator."

The senator sent a desperate glance at Sally. She was still looking at the floor.

(To be concluded next week)

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Make Mine Steak

Continued from page 22

The secret of Ruby Foo's steak is a condiment, imported from the East, called "ho-yu" or oyster sauce. It is a rich puree of oysters, seasoned with herbs too Oriental even for utterance. Ask your Chinese laundryman, or make an excursion to the Chinese quarter of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, next time you visit one of those cities.

To four tablespoons of peanut oil—or olive oil, if you prefer—add one quarter of a cup of chicken broth plus the shredded outside green leaves of a large cabbage or romaine lettuce. Cover and let simmer for two minutes or more, according to your taste. Then, in another pan, put three tablespoons of oil, one third of a segment of crushed garlic, a pinch of salt, one teaspoon of soybean sauce, and a quarter of a glass of chicken stock. You begin to imagine the teasing aroma? Cut a one-and-one-half-pound sirloin or tenderloin steak into wedge-shaped pieces, about an inch wide and two inches long. Sear on both sides in the second pan, and cook as long as your taste dictates. Then take a half teaspoon of cornstarch, dissolved in a little warm water first, and stir it into the sauce to thicken it. Just before the sauce is done, stir in four or five tablespoons of oyster sauce. Remove the cabbage or lettuce from the first pan, drain it well, place it on a platter, and pour the steak and all its trimmings on top. Then garnish the whole with a shredded scallion.

Skewer and Broil

Budgets need be no obstacle to steak-in-a-foreign-language. Some preparations depend upon cutting the meat into small pieces, and some upon cooking it a long time, and with these methods the humble round, rump, or hip steak, and even the bargain chuck, are wise selections.

There's Russian steak. It is almost the same as "shashlik," that lamb specialty from the vast steppes of Eurasia, which makes the mouth of any true Russian water. Mrs. Jascha Heifetz, the former Florence Vidor of Hollywood, says her husband likes beef cooked the same way as "shashlik" even better than the original. She cuts the meat in squares, puts it on skewers, and broils it

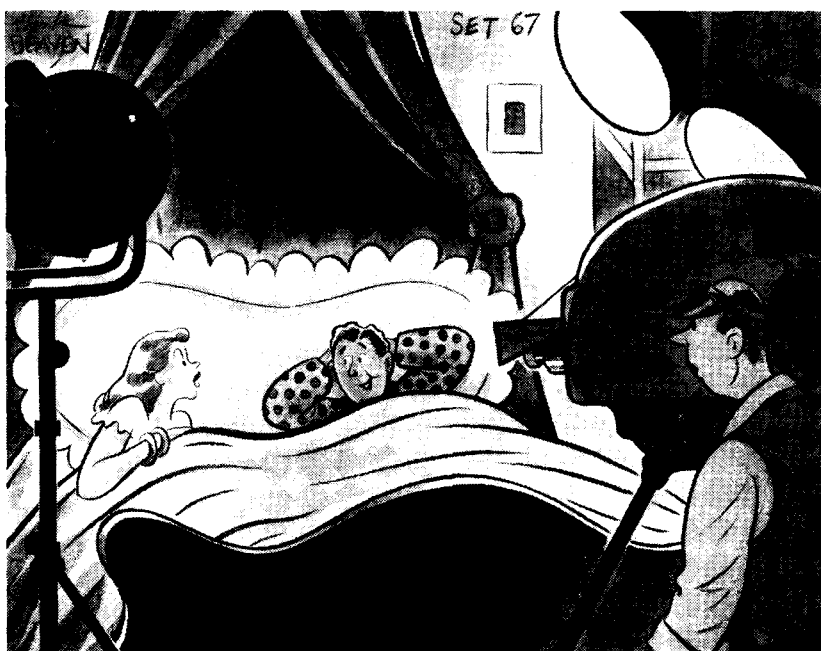
over a flame. Then it's eaten hot-dog-wise, between two slices of buttered roll. Good? Just try it.

Good it is, too, when the Swiss serve it, cooked for more than an hour in a sort of superior steak stew. Swiss steak is merely dusted with flour, after being pounded, then seared and put in a pan covered with water. Add three sliced onions. When it has cooked about an hour, add diced carrots and fresh garden peas. It's a concoction that could never be called prosaic stew.

If you aren't in the mood to stew your steak, you can be very English and wrap it round with a crust, as snowy as the tablecloths in the country homes of Cornwall. This, according to Ernest Stevens, dean of the New York Central chefs on the Chicago-New York run, is a family dish, because it can't be made properly for less than eight people. But Ernest, who broils and fries and planks his steaks for American railroad travelers, has brought his family up on English steak pie as he ate it when a boy in Penzance.

He recommends using sirloin steak, sliced by your butcher so it is truly thin; you'd better follow his advice unless you like your steak well done—then the cheaper cuts will do. Sauté the slices in butter, along with medium-sized sliced onions, the amount depending upon the passion of your family for that precious vegetable.

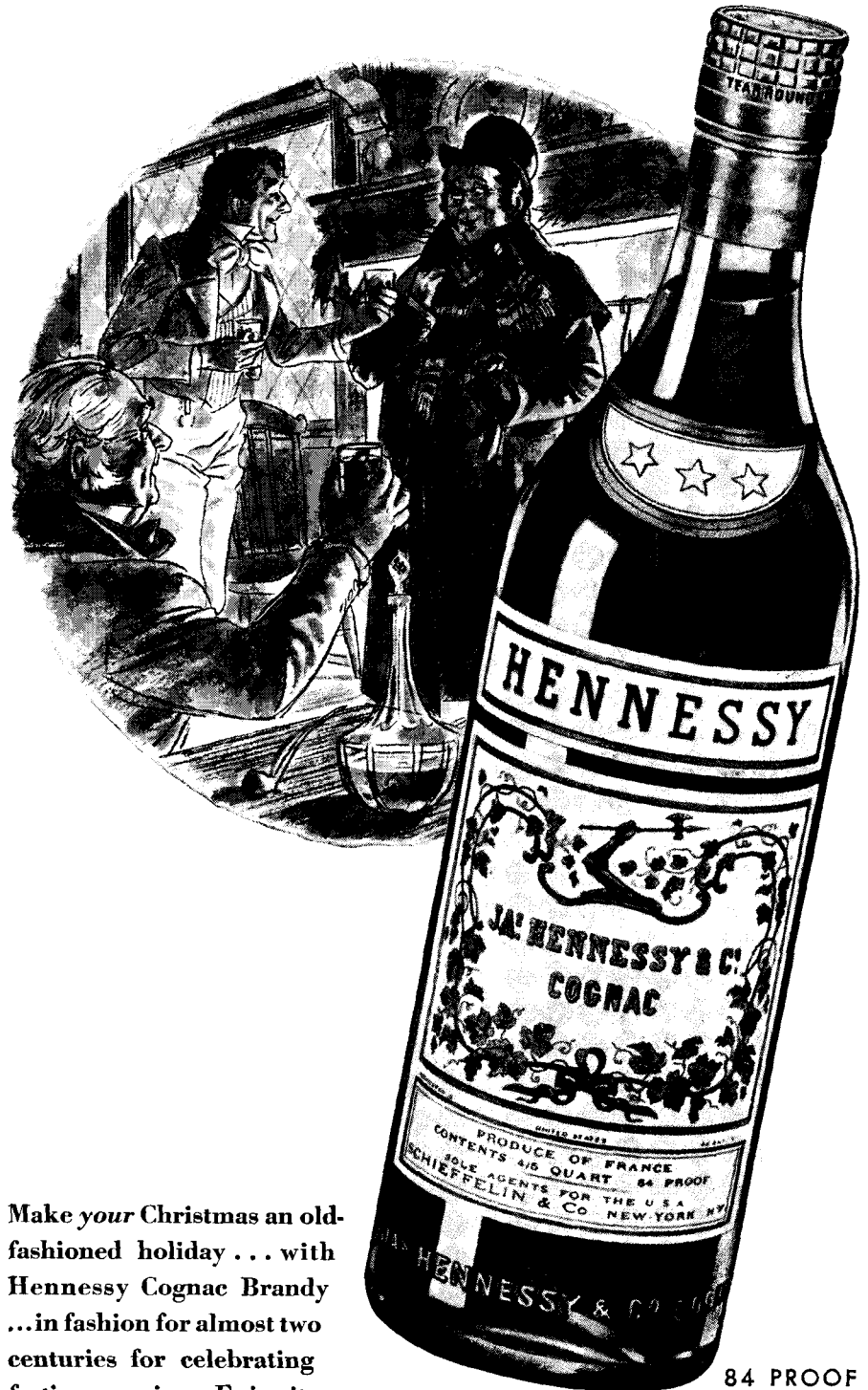
Sprinkle a little flour over the meat, add enough beef stock to keep the meat and onion slices covered, and turn your attention to the second stage of English steak pie. This concerns beef suet, which you must cannily procure from your butcher with the steak. Mix a quarter cup of it with five cups of flour and one and a half cups of shortening, for a two-pound steak. Spread the crust one quarter of an inch thick on a clean cloth, and place the cloth and crust in a deep bowl. Pour in the mixture of steak and onions, tie it all up like an old English Christmas pudding, and put it in a pot to boil, cloth and all, until it is your idea of done. Then, back in the bowl it goes, the cloth doing a sleight-of-hand disappearance. The crust should not brown. It is a boiled crust, familiar and happy taste to the initiated, excitingly new to those of us who seek extra piquancy in good food.



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Showdown

Continued from page 13

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Philadelphia

With his elbow on the mantel and his head propped in his hand, Kelly allowed his lips to twist a little.

"Skip it," he said. "If you're eighteen you know what's right and what isn't. And you're not thinking of the girl so much—it's the old lady that's the tough part. I see that too. The kid's been writing her lies from New York and she's believed them all. Something like this will break her up. Even if the kid did get singing on a small station down there they wouldn't pay her anything—she'd have to take this maid's job to eat. I can see how the kid could do a thing like this without thinking it over—on the spur of the moment, seeing the jewels in the box and grabbing them and getting out of town. Picking her up won't make me feel like a hero."

"Then why—"

"Why?" Kelly repeated, with no inflection. "Why can't I just forget it? I couldn't tell you that; I've never figured it out exactly."

"I might know," Linda said, with sudden scorn quivering her lips. "It would be a fine pinch. Your name would be in all the papers. It would probably promote you."

"Okay," Kelly answered quietly. "That angle isn't anything new. It was one of the first things I got used to. What good's a cop? What does he do outside of grabbing free fruit and beer, and crucifying anybody he gets a thing on? Four out of five people figure that way. They're afraid of a cop, or they hate his guts. He's a chiseler or a heel, or a guy acting tough because there's no way you can get back at him. He stands at a crossing all day long and if he don't say please and sir when a fool comes racing along and almost kills five or six kids he's blown up with his own importance

and acting wise. Or he's a Cossack maybe—the first riot I ever got in, a little guy kept hitting me and crying and calling me that.

"Blubbing," Kelly went on, as if he didn't altogether understand it, even yet. "Not that I hit him at all. I couldn't. He was too small. I only carried him to the wagon and dumped him in, and after he was in there he kept hollering at me and clawing the door and bawling. You could see I was something he despised—bigger than he was, and stronger, with the guts of something you'd step on. A cockroach—a lousy Cossack. I guess he always believed I beat the insides out of him."

LINDA looked at him for a moment in silence. This was another Kelly too—an entirely unsuspected Kelly.

"But you won't do what I want? That's what you mean, isn't it?"

He moved his high shoulders in a shrug that wasn't quite careless enough. He said, "I guess it is," just as someone rapped on the porch door behind them.

The someone was a man, dressed in a dark blue overcoat powdered with snow, holding a gray hat in his hands, and looking in at Linda with very bright, very cold blue eyes, after she opened the door.

"A bad night," he said, and his voice was genial, burry, but as precise and careful as the eyes that were past her, on to Kelly, in the instant that he stepped over the threshold. "And I'm sorry to bother you, lady. But when I saw your lights up here after the snow stuck my car at the foot of the hill I thought you might have a phone. If I could get in touch with a garage—"

"You couldn't," Kelly growled. "There isn't a phone. And if there was you'd



"He says the nicest things. Last week he told me I tax all his ingenuity!"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

still be stuck. Nobody's starting you on your way again in this weather. Not unless you use skis."

Linda smiled automatically. "We're stuck too. I'm afraid there's nothing you can do until the plow gets around here. That won't be until morning."

"Too bad," the man said. His eyes considered Kelly with a bright unfriendliness shining in them. "Then I guess it's your car outside. City license?"

"It could be," Kelly replied ungraciously.

The other man shrugged. He said: "I didn't know it was anything personal." Then he went over to the stove and warmed his hands, standing in a rather awkward fashion, as if he wanted to keep facing Kelly. Presently he was explaining again to Mrs. Wallace, and looking above her for a moment to the stairs, nodding to Margie Wallace, who stood halfway down them. The girl's face was in shadow; she seemed to look at him from the shadow for a long while. Then she came down to the kitchen and spoke to her mother briefly before going upstairs again. A headache, Mrs. Wallace explained; rest would be the best thing for it.

"Sure," the stranger said. "That's the ticket." He spoke as if he had heard something that was faintly humorous.

Afterward, when he had finished with the sandwiches and coffee Mrs. Wallace made for him, Linda carried the dishes to the kitchen, though the older woman protested.

"Your young man wants you with him," she said. "Go on, child."

"I'll dry them," Linda said. "Please. I want to."

It took them only a few minutes. When they were done Mrs. Wallace emptied the sink and took off her apron.

"There! It wasn't long. I declare you'll spoil me, drying the dishes and letting me talk as much as I have. You're very quiet. Are you always like that?"

"Not always," Linda said. "Tonight perhaps. I'm afraid we're a dreadful bother."

Mrs. Wallace eyed her shrewdly. "It's your young man. You're quarreling—I can tell that. But don't let it get important, child. He's a very nice young man. Tomorrow you'll see that your quarrel won't matter at all."

"Yes," Linda said, despising him, despising herself. "He's nice, Mrs. Wallace."

Kelly, who could close the door—Kelly, who wouldn't close it.

IN THE room that Mrs. Wallace had prepared for her, in a pair of the girl's pajamas, Linda put out her lamp and prepared for sleep. But that would not come, though she resolutely closed her eyes; somehow in the dim chamber that had a smell of cold air and clean linen and old wood in it her thoughts turned always to Margie Wallace and her mother, to Kelly, to that strange and rather frightening part of him that had once been a joke between them. Officer Pupp, she'd called him, and Kelly had laughed. Wasn't it a good joke? Officer Pupp...

All the while Kelly, the real Kelly, had been a blank to her; she had not understood the work he did, day after day, week after week, because it was his job and he was paid to do it. She had not seen that he was a man who must live on misery, who would never be free from it, who would see a face, a hand, a mark, and harden inside, changing in an instant to a stranger. No, she had not seen that. But people like Mrs. Wallace, and the countless others whom she would never see, would not fade easily; they would always be somewhere in her mind when she was with Kelly, or when she thought of him. They would always keep him a stranger.

To Kelly they were something else.

The something inflexible in him that she could neither understand nor touch kept them apart from him too. That something gave him a job to do. Here, it said, you, Kelly; you're not to think or feel. You're to do this, and this, and this. It's your job, Kelly. You can't get soft, and you can't go worrying about it. So he wasn't a man, Linda thought, with her face against the pillow—he wasn't someone you could love and be proud of. An automaton, a robot—

She turned over again and tried to forget him. High up in one corner of the window that she faced a star glittered and sparkled like a splash of frozen silver flame. One star! But if it meant that the snow had stopped—

Rising quickly, she peered out through the pane, rubbing the thin coat of frost away with one palm, until through the clear space she could see the valley and a far-off line of hills, the porch roof below her and Kelly's car squatted before the steps. It was odd that the door of that hung open now—she remembered distinctly Kelly banging it after him—and for a moment she looked down at it. Then with a quick breath she drew back from the window; in the darkness inside the car something moved.

THE girl, of course, Linda thought, catching up hastily the bathrobe and slippers Mrs. Wallace had placed at the foot of the bed. She went out to the hall and down the stairs, past the dim glow of light that hung motionless under the single lamp in the living room. The porch door was slightly ajar; when she stopped by it the outer air seemed to form solidly about her, so that if she were to move she felt that the surface of it must crackle and snap like thin ice broken on water. Very softly the car door closed, and there came a crisp, light crackling of snow. But it wasn't the girl who came up the steps; it was Kelly, and rather oddly he didn't seem at all surprised to see her. Preoccupied, he nodded, and with the porch door closed after him took her arm and led her into the living room.

"Someone messed around the car," he said, the muscles in his jaw tight. "The boy friend probably. He'd give it a frisk before he came in here. Careful."

Realization brought up a strange different kind of inner cold about Linda's heart.

"Your gun," she whispered. "Wasn't that what you were looking for just now? I saw it in the glove compartment this morning. If it isn't there now then he—he must have taken it. But why, Robert? Who is he?"

"A very careful guy," Kelly told her softly. "Probably this Margie's boy friend. If he'd just been stopped by the storm he wouldn't go over the car and lift my revolver. He—"

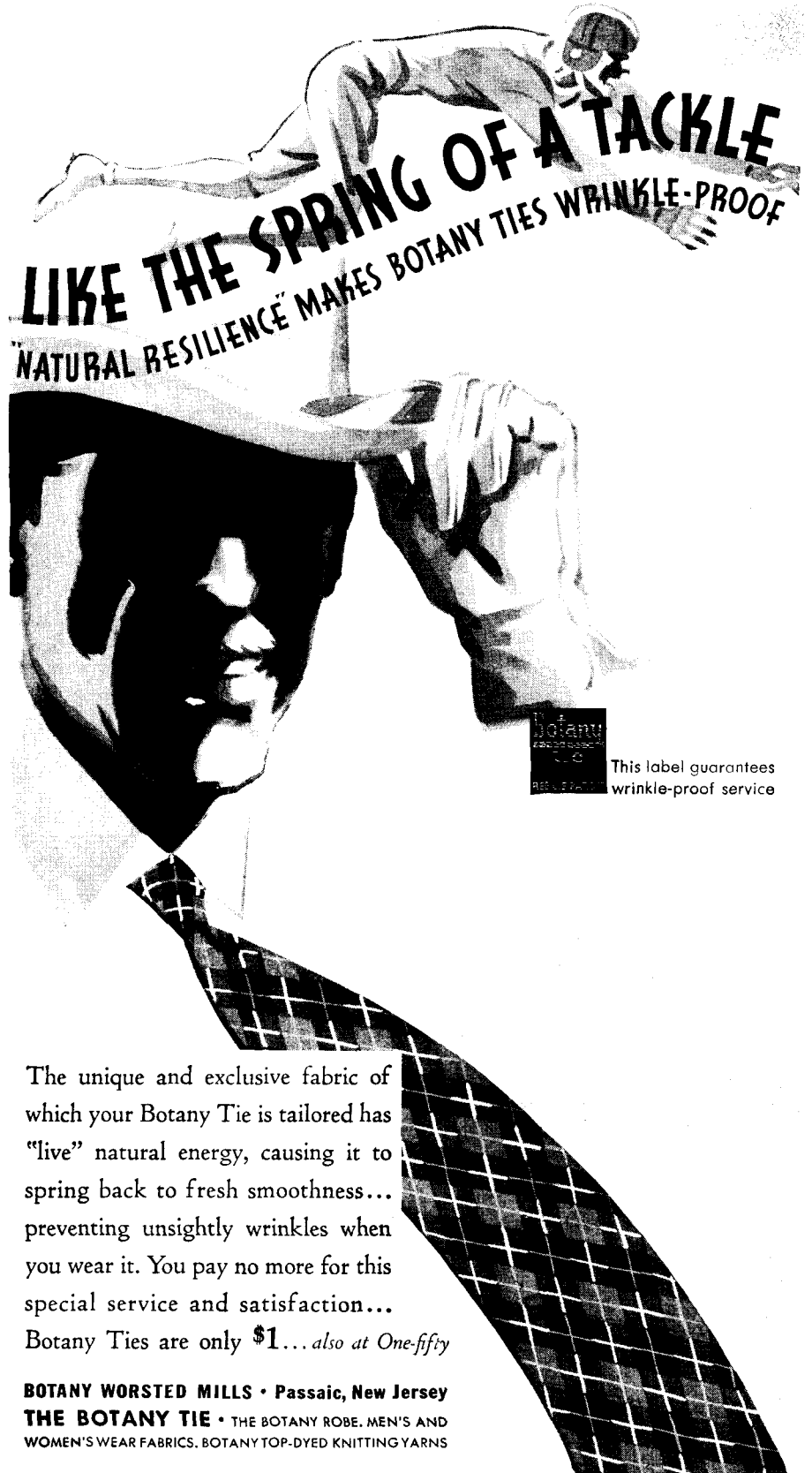
"There!" Linda breathed excitedly. "On the mantel, Robert. It is your gun!"

Kelly gave a sour grin. "This?" He picked it up and held it out to her, so that she saw it was an old pistol, huge, useless, with the trigger missing and rust ringing the barrel. "The old lady's father toted it around at Bull Run—she told me about it when you were upstairs—and it hasn't been fired since then. No trigger, no bullets, no—"

He moved so quickly that he had lifted her by the arms and swung her in back of him before she heard the scuffle of sound in the hall. When she could turn she saw Margie Wallace standing in the doorway, a big coat wrapped around her, her face very white under the tumbled blond hair.

"I'm not going to tell you," she said thickly, watching Kelly with a frightened defiance. "There's a phone at Mrs. Bradley's, below the hill. If you don't leave now I'm going down there and call the police. You can't stop me."

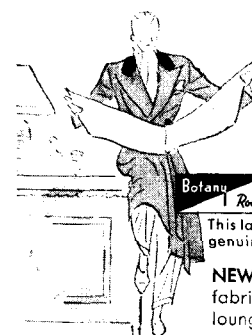
"I wouldn't want to," Kelly said. His



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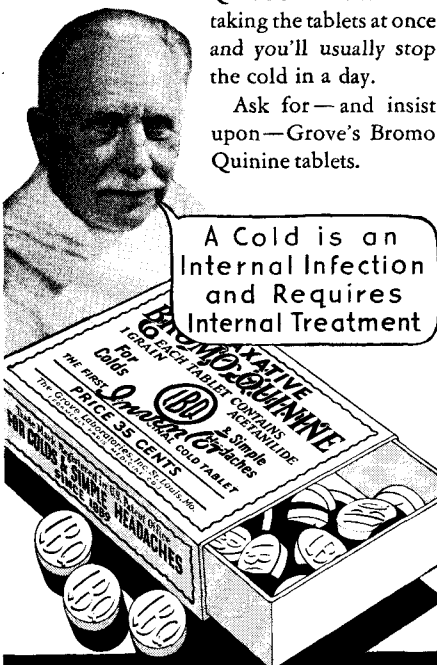
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brows were drawn together in a puzzled fashion. "Only why go down there?" He took something from his pocket and exposed it briefly in his palm. "If you want the police—"

She whirled, startled, to Linda. "You're a policeman—you're not with him, with Charley Farraher? He didn't send you up here ahead of him to—You're lying. I know you're lying. You're pretending this to make me tell you."

"So I'm lying," Kelly agreed, his eyes still puzzled. "But who's this Charley Farraher—the lad upstairs?"

Her glance wavered between him and Linda, uncertain, suspicious. She said slowly: "Yes. He's Miss Devine's chauffeur."

Kelly was staring at her intently. "And he helped you steal—"

"Helped me!" Margie Wallace said scornfully. "Do you think I knew what had happened? He took the things Friday, when he thought Miss Devine would be in Philadelphia over the week end, opening with the new show. And then when the opening was postponed at the last minute, when she came to the apartment for lunch, he didn't have a chance to put them back, and I suppose he got afraid that she'd find out about it right away. That's when he put them in my bag—I'd left it in the hall. But Miss Devine said I could still take the week end off, even though she'd be there, and she didn't miss her jewels until after I'd gone. And I didn't find them until yesterday, when I unpacked that bag."

"Wait a minute," Kelly said, speaking softly. "Wait a minute! You mean you got nothing to do with taking the jewels?"

"But don't you see?" Margie Wallace asked impatiently. "He put them in my bag because if they were found there I'd be blamed. He was the only one that could have put them there. When he came here tonight I knew he'd done it, and I knew he wanted to get them back. That's why I was going to Mrs. Bradley's."

"But you called yourself Stella something when you worked for Miss Devine. And you gave her a phony address in New York where no one knew you. Why did you do that?"

"Stella King," the girl said, a slow flush staining her cheeks. "It seemed a nicer name. Margie's so—so ordinary. And I gave the address because I didn't want Mother to know what I was doing. I lied in my letters—I said the radio station was paying me fifty dollars a week. But they weren't paying me anything—they said I should be glad of the chance to get on the air. When my money ran out I got the job with Miss Devine, but I didn't give her my address here or tell her about my mother because if I did I was afraid she'd write, and Mother would find out all about it."

KELLY still looked doubtful. "How did Charley Farraher know you lived here, if you hadn't told anybody?"

"I told him. He seemed—nice at first."

"What did you do when you found the things Saturday?"

The girl swallowed. "I couldn't think for a while. And then I saw Farraher must have put them there because he was alone with me in the apartment until Miss Devine came. He was the only one who could have done it. Then I was afraid Miss Devine might be out of town and he'd hurt me perhaps if I went back to the apartment alone, so I wrote Miss Devine a letter and told her what had happened."

"She never got it," Kelly growled.

"But I mailed it yesterday—Saturday. She'll get it tomorrow morning."

"Don't you get the Sunday papers? Didn't you see what they're saying about you?"

Margie Wallace shook her head. "I

haven't seen a paper since I left the city—Friday. You mean they're blaming me? But I didn't—"

"Okay," Kelly said. "Okay. Where's the stuff?"

"In the shed, back of the kitchen. A brown paper package in the bottom drawer of that old dresser."

"You were foolish," Linda said softly, after Kelly had gone out on light feet.

"You might have been in terrible trouble. You should have told the police. Why didn't you?"

"You don't think much when you're scared." The girl smiled wanly at her. "I suppose I shouldn't have been afraid of the police, but I was. When you've never had anything to do with them they kind of frighten you."

THAT, Linda remembered, was almost what Kelly had told her. But everything was fine now—the girl and her mother, and Kelly too. She could think of him with only a warm, fond anger stirring in her, completely forgetful of the man upstairs until she drew the robe tighter about her, twisting her head a bit to draw it up under her chin, and saw him standing in the doorway, dressed in the blue coat and the gray hat, and holding Kelly's gun in his hand.

"What is it?" he asked Margie Wallace, in a flat voice that was contained and purposeful. "Where's this Kelly gone? What did you tell him?"

"You'd better go before he comes back," Linda said unevenly. "He's a policeman. He'll—"

She couldn't say "arrest you." That seemed absurd—the words children would use in a game. Charley Farraher twisted his head around at her and then moved back a step to the shadow of the doorway.

Linda thought, with some small, stunned part of her mind, that she had never been afraid before. Not like this, when death was a simple thing, mobile and light, a shape of steel held in the hand, the pointing of a tube, the pres-

sure of a finger. When Kelly came back—

And suddenly Kelly was there.

He came in from the kitchen with the brown parcel in his hand. Just as he reached the couch he saw Charley Farraher. He stopped. Out of the shadows Farraher's head jerked sideways to indicate the chair before the mantel. "Over there," he said. "Move quiet."

She tried to whisper his name: Kelly. She had to watch him because he was like a point, a buoyant center that held her very surely and calmly, very close to him. The brown paper parcel somehow had vanished; when Kelly came out from behind the couch and walked over to the mantel and sat down before it the package was no longer in his hand.

"Smart guy," Farraher said. "Only you didn't drop it quick enough. Behind the couch, brother. I saw that. You'll just sit easy now while I get it."

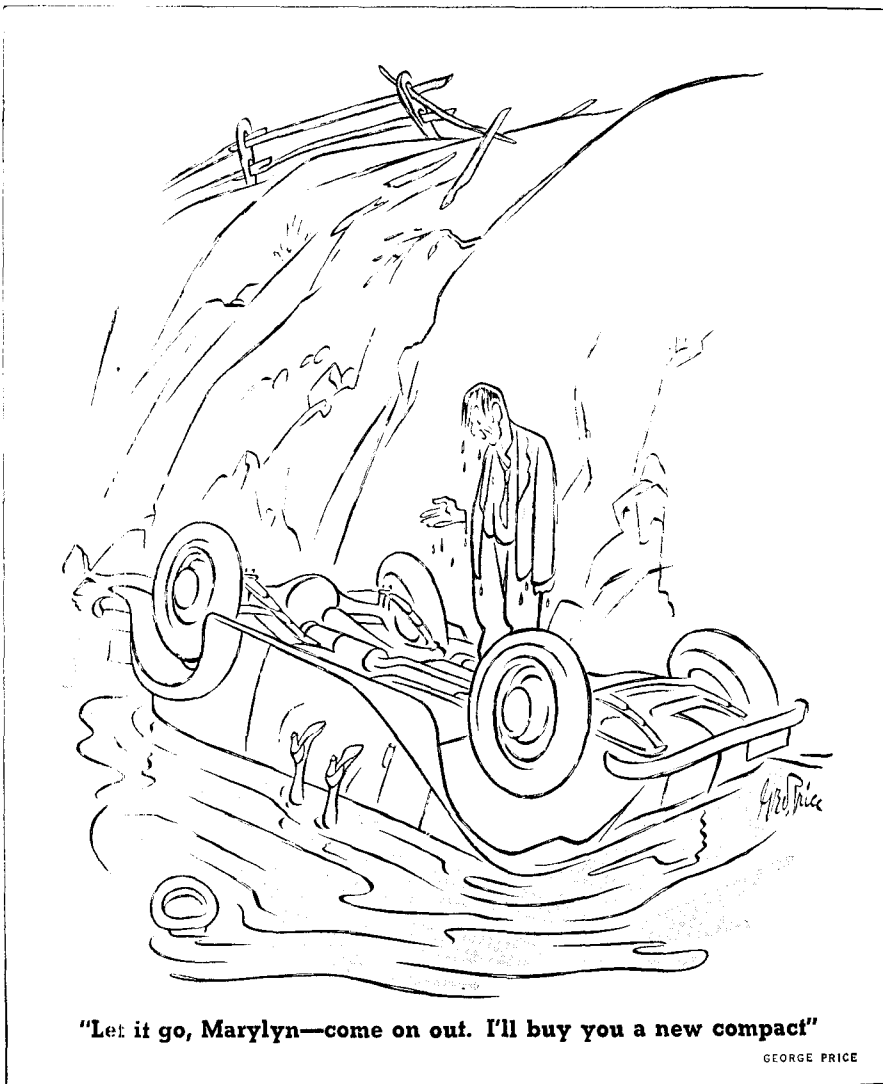
Kelly shrugged. He did not move his right hand up and out to the mantel, to the useless revolver, that some long-dead Wallace had carried at Antietam or Manassas, until Farraher had dropped behind the couch. When the other man straightened again, with the brown parcel in one hand and the revolver in the other, Kelly was facing him from the chair, his big hand wrapped close about the butt of the heavy pistol.

He said something to Farraher but Linda did not understand what it was. Over and over in her mind his name formed, almost solidly. Kelly, Kelly, Kelly. . . . His pistol was empty. Useless. There wasn't even a trigger on it. If Farraher had tried it too, if he had seen it lying there on the mantel and picked it up and tested it—if he just looked at it now, at the way Kelly was holding it, he would know it was empty. He would . . .

"Drop your gun," Kelly said.

Farraher's eyes were fixed on his face, narrow and glittering. He didn't look down at the gun at all.

"Come and get it," he said. "Only if



"Let it go, Marylyn—come on out. I'll buy you a new compact"

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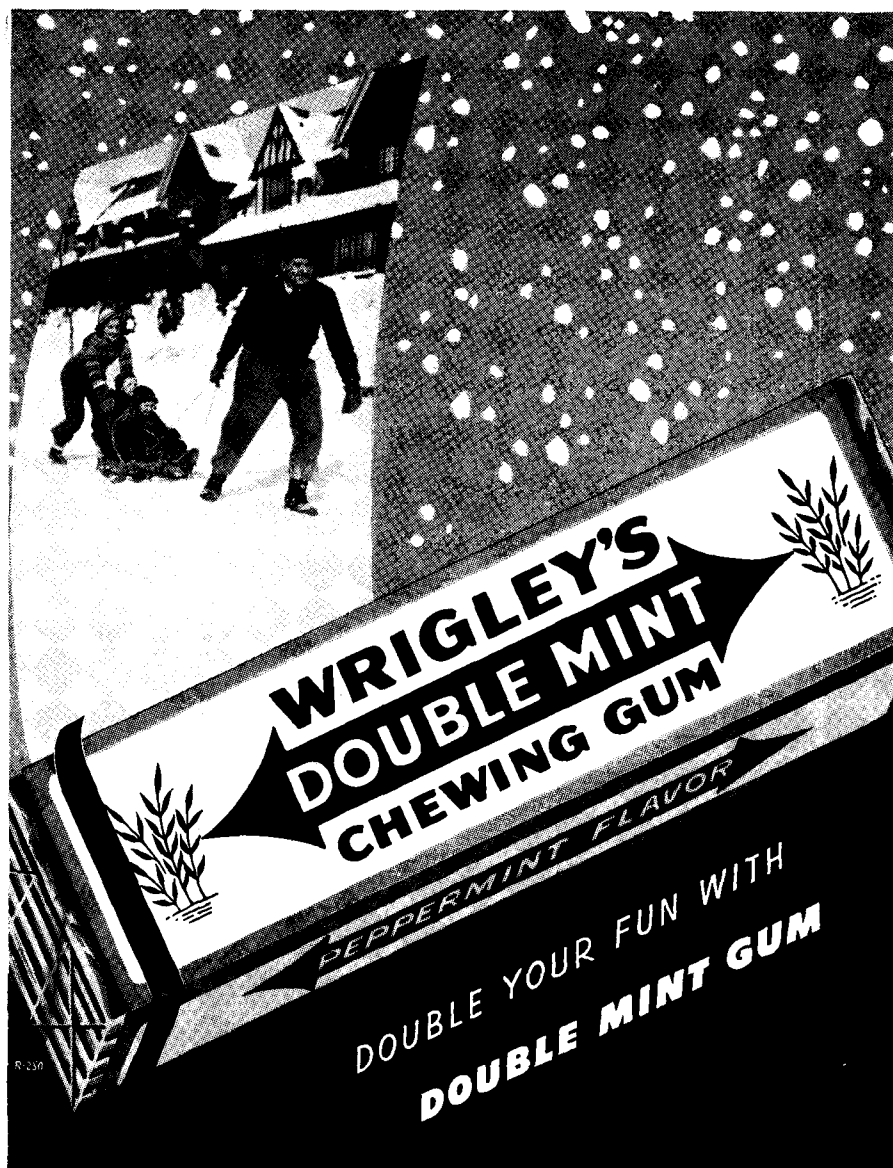
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you do, if you get out of that chair, Kelly—"

Kelly got out of the chair. Not hurriedly, not slowly, holding the gun level at his side, he rose to his feet. "Wait a minute," Farragher said, his voice grating, his words fast and slightly breathless, his gun hand moving a little to keep trained on Kelly's chest. "I'm telling you, brother. Pass that couch—"

"Drop the gun," Kelly said. His face was lined and white, shiny with perspiration, with a clamped look around the lines of his mouth. The tip of Farragher's tongue came out and touched his lips; for an instant his eyes wavered downward. Linda prayed: Don't let him see it. Don't let him know it's empty. Don't let him look down.

"Robert," she whispered, and Farragher's bright blue eyes came up, glittering in the light. "Let him go. Don't try to stop him. He'll kill you."

Neither of them looked at her; Kelly mightn't have heard her. Walking slowly, watching Farragher, he moved past the table, past the stove—he reached the girl. He didn't look frightened, but his face was paler than Linda had ever seen it, he was breathing rather hard. "Drop the gun," he said.

"Robert," Linda whispered. But she knew that to call was useless; the something inflexible she had felt in him before she felt again, only now it didn't make him a stranger, nor a lover; it made him something Linda could not put in words. There were only he and Farragher, coming together in this room, this little lighted space barred off by the darkness and the cold outside—he and Farragher, and no one else. The girl did not matter, nor she herself—there was just the lean man waiting near the door, and Kelly walking toward him slowly with his white face glinting with sweat, and something obscure and resolute in his heart that no one could shame or destroy or swerve.

"Listen," Farragher said, hoarsely. "One step, Kelly—one step more!"

Something happened to the bright blue eyes when Kelly was just before him. The coldness in them broke and shattered like shreds of glass. He called Kelly a name in a low, frenzied voice

that had no breath behind it, and he fired with one hand outspread flatly on the wall behind him, and the gun raised level at his chest.

But Kelly was moving fast the instant before the shot. His big gun, spanning an instantaneous steel arch of light, smashed the knuckles of Farragher's right hand down and aside from him with a noise like the slap of wet paper against a wall. In a moment they were confused and struggling by the door, and then the closet left of them was open, and Farragher's lank form in it against the darkness, arms and legs flung out like a doll constructed of bones.

BEFORE Kelly could lock the door Linda was up and across to him, holding his arm at the wrist, where the whiteness of his shirt cuff showed dark and wetly warm. Kelly said it was all right—it was only a flesh wound; but even after Mrs. Wallace had come downstairs and bound it up, even after all the explanations had been made and Linda and Kelly were alone again, in the living room that was disturbed only by the feeble clatter Farragher made against the closet door, Linda clung to it with shaking fingers.

"Oh, you were a fool," she said. "To do that! Suppose—"

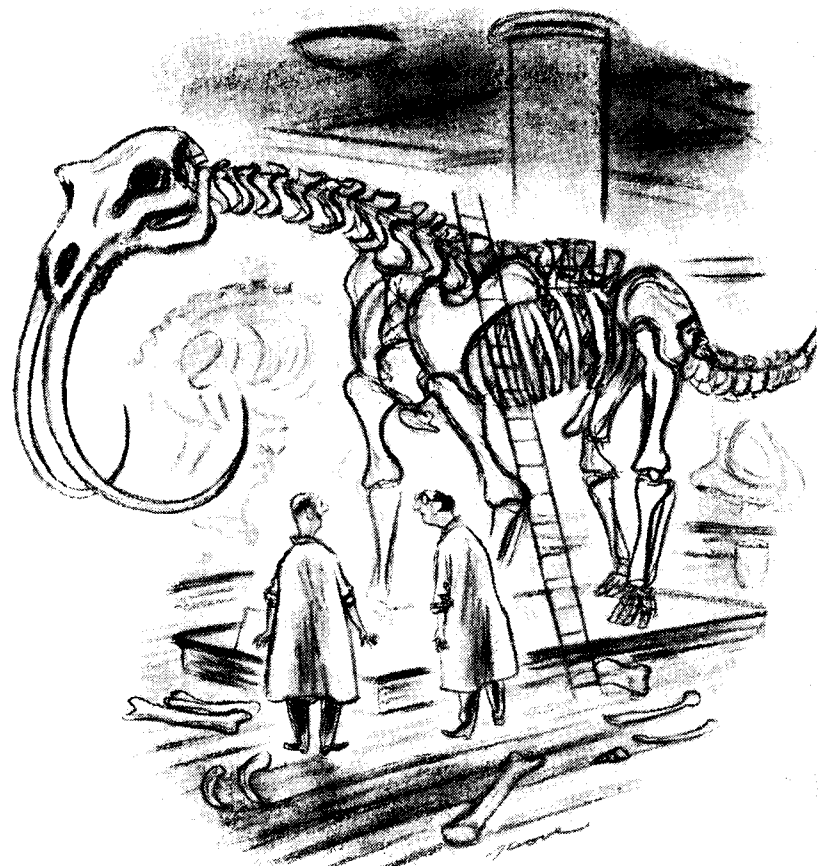
She shivered. Suppose monstrous things! Suppose Charley Farragher had fired sooner, straighter—suppose this hadn't all happened, and she had never seen the part of Kelly's job he was the last person in the world to talk about? It wasn't all misery; it was—well, protection, perhaps, and help, to people who sometimes couldn't help themselves. It was something, Linda thought, that was very hard to see; but it was something too you could take pride in.

Kelly was holding her very close with his good arm, murmuring now, although masterfully.

"All this," he said, "won't get anything for you. You know it's still the Bronx?"

"I know," Linda answered. "And I might love it."

"Just tolerate it," Kelly said, with his lips muffled against her hair. "You'll have quite a job loving me."



"Let's take it apart, now, and make something else"

LEONARD DOVE

Monday's Child

Continued from page 26

dressed like that. You'll be conspicuous."

Augusta shrugged, knowing she had never looked lovelier. "I can afford to be."

"You've made a grave mistake," he assured her. "You'll be sorry for it, once you get there. Besides, what good'll it be, after?"

The rink, gay with colored lights and bunting, was well filled when they arrived; the band playing, the boxes beginning to frame that social stratum which always comes late, secure that nothing of importance can happen without its presence.

It was the skating outfit, Augusta decided after the first moment of panic, that was making her feel as though tonight were in some way of special importance to her. The attention it attracted among the almost uniform tweed ensembles of the women skaters was more flattering than critical. The discovery that Arthur could be wrong exhilarated her.

Let them look, she thought, and darted in a long, soaring semicircle away from Arthur, who was no match for her on the ice. She laughed, waved back at him over her shoulder, thinking, "Even on skates he looks stodgy."

Mr. Oakley swooped down on her out of nowhere—that tall, long-legged young man without much chin—and thrust his arm under hers. His manner with her was easy, self-confident.

"For a second I thought you were Sonja Henie in person," he said. "Let's waltz."

Augusta remembered her father's humming the Blue Danube to her, showing her how to strike out on the first beat of the measure; she remembered his blue German eyes looking at her proudly.

"You're marvelous," Mr. Oakley was saying. "Who taught you to skate?"

"Oh," she shrugged, conscious that the people in the boxes were watching them. "No one special. I've always skated."

MR. OAKLEY took her to the bar and bought her a champagne cocktail. The bar was elaborately decorated with cheesecloth and the figure of a woman, plump and nude, outlined on the mirror with soap. Augusta felt a little embarrassed until she discovered it was supposed to be very amusing, and then she laughed, too. The eyes of the friends Mr. Oakley introduced to her reflected the heady brightness which she felt surge into her own head.

This is my life, she thought. This is where I belong. And her laughter rang out as sharp as ice for the young men who edged closer and closer about the bar, getting in one another's way, their eyes only on her.

Then she was back in the rink, skating with one and another of them, but always in the center. Sometimes she skated alone, remembering all the figures she and her father had practiced on the pond behind the lumber yard. Faster, faster she went, the little velvet skirt whipping itself tight about her slim legs, then gaily flaring wide.

Mr. Oakley came again. "Come along, Beautiful," he said. "The Hilliards want to meet you."

She sat in the box with the Hilliards and the Grants and Mrs. Grant's brother, Ramsay Crocker. Mrs. Hilliard was in her middle thirties, handsome in a tailored dinner suit. She and Mrs. Grant were onlookers, not participants in the carnival. Her smooth hair was faintly touched with gray and she wore

no make-up. Augusta was impressed. What she has is real, she thought; not something phony she puts on for effect. Mrs. Grant was pretty, but more ordinary; the two husbands were paunchy and prosperous.

Supper was being served and Augusta ate lobster Newburg and drank another champagne cocktail. Everyone was cordial and complimentary about her skating, and Mrs. Grant asked if she would give an exhibition at the children's carnival Saturday morning. Mrs. Hilliard suggested that she join the skating club that took over the rink Monday evenings.

Augusta agreed to everything, feeling bodiless, transformed, a fairy princess, with these people her courtiers.

"Isn't she divine?" Mr. Oakley demanded. "She's my discovery."

"You're a newcomer to Aldenham?" Mr. Crocker inquired. His look was direct, intensely personal.

AUGUSTA'S only answer was a smile; the question had whipped her back to where she belonged. But the smile was an assent, denying the "Mrs. Knubel, Dressmaker" sign, and all that section of Aldenham that lay west of the railroad tracks. She felt cheap, disloyal, to find it so easy.

"There's old Arthur," cried Mr. Oakley, and there he was, looking up at the box with his mouth open. Augusta had forgotten all about him. She waved, giving him a false bright smile, afraid.

He was summoned to the box and introduced and complimented on the grace and talent of his wife. He bowed too often, rubbed one hand on the other, and kept saying, "Yes, indeed, Mrs. Hilliard," over and over. Like a floor-walker, Augusta thought. You can't be that way. You have to take a high hand with them. You have to act like they act. And she turned her back on him to talk to Mr. Crocker.

Below them the rink was jammed with a noisy throng. After midnight, tickets were sold at the entrance at half price. "After all," Mrs. Grant said, "their money is just as good as ours, isn't it? And we always leave after supper, anyway. The air gets so bad. Are you ready, Ramsay?"

But Mr. Crocker wanted to skate with Augusta. He was handsomer, more assured than Mr. Oakley, and wore the most beautiful camel-hair sweater Augusta had ever seen. They went down to the rink.

"Do you ride, Mrs. Perry?" he asked a moment later. "Because I've a nice little mare I think you'd like, and in the spring, as soon as the frost's out, it would be grand if you'd try her."

"Oh, yes," Augusta told him. "I love to ride." By spring she could learn.

"I guess you do everything well. Isn't that so?" He squeezed her hand.

Augusta tossed her head. "Try to find out!" Her hands in Mr. Crocker's trembled; she felt as if she could skate forever.

Suddenly she saw Irene. Her sister was skating with a young man in a checked cap, and she looked cheap in a red jersey dress that was too tight for her. Her mouth was painted the wrong color.

Augusta said, "I must go back now. Arthur is waiting." But it was too late. Irene had dropped her young man and grabbed hold of her arm. Augusta excused herself quickly to Mr. Crocker and followed Irene to the railing.

"Irene, for heaven's sake, haven't you any sense?"

Irene turned on her.

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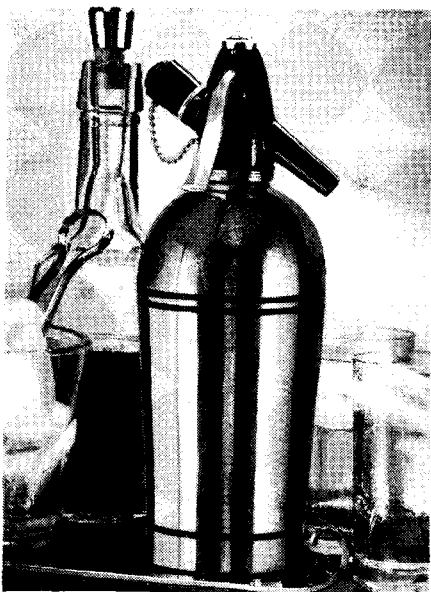
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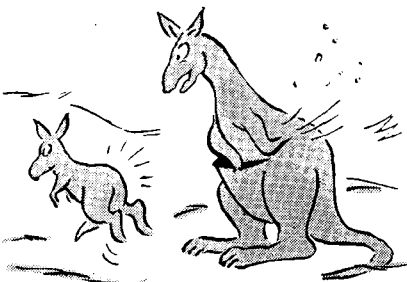
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"Listen, Gussie," she said hurriedly. "Joe's in trouble. Stealin' stuff from the grocery. For Mom. You gotta go and see Mr. Schloss and make it right, see?"

"Oh, damn." Augusta went pale. "Oh, the poor little sap!" She clung to the railing. "All right, I'll do something. But why couldn't you have—" She wanted to get away, now, quickly. "Who's that man you're with?"

"He's the roomer. He's got your room. Gives Mom three bucks a week. He's all right. He's a nice feller. Gee, Gussie, you look gorgeous!"

"He doesn't look all right to me. I should think you'd—" Her color was coming back; she smoothed her hair. "I'll fix it up for Joe. Poor kid. Tell Mom." And she went back to where Mr. Crocker was waiting for her, puzzled and interested.

"My dressmaker's daughter," she said. "Some kind of trouble. You know how they are. I do what I can to help."

"I'll bet you do." He took her arm again. "I bet you're a swell gal. I don't know why I didn't meet you first."

BUT Augusta's interest in him had died. Her heart under the gay costume was sick with apprehension. Poor Mom. She'd failed her; she'd failed them all. Poor Joe! Poor little Joe.

She sat down on the wooden bench and let Mr. Crocker take off her skates, wanting only to go home.

Driving through the dim icy streets, Arthur talked a great deal. She heard none of it. He wrapped the rug around her and kept asking her if she were tired, if she felt at all chilled. "Such a success," he said, over and over. "Most satisfying evening I've had in a long time. How do you feel, dear? Not too done in?"

"Listen, Arthur." Augusta sat forward. "I've got to have a car of my own." Take a high hand with him. That was the way.

"Why, darling, I can't afford another car right now." His voice was almost pleading. "But you use this one. I can take the bus just as well."

"Thanks. And I want to take riding lessons at the academy. And I'll have to have a habit, a good one." She held her breath a moment, then added, quietly: "It would simplify matters if I had an allowance."

He looked at her quickly. "All right, Augusta," he said. "All right." He cleared his throat noisily. "Do you think— Did Mrs. Hilliard say she'd call?"

Augusta could not remember. They rode the rest of the distance home in silence.

The next morning there was a great box of red roses from Mr. Crocker, and a note saying that he was coming over to tea.

Augusta put the flowers in water and rushed off in the car to West Aldenham to see Mr. Schloss. In her purse was a new twenty-dollar bill which Arthur had left in an envelope on the breakfast table.

THE grocer was obviously impressed when she swept down on him. So long as the theft was made good he was not disposed to prosecute. Of course, Mrs. Perry was to understand, he could not employ the boy any longer. He bowed before her, wet his thumb to finger the bill, breathed garlic at her, murmuring that Joe was a bright lad, and what a great pity. . . . Augusta fled, thankful to be through with the affair so easily. All you really need is money, she thought. Money takes care of everything. From now on she would be able to help the family more—and keep them at a distance at the same time.

It would be fun to have Mr. Crocker

to tea. What should she wear? An afternoon dress? A hostess gown?

It was true: the carnival had been the beginning of a new life. Invitations came for the subscription dances for the benefit of the Children's Shelter, and were followed by the offer of a part for Augusta with the Community Players. There were cocktail parties, and now and then a dinner. She threw herself into this life with a reckless enthusiasm, filling her days and nights with activity, gathering the world into her arms and thrusting it between her and Arthur.

To her mother she sent small amounts from her allowance, and took her once to lunch at an unfashionable restaurant in a side street in Aldenham, with movies afterward. She never went back to the house in West Aldenham again.

Wherever she and Arthur went the men gathered about her, while Arthur hovered on the edge of the group, rubbing his hands, pleased and a little apprehensive.

"You're wonderful to do all this for me," he said to her the morning after a successful dress rehearsal. "Don't think I don't appreciate it."

Augusta looked at him blankly, and handed him a cup of coffee in which she had forgotten to put any sugar, her mind busy with her own projects.

"I'm going to do over the living room," she said. "No, really, Arthur, it's impossible this way." Her eyes, turned toward the doorway, dismissed the three-piece overstuffed suite and the sunfast curtains. "I want dull blue walls and that new bleached maple furniture. I want heavy off-white draperies coming right down to the floor."

"I don't know, dear." His brows contracted. "I'd have to borrow from Father."

"Well, borrow, then. You've enough rich patients now to pay him back in a few months." She added lightly, "Oh, and I think I'll take the guest room for my own."

Through narrowed eyes she saw his face change, become less soft, paler.

"I was sort of waiting for that."

"Were you?" She picked up the announcement of a new decorating shop, studied it put it down.

"AUGUSTA." He put his hand out to her across the table. "It doesn't mean you're, well, bored or—"

"Bored?" Her laugh was like a stage amateur's. "Where would I find time to be bored?"

He looked away. "You've never loved me," he said, finally.

"Arthur." She lifted her hand, dropped it into her lap.

"There's nothing to say." He shrugged, got up from the table, digging his hands into his pockets. "I know. I've known ever since the carnival. Maybe longer. All this flying around—means only one thing. You're—"

"It means I'm trying to help you. I have helped you." Her voice sounded thin, a thin whine in her ears.

"Yes, yes, of course," he said hastily. "Of course." He stopped abruptly, stared at the floor.

Augusta looked directly at him, open-eyed. He seemed to have grown smaller, standing there, nodding, accepting what she had just said as true.

She stood up, wanting to say something shocking and honest, something he could not possibly accept. Revulsion and a feeling of incredible loneliness brought the tears smarting to her eyes. She threw down her napkin.

"Naturally," and she smiled, remembering what the neighbors in West Aldenham had said, six months ago. . . . "I'm doing as well as possible for myself, too."

The tears burst from her eyes then, and she hurried out before he had time to turn around.

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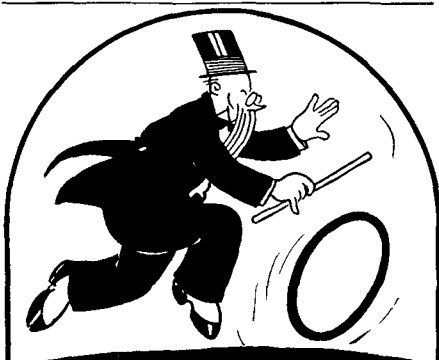
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Tough Guy

Continued from page 32

all over our slide?" The man got up, trembling with rage. "Why you little—!" he spluttered.

"C'mon, scram!" Iggy said, motioning with his thumb. "Yuh holdin' up duh woiks."

The man looked at Iggy and at the three other boys who had gathered ominously behind him, and scrambled. People could damn' well walk around the slide, the boys felt, not considering at all the fact that the only way in which one could avoid the slide was by tramping through the four-foot bank of snow at the curb.

They soon had enough of sliding and were anxious to use their sleds, but they were none the less indignant when Johnson appeared with a bag of coarse salt and, methodically ignoring the boys' insults, covered the slide with it. It was just one manifestation of what seemed to the boys a universal conspiracy, which they always had to contend with, to spoil their fun.

"You're gawna git mob-alized one o' dese days," Nick shouted after the janitor as he went down the basement stairs.

"Yeah, we'll put 'im through duh mill!" Steve said.

"We'll knock 'is ears off," Iggy added. Hymie had to make a threat, too. "We'll spit in 'is eye!" but it had a decidedly anticlimactic tone.

"Duh street looks pretty good to me," Steve said, looking up and down the four blocks of winding avenue. Iggy's house, one of a row of tenements, was a short distance from the top of the long grade. On the other side was a long rocky wall, an edge of the plateau forming part of a large park. Traffic had left four glistening grooves in the roadway—in effect, four toboggan slides.

"Last one up is a rotten egg," Steve shouted, and ran up the street, dragging his sled. Nick and Iggy were right after him, and then came Hymie, hoping to take turns riding double with the others. At the top of the hill, Steve launched his sled into one of the grooves, and threw himself upon it. Iggy chose the adjoining groove and was soon abreast of Steve. Iggy's sled was always the fastest, somehow, and as he passed Steve, he thumbed his nose and shouted, "Yaaah!" A few yards behind them came Nick, with Hymie on top of him.

AT THE bottom of its slope, the avenue swerved to the right across a trolley-car line into a busy intersection. Iggy shot through it, between the traffic cop and the front end of a moving trolley car. The other two sleds just missed the rear end of the car. The cop mopped his forehead, though it was quite cold. "Hey, you kids!" he shouted. But the boys knew that he couldn't leave his post for more than a few seconds at a time and, except for keeping out of his reach, they ignored him. They tied their sleds to a slow-moving vehicle and were hauled up the hill in grand style. They had only a few more rides, though. The traffic officer phoned for help and some street cleaners came with a load of cinders and covered the last sixty or seventy feet of the hill with them. This stopped the sleds with unpleasant suddenness.

"Okay," Iggy said. "Let's try duh Devil's Run!"

"Kinda icy," Hymie said, doubtfully. "Dat's duh beauty of it." Iggy started for the park and the others followed.

The largest, most enticing meadow in the park was set apart, in the summer, for the cultivation of grass and at all seasons to serve as a huge pincushion for Keep Off signs. But neither the signs nor the watchmen stationed there nor

the low iron fence around the field could keep the gang from trespassing whenever it pleased them to do so. One edge of the meadow paralleled a street and the opposite edge was bent up abruptly, forming a forty-five degree incline about a hundred feet in height, called the Devil's Run. To get to the top of it, one had to hold on to the trees and shrubs which covered it and dig his heels into its side. There was a single clear lane, little more than wide enough for the passage of a sled, and that's all that was needed. The take-off was at a steep spot, near the top, where the hill swept under the fence before it leveled off.

ONE held on to the fence with one hand, aimed the sled just right with the other, and then threw himself upon it before it had a chance to get away. Then down he went, through trees and across the meadow—and into the railings at the far side of it if he wasn't careful. There were other, unrestricted, places to coast upon in the park, but they were all tame compared to this one. Few boys outside the gang ventured on it. During past years a sled had occasionally hit a tree.

Riding double was hardly to be attempted, and Hymie was taking turns on the other sleds. For a short time no one disturbed the boys, but then Iggy, after a ride, had just dragged himself and his sled up to the waiting Hymie when shouts were heard from down below. They saw Steve and Nick, like two little black bugs, on the wide, white expanse, running away in opposite directions from a watchman who was waving a stick. After an attempt to go two ways at once, the watchman gave up the chase and started for the hill.

"We better beat it," Hymie said. He and Iggy were about to go over the fence into the upper part of the park, but they spied another watchman stealing toward them by a side path.

"Dey got us s'rounded!" Hymie said.

"Wise guys, heh? Well, here's where dey git a surprise!" Iggy said.

"Whadaya gawna do?"

"We're gawna ride double and knock dat big jaboff down dere for a goal if he don't get odda duh way."

"You're nuts to try to ride double!"

"Awright, stay here, den," Iggy said, but Hymie hastily agreed to ride with him. Iggy quickly laid his sled down and directed Hymie to get on it, face down, and hook his toes over the lower rail of the fence. Then, holding the upper rail, he knelt back of Hymie, yelled, "Shoot!" and let go as Hymie unhooked his toes. They descended like a hawk making a strike.

Out in the meadow stood the watchman, with arms and legs outstretched, ready to pounce upon them. From his heavy mustache, Iggy recognized him as an old enemy. The boys couldn't swerve because they were going too fast and didn't want to risk a spill. Iggy lowered his head and leaned forward like a ram getting ready for action. "Right inna breadbasket, 'at's where yuh gawna git it, yuh big yella punk!" he muttered between his teeth. The watchman suddenly became aware of the danger inherent in the speed of the sled and started to jump, but too late. He was cut down like a weed. And, as he fell, Iggy's head caught him sideways, knocking an "Umph" out of him.

Dragging their legs, the boys stopped the sled at the farther end of the meadow, hopped over the fence into the street and looked back. The watchman had just picked himself out of the snow. "Haw, haw, haw!" the boys yelled. The



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watchman shook his stick at them and limped away.

"Him and his stick," Iggy said contemptuously. "Dis'll loin 'im not to git so tough wid it."

"He was pretty lucky at dat," Hymie observed, looking with great respect at the iron front of Iggy's sled.

"Yeah, if we'd 'a' clipped 'im square he'd be layin' dere yet—maybe widda busted leg."

"Gee!" Hymie winced.

"Yuh wouldn' be so sorry for 'im if you got a smack over duh shins like he ga' me once, las' summer," Iggy said.

They found Steve and Nick waiting for them on the next corner.

"Dunno about youse guys, but I'm starved," said Steve, "and I'm gawna eat."

"I could eat a horse, myself," Nick said. "Den how 'bout some skatin', 'safternoon? Dey musta cleaned duh snow off duh river by now."

THE Bronx River didn't freeze very readily, probably because of the current, but when it did it offered the kind of skating that was not to be missed. The long straightaway where it flowed through Bronx Park provided a freedom of movement not to be had at any of the ponds in the other parks, where skating, because of crowds of people in a limited space, resolved itself into a series of cramped circular excursions. The boys liked lots of room.

After lunchtime, seven of the gang were rounded up and they boarded a trolley car for Bronx Park. At the end of the line they hurried to the river, put on their skates, strapped shoes on their backs and, after a few trial spins, formed a tallyho and started upstream. Each held tightly to the waist of the one in front of him and all took long unisonous strides, the tempo being set by Iggy, who, as usual, was the leader. When they had gathered sufficient momentum, Iggy made a quick half-turn and the tallyho doubled on itself, swinging the boys swiftly around. This was called "snapping the whip" and that's just what it was like, the last boy in line getting most of the snap. Often he was thrown off, like a pebble from a sling, and sent spinning on his seat. Being snapped was a unique sensation and no one kid could stand much of it. Every time there was a change in formation there was a struggle among the boys to avoid being at the tail end.

They snapped the whip several times on their way up the river and then came to a point where it was very wide. There



"What's it to yuh, Swede?" Ignatz spoke pugnaciously

they spent the next few hours, racing, playing tag, and doing a little of what they thought was fancy skating.

With twilight it began to snow again. Tired of skating, they formed another tallyho and started back down the river. Its surface was dotted with moving figures—people from all over the city, among them numbers of couples who skated together with arms crossed in front of them. The boys always derided manifestations of affection between the sexes and as they sped merrily along, past the couples, they voiced loud catcalls, boos and Bronx cheers.

Suddenly a huge policeman, on skates, came into view a couple of hundred feet ahead of them. Shouting and gesticulating, he advanced out into the river from the bank where he had been stationed.

"Now whatta hell's he want?" Iggy said. He detested cops. Ever since he could remember, he had been thwarted by the bluecoats. To him they were nothing but a plague. One of them had ruined his sleigh-riding that morning and now this one was butting in. They were always butting in; there could be no bonfires, no hitching on trolley cars,

not even a harmless game of cat and stick when one of them was around. In a world dominated by grownups, with whom they could have little rapport, the gang as a whole was inclined to be anti-social. But Iggy went further. Though he hardly suspected it, he was an out-and-out anarchist. He just didn't see why the big fat pests didn't let him alone.

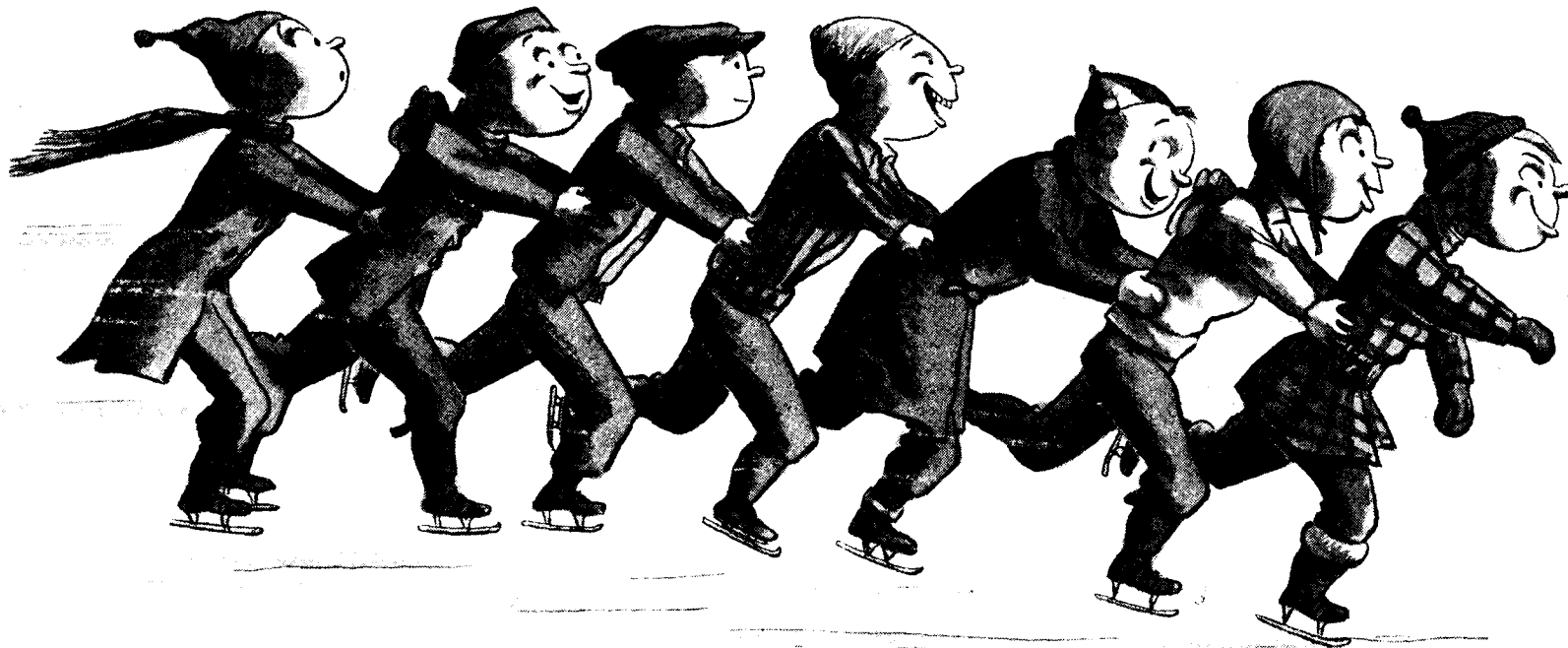
THE cop's demand that the boys break up their tallyho seemed to have been prompted solely by malice. They were doing no harm! They had no way of knowing that tallyhos had been banned because of an accident caused by one the day before, and it would not have made much of an impression on them if they had known it. The cop skated awkwardly. Because his ludicrous movements failed to inspire awe and because Iggy said to hold tight, they kept going. The cop continued threateningly at right angles to the anticipated line of direction of the tallyho while Iggy set a continually faster pace for the boys to follow.

Iggy's timing was so perfect that when he claimed, later, that he had intended

to "get" the cop, the boys were inclined to believe it, though at first they had assumed that he had planned mere defiance. Anyway, the cop was caught in the snap of the whip and sent hurtling to the edge of the river. The last few boys in line were felled by the impact with the law but were back on their feet much before the cop found his. The gang scattered and flew separately downstream, half expecting to hear a revolver shot at any moment. But the cop did not even attempt a chase; it would have been futile in the dusk, with all those people skating about. At the end of the river, the boys hastily changed skates for shoes and, with laces still untied, ran to the trolley line. Reminiscing hysterically, they rode home to supper, which was all that was needed to complete a swell Saturday.

FOR Iggy it turned out to be especially swell. That night, while preparing for sleep, thinking back with warm satisfaction on the two decisive rebuffs to authority—two great victories in one day!—he heard the noise of a shovel scraping against pavement. Iggy carefully opened his window so that it would not squeak and looked down. It had been snowing steadily since dark and, as he had guessed, Johnson, the janitor, two stories below, was trying to keep ahead of the elements. Iggy grinned. Handful by handful he gathered up the snow on the window ledge, packing it tightly into a sphere. When he had used up all the snow, he hefted the sphere thoughtfully and considered using a milk bottle instead. But he wasn't angry enough at Johnson, just then, to go to such lengths. The snowball would do—it was quite hard and as big as a large grapefruit. The cold air made him shiver and his hands were blue from contact with the snow but the discomfort did not for a moment weaken him in his fixed purpose. Johnson happened to pause, in his work, almost directly beneath Iggy's window, which was what Iggy had been waiting for. All he had to do was drop the sphere, and that's what he did. Then, just as the janitor's shovel clattered to the sidewalk, he ducked backward out of sight, and into bed. "Three for our side!" he said to himself.

Iggy didn't understand Swedish, but Johnson's curses, wafted in through the open window with the cool air, had a soothing effect, like soft, sweet music. With a conscience as clear as on the day he was born, Iggy fell asleep soon after the music had ceased.



They put on their skates and, after a few trial spins, formed a tallyho and started upstream

SANTA CLAUS
NORTH POLE

"Is there a Santa Claus?"

(The following Christmas classic first appeared as an editorial in the New York "Sun" September 21, 1897. It is reprinted with special permission.)

WE take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

"Dear Editor:

I am 8 years old.

Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says 'If you see it in The Sun it's so.'

Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon,
115 West 95th Street"

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect,

an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the Chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.



To keep alive the spirit of Christmas in the hearts of their children in the years to come, many parents own a "Christmas" life insurance policy as a part of their program of family protection. From such a policy your family would receive, for a certain number of years, money for their Christmas each year, just as though you were still "here" to make a gift yourself. Ask the New York Life representative in your community to tell you about it. Or, if you prefer, write to the Home Office at the address below.

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Mademoiselle from Gay Paree

Continued from page 14

in America. She had risen at five A.M. in order to be ready for landing at seven-fifteen. By evening she was very sleepy but still very polite. She had been photographed one hundred and eighty times since breakfast, had been third-degreed by a horde of "report-airs," had received innumerable film executives, and had attended a huge party as the guest of honor.

By the time she went to bed some two hours after midnight, her English was practically negligible and she was having trouble distinguishing between the words "tiresome" and "tiring." But she went bravely at the business of being "welcomed" again the next day and such was the three-ring circus which the moguls of Hollywood and New York staged in her honor that if her bewilderment of the first day had increased at the end of the sixth when she departed for Hollywood, it was scarcely a matter for wonder. One thing—the fragile-looking Darrieux has endurance.

A Flurry of Pictures

Upon meeting her, many people insist that she is not typically French. Her speech does not sizzle with "z's" and the "th's" are all in place. Memorized lines are easy, as her broadcast from Paris to America last August proved, but in spontaneous conversation she speaks rather slowly until suddenly she grows confused and looks imploringly at her husband, who speaks no English at all but who comes to her rescue in French until she can get her bearings in English again. If her appearance and essential qualities seem to be only semi-French, it may be due to the fact that, although she and her father were both born in Bordeaux, her mother is Algerian, her grandmother was Polish, and her great-grandmother was American. Out of this potpourri comes Danielle, who is at one moment appallingly poised and the next impulsively emotional.

She was a war baby, born at a time when cannons were roaring through France and no one advised it as a birthplace. Her father wangled a furlough to go and look at her briefly and then hurried back to the trenches where he received wounds that were eventually the cause of his death, though he lived long enough to see his daughter well on the way to success. He was an eye specialist. After the war, the Darrieux family moved to Paris.

Her mother was a singer and her doctor-father was also a musician. The result of this melodic environment was that Danielle started a musical education as soon as she could sit upright on a piano bench. Then her family urged her to take up the violin, but being small and rather frail-looking she naturally chose the biggest instrument she could handle and wrestled with the cello until she became so proficient that the plan was to send her to the Paris Conservatoire and make a concert cellist out of her.

Danielle had nothing against this. She simply happened to pick up a fan magazine to look for pictures of her favorite film star, Edith Mera, and the whole thing changed. The magazine contained an advertisement for a fourteen-year-old girl to play a role in the screen version of *Le Bal*, to be produced by Vandal and Delac, and ended: "Bring this with you to the Champs Elysées studio entrance."

She was fourteen. She had read the novel and admired the heroine. Quite evidently these people were looking for her. With a simple gesture of dismissal

to her cello, she quickly put on her hat, took a bus, got off at the Place de l'Etoile, walked into the offices of Vandal and Delac, and explained that she was giving up a concert career in favor of the cinema—a fact which she did not mention to her parents until after the test, when she was offered a contract. It seems "they thought it very—ah—very okay." The part in *Le Bal* was small—"but good," Danielle hastens to add. "Yes, good. I cause all the trouble."

This, she says, was the first of the five most important happenings in her life.

The film was a hit and so was Danielle. Vandal and Delac signed her to a long contract and paid her the magnificent sum of fifty dollars a week. They decided to make the most of her and rushed her from one film to another with no letup. She made pictures in Berlin, Munich, Prague, even Sofia, sometimes taking a plane from the place of the last picture to the place of the next in order not to lose time.

But they had brought her along a little too fast. And because she was gay and pretty and sang and wore clothes with Parisian chic, they cast her entirely in comedies, usually with music. She was tired of always smiling. She wanted to do something more serious. She was miserable.

Then comes the second most important episode. "In Berlin," explained Darrieux's husband.

"No," said Darrieux.

"Yes," he insisted, "very important—dramatique!"

La Darrieux looked embarrassed.

It seems that in Berlin, what with frustration and overwork and such, she was taken ill—an abscess of the throat which threatened to end a career in singing and speaking films even if she survived. There was nothing for it but a trip to the hospital and a rather dangerous operation. The sixteen-year-old was entirely alone in the German capital. She saw no use in sending word to her mother in Paris and worrying her. Pictures in which she always had to play comedy were washouts anyhow. She was frightened and lonely but nothing much mattered. So she went into the operation by herself.

Marriage Was an Economy

But at that moment one of those little things that make a lot of difference happened. Edith Mera, the star whom she had worshiped from a distance, came to Berlin to do a picture. They told Mera at the studio about the young French girl in the hospital. Promptly she went to see Danielle, who was almost as overcome by the visit as she had been by the ether. Mera told her about her own struggles, bucked up her morale, and in a reasonable time the girl went back to pictures feeling much better.

She was cast in *L'Or Dans La Rue*, on which Henry Koster, writer and director (who has since directed Deanna Durbin in both of her hit films in this country), and this same Henri Decoin collaborated. At first, she liked Decoin because he let her talk to him about playing serious roles and because he seemed to think she could. Also, he didn't object when she called him on the telephone with sudden ideas at three and four in the morning. He retaliated by calling her at equally odd hours when he had just finished writing a scene and wanted to try it out on someone. There are so few people who like to be awakened out of a sound sleep for such things. It brought them together, but the tele-

phone bills. Moreover, they discovered they were in love. Marrying the girl was an economy and a pleasure.

They ran away together, leaving no telephone number. While film companies tried to reach them about contracts, they paddled around in gondolas in Italy and danced to little German bands in Bavaria. They returned from the honeymoon announcing they were ready to go to work on *Le Domino Vert*, of which Decoin had made the adaptation. He insisted that the erstwhile comedienne be given a role that was definitely dramatic. The producers hesitated but the bridegroom was obdurate. He won, and it was Darrieux's performance in this part that caused Charles Boyer and Anton Litvak, the director, to demand her a little later for the role of the virginal young Countess Vetsera in Mayerling, the tragic love story of the Crown Prince Rudolph and the girl with whom he sought death rather than take the throne without her.

Hollywood's Frantic Gestures

Mayerling, which was made in twenty strenuous days with the actors working from eight in the morning till two at night and starting again at eight, became an international sensation on its artistic merit—no mere "quickie" in spite of speed. According to her count, it was Vital Event Number Three in the life of Danielle Darrieux. It brought her straight to the front as the serious actress she had longed to be.

Then, just as the Hollywood offers began streaking along the cables, she did the riskiest thing she could have tried at that moment. Having made two more films, she looked for other fields to conquer and made a hazardous leap for the Paris stage, on which she had had no experience at all. Her husband, always the valiant author, had a play ready for her called *Jeux Dangereux*—and it was a dangerous game in more than the mere title. No doubt that was its charm for her. It is just as precarious a jump over there as it is from Hollywood to Broadway and all of those interested in her future stood around holding their breath.

There was a tryout in Brussels before the Paris opening. After the curtain went up, Danielle had a good case of stage fright for the first five minutes and wished she were back playing the cello. Then she pulled herself together and startled the coterie of supercritics who had come to see another picture star do a flop on the stage. She went through to twenty curtain calls, and the King of the Belgians, who happened to be a part of the tryout audience, invited her to his box for an informal presentation.

Two weeks later she went into the Theatre de la Madeleine in Paris and, before you could say "Danielle Darrieux and Henri Decoin," she was a close runner-up with Gaby Morley as tops with Paris theater audiences. (Episode Four.)

During all of this commotion, Hollywood was making frantic gestures. Finally, it made one which involved a million dollars for her and assured her that, in addition, she could make one film a year in France and also could return to the Paris stage at the end of this winter in another play by her husband.

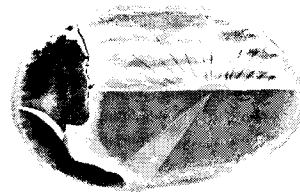
Coming to America is not only the fifth, but, she thinks, the most important event for her so far. "It is like Olympic Games," she explains. "Everywhere else are elimination tests, then the players go to 'Oollywood for the—the—no, no—not the finish! The—"

"The finals?"

"Yes—finals—and what happens? Who knows?"

Having made her American reputation chiefly through the emotional sensitivity of Mayerling, she is being cast with true cinema logic in a comedy with music called *The Rage of Paris* in which she will sing in that light intimate soprano which lately made *Un Mauvais Garçon* the theme song of Europe. If she is a good girl, she may do a more serious film for the second one. She is up against the toughest test of her life. She is in Hollywood now. Danielle has entered the lion's den. But, judged by past experiences and the already established American tendency to give her things—"What a wonderful country!"—little Danielle will probably come out wearing the lion's mane as a fur piece.

EYES ON TOMORROW



The National Resources Committee, a group dedicated to the study of machine-age developments and their effect on the American people, has made another report. The nation is still digesting it. The hope of this committee is to establish a long-range program which will overcome the complicated challenges of an extending era of national mechanization.

Scientific looking ahead for many millions of people is something new. *But individual looking ahead for that one individual's welfare is as old as human ambition.*

Service to the ambitious individual is the rock upon which the International Correspondence Schools were founded slightly less than a half-century ago.

There is nothing magical about this institution. Its fundamental purpose is correlating human ambition and human effort, to the end that the individual may be better equipped to move forward in his chosen career.

Considering the present and anticipating the future, men realize that they need something—something vital to their progress. That something is—TRAINING! And the International Correspondence Schools have provided training for more persons than any institution in existence. Realizing this, these ambitious people enroll for the courses of training of their

choice. (Employers please note: The overwhelming percentage of I.C.S. students seek self-improvement in their present lines of work.) After that, although extended authoritative and sympathetic instructor-co-operation is given, they must work, work, work! I.C.S. methods of training are simple and efficient, but success or failure depends upon the individual's application to the task at hand.

A significant fact about the typical I.C.S. student is that he is 27 years old. He is married, and a parent. He works for a living. The average student who enrolls today attended high school and, by necessity, or, perhaps, through choice, launched into the serious business of making his own way. More and more college graduates, however, are turning to this institution for the specialized training they need.

The passing of a few years impress men with this cold truth: *It is the trained man who steps up to responsible and well-paying jobs today—and tomorrow.* Come what may, the big jobs will go to those who are big enough to fill them; and the professional magnitude of a man is determined in large measure by his training and the ability to apply that training.

Today and tomorrow, helping men help themselves is the service-mission of this modern-minded educational institution.



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Louder, Please

OF COURSE it is true, but Jim Farley is a queer one to be talking of the need of a strong political opposition to the Administration. No other man has done more to destroy such opposition as existed.

President Roosevelt's political manager has been a thorough partisan. He has fought the Progressive Republicans from the late Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico to Mayor LaGuardia of New York merely because they happened not to be tagged as Democrats. Even though they were natural allies he fought them. As patronage purveyor for the Administration, Jim Farley could see useful qualities only in partisan Democrats. In fact, for a long time, according to the Farley test, the only good Democrats were those of the faction which clamored for the nomination of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt before the presidential convention of 1932. Jim demanded not only true believers but old believers as well. That was his job and he did it.

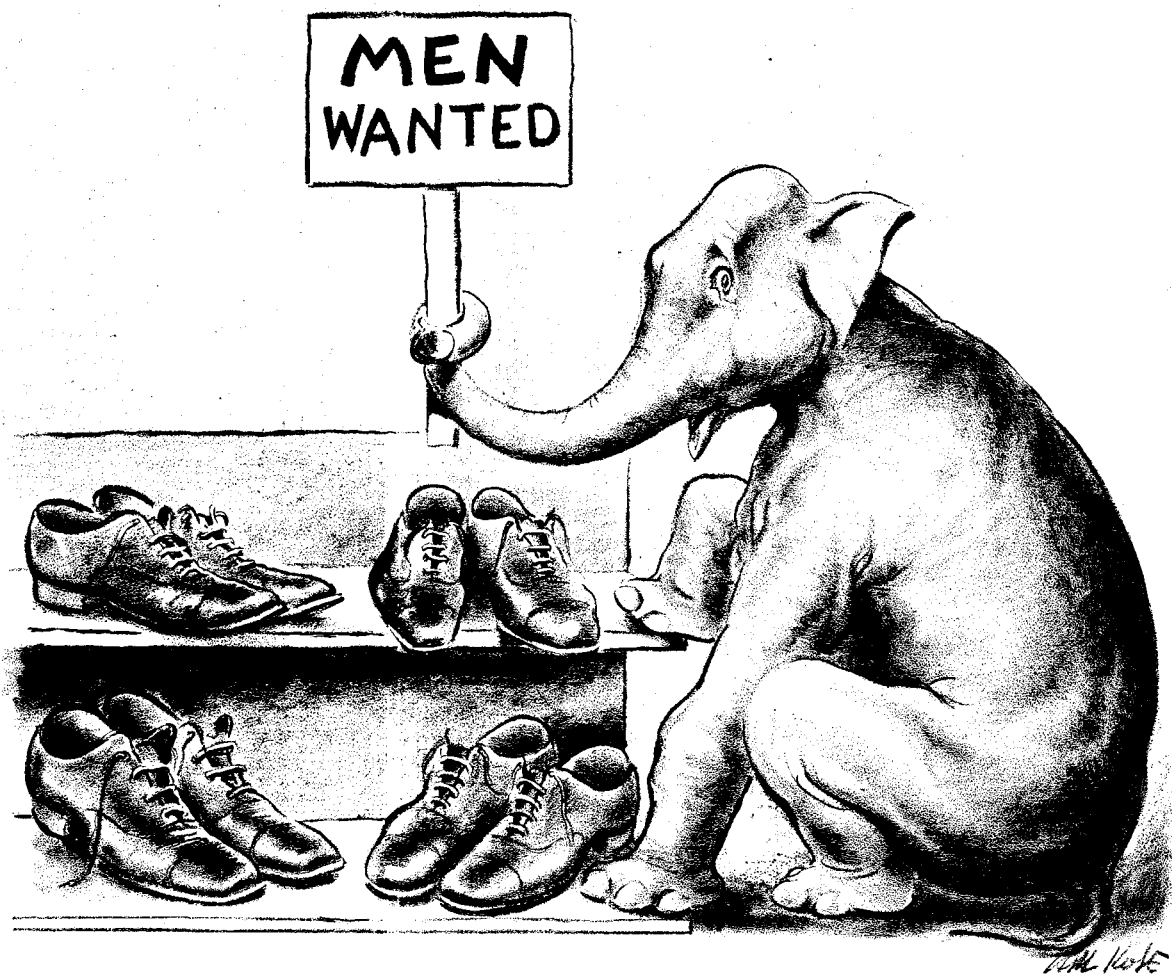
So when the national chairman of the Democratic party says: "I can see many, many dangers in the too-great dominance of one of our political organizations," his assertion that he is talking as a citizen and not as a politician must be taken as true. Mr. Farley is not one to clothe himself in other men's virtues.

The Postmaster General has not specified the particular policy which compelled him to think that "no party is great enough to feel itself above criticism." Other Democrats have been franker and more explicit.

Nobody willing to listen or to read could fail to know why and at what points such senators as Carter Glass, Harry Byrd and Burton Wheeler differed from the Administration and opposed its policies. Incidentally, when Senator Wheeler was opposing and defeating the President's court-packing program, Jim Farley was trying to read the opposition out of the party. It didn't happen that way.

There is abundant opposition to the present policies of the Administration but, unfortunately, the opposition is not adequately represented in Congress. Mr. Farley was actually right when he said that "a strong opposition minority is absolutely necessary under our system of government." Until next year's elections the Democrats, however, will have to continue to provide the opposition as well as the government. The Republican members of the House and Senate are too few and too divided in their opinions to be effective.

A fusion opposition is just beginning to



appear. Fiorello LaGuardia, backed by the Republicans and the American Labor party, overwhelmed the Democrats in New York City's recent mayoral election in spite of the efforts of Mr. Farley and the national Democratic leaders.

Mayor LaGuardia, however, is in close sympathy with the New Deal. Republicans voted for him because he seemed vastly preferable to Tammany. On national issues he could lead the American Labor party but certainly not the Republicans before their previously expressed principles have been thoroughly revised.

The American Labor party is at least as radical as the New Deal Democrats. Perhaps it is here to stay. The mortality among labor parties in this country, however, has been exceedingly high. LaGuardia's success in New York was not matched by similar successes in Ohio and Michigan. Furthermore, no sharp differences of opinion on national issues would be likely to arise between the Labor party and the New Dealers.

A strong and critical opposition to New Deal policies cannot be found in the American Labor party. Mayor LaGuardia would carry on the Roosevelt policies whatever his political tag.

The sincere opposition to the New Deal is conservative rather than radical. It is most vigorously expressed by business groups, in the South quite as freely as in the North and West. Spokesmen of business opinion are a smaller minority in Congress now than at any previous time in our history. Never before have the views of business leaders counted for less in decisions concerning national policy.

If there is to be a strong opposition minority, the honest opinions of business and industrial leaders must be expressed. Men who can talk without fear, equivocation or apology are needed. The timorous criticism of men not sure of their own ultimate convictions makes few converts. At present Republicans in Congress do not voice this criticism. Senator William E.

Borah is the dean of Republicans and their most eloquent speaker. He differs only slightly from the New Dealers. Even on the Supreme Court issue, which genuinely interests him, he provided no alternative to the Administration program.

Herbert C. Hoover lost the support of business in 1932 and, in spite of the success of some of his speeches, he has not regained it. Alfred Landon's genial Kansas outlook did not make him a convincing leader of a national opposition. Republican leaders will have to make up their own minds before they can expect to persuade the country.

The opportunity is ripe for the fresh counsels of powerful new leaders. Even more pressing, perhaps, is the need for the services of some thorough organizer willing to do the drudgery of infusing energy into political workers. Actually, the opposition needs a Jim Farley. The issues which stir men's emotions now are not questions which were debated and considered in last year's campaign. The situation is new.

How the voters feel on vital matters of taxation, of the national regulation of business in its current phases, and of the implied public ownership program of the Administration will be known more clearly after next year's congressional elections. Meanwhile, as Mr. Farley says, the country can use forceful criticism of the policies proposed by the Administration.

To be useful it must be as passionate and as coherent as was the opposition offered by Democrats to the President's court plan. A half-hearted opposition of maybe yes and maybe no will get precisely nowhere.

A political party which can express clearly, honestly and eloquently the opposition which large groups of citizens feel to many of the Administration's present policies has in contrast a great opportunity for honorable service. Mr. Farley is not alone in realizing that a government by a Congress of yes-men is a serious danger to American institutions.

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